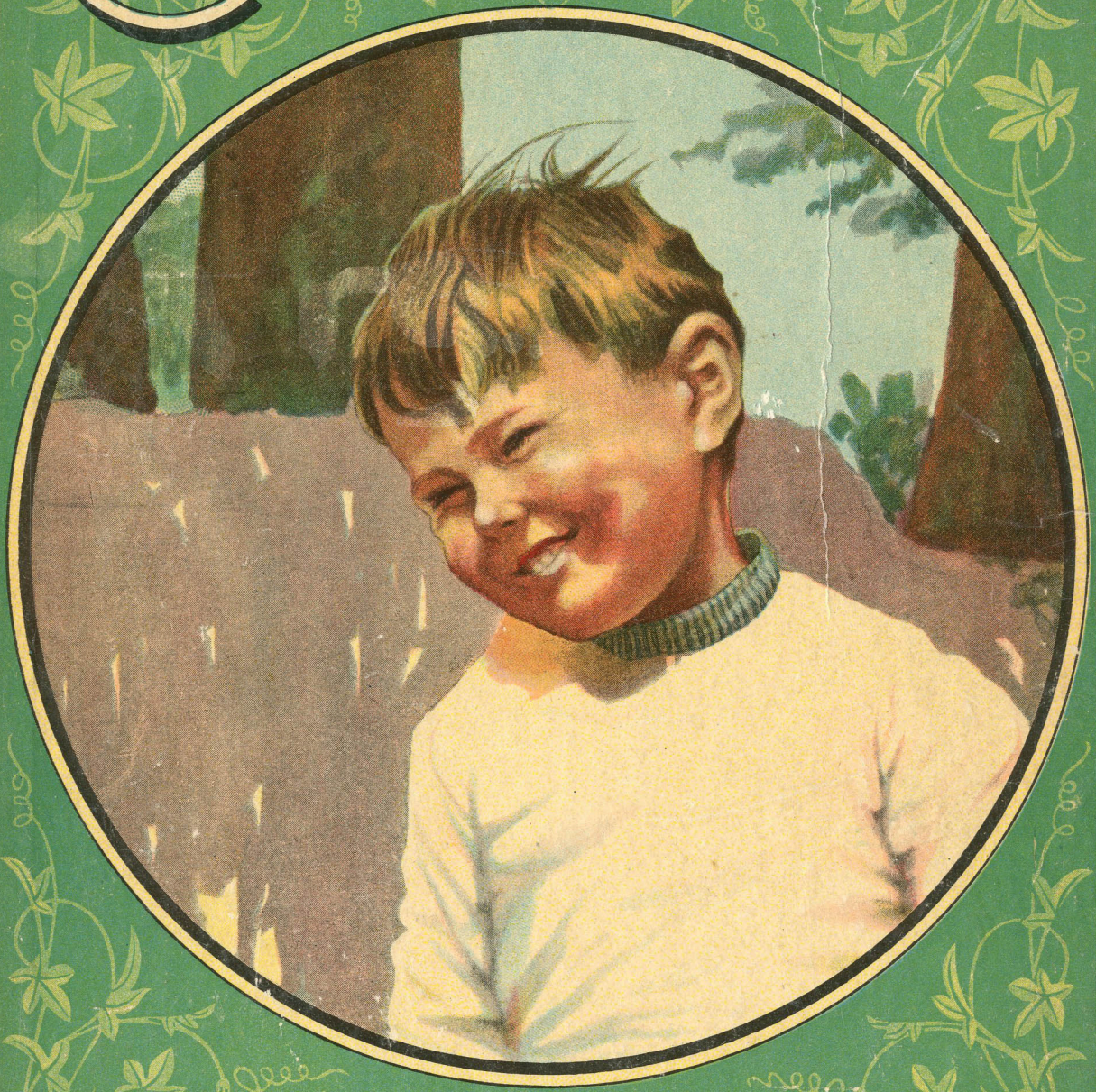
CHATTERBOX.



1923.

THE PAGE COMPANY, 53 Beacon Street, BOSTON, MASS.

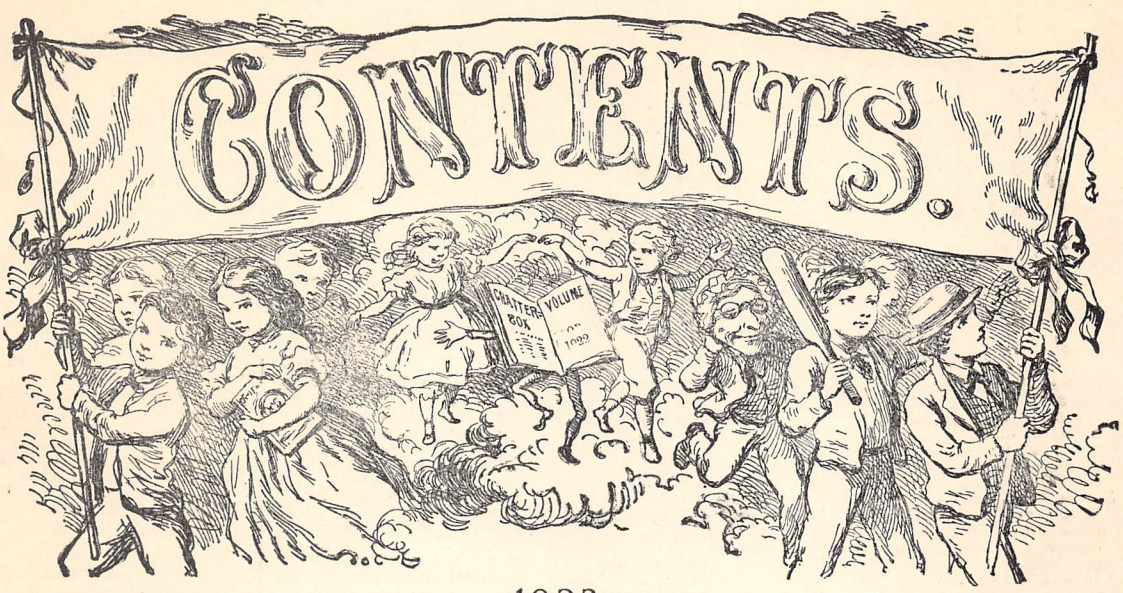
I AM TALLER THAN DICKIE NOW!

Chatterbox

For 1923

FOUNDED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

THE PAGE COMPANY, 53 BEACON ST., BOSTON



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CHATTERBOX.

"Bully bounced in without troubling to close the door."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Bully Watson dropped in at headquarters, things always began to hum: it was not that he was in any remarkable degree inventive, though he was enterprising in a way; but he took jolly good care that no one became morbidly comfortable—stirring us up with a hat-pin, as one might say. He could neither rest himself nor have the decency to give others a chance.

On the particular day that this story opens we were several degrees below Scout-level of cheerfulness; in fact, were as glum as could be, though not without reason. Walter Treagus, our Patrol-leader, sat sideways at the small table, now and again puckering his brow whilst rubbing the top of his head with one finger, as was his habit when agitated or in difficulties. Jim Watt—'Lawyer,' as we called him—was mainly occupied in looking at his finger-nails and up at the skylight; whilst I could find nothing better to do than gaze long and earnestly at my muddy boots, as if I had seen them before but could not quite remember where.

Bully bounced in without troubling to close the door after him, pulled off his streaming mackintosh, and shook it as regardless as a Newfoundland puppy—all over my papers, of course, and the 'Report on Necessary Repairs to Headquarters of the P.C.W.'—a document I had taken pains over and regarded with no small pride when I laid it before the meeting two days before, but which now seemed miserably unimportant. Then he made for young Charlie Trevelyan—the 'Microbe' we call him—who was down on his knees doing his best to get a fire going. The sticks were wet, but he would have got it along all right with a little nursing—as in fact he did in the end, for it was precious little real help that he got from Bully.

'Call yourself a Scout?' cried Bully. 'Here, give us hold—you can't light a fire for nuts! Three matches wasted and half a *Chronicle*—paper's silver nowadays, young fellow, and matches are gold. Sticks damp, eh?—of course they are, everything's damp after a fortnight's rain. Any noodle can make a fire with dry sticks.'

Then, turning from the grovelling Microbe, he slowly surveyed the headquarters with disgust. 'Dismal old shack, isn't it, Corporal?' he said to me.

'There's plenty of room outside if you like it better,' I replied cheerfully.

I never take any notice of Bully's digs, so he continued, addressing no one in particular, but hoping to drop a shot on some one's tender place.

'Father says there's been six inches of rain in forty-eight hours, or something of the sort. I don't know what it means, but I suppose it's something terrific; anyway, he brings it out as if he'd done it himself and was proud of it. Player's field is absolutely squelching, and the allotments look as though they'd never be any use again. Coast-watching is all right in fine weather, but plugging about in oilskins over your ankles in stodge is no fun; and a sea-fog blotting everything out, there's no more coast-watching in it than putting your head into a pail of soap-suds.'

'Grousing again,' said Lawyer—a tall thin boy with sharp features and tight lips. 'Didn't you just now tell little Charlie that any noodle could make a fire with dry sticks? So I say any noodle can be a fine-weather coast-watcher.'

When these two crossed swords there was always a chance of sparks flying.

Bully Watson was not really a bully, you must know, although the name clung to him. He was a boy with a past, as one might say; he had been a ring-leader in several rough goings-on, and had in fact come into collision with our Patrol when we first started, but, since he had joined up, he had become a reformed character, which was a good deal due to our leader's influence. He was rather a mixture, was Bully Watson: naturally unruly and boisterous, he still had sufficient sense to see the value of discipline, and, in fact, liked it, and felt the charm of being a member of an organization. The old spirit of insubordination would sometimes rise within him; then there was a tussle, but the new spirit generally prevailed. He could not help a blustering manner, which was as natural to him as it is to March winds; but, far from really bullying those younger than himself, I have known him to be very kind to little chaps—putting himself to a great deal of trouble on their account, though he might at the same time give them the rough edge of his tongue till they were ready to cry. Bully was not likely to be silenced by the Lawyer's rub.

'You're mighty sharp,' he cried, 'but I reckon I can stand rain and cold, day or night, as well as any of you, and I don't go sick with the 'flu once a fortnight either, like some Scouts.'

There would always have been squabbling between these two had it not been for Walter Treagus, our leader, the son of Dr. Treagus up at Mill End. They used to live at Duncrag, but they don't now, worse luck. That old rogue, Tallerman, bought the place over their heads; but that's a long story, and must be told later on. Our Patrol was only a scratch affair to begin with, rushed up all on our own in war-times, when there were no older fellows left in the village to take us in hand. Treagus made a splendid leader; we gave him our word of honour to stick to him through thick and thin. He pulled us together in no time: in six months we were as smart a troop as any in the county, and had one or two things to our credit, I can tell you. Treagus was not one to make ninety-nine petty rules, or chop and change as some leaders do: he gave us our heads pretty freely, but a downright order had to be obeyed, and even Bully Watson, who was quite as big as the leader, had to climb down pretty sharp when they collided.

Treagus knocked on the table with the handle of his knife for order. 'Boys,' he said, 'we have painful business to discuss. After James Watt has called the roll, any one will be at liberty to make suggestions on the subject that occupies all our thoughts—the strange disappearance of our comrade, Richard Jolliffe.'

Lawyer ran through the roll, stumbling at the name of the missing boy and hurrying on to the next. Dicky Jolliffe, our sharpest Scout—a boy that every one liked—had disappeared in a most remarkable manner. Not alone at our headquarters, but throughout the village there was consternation.

Old Mrs. Jolliffe, Dicky's grandmother, with whom he had lived since his father had been with the Army

in France, was besieged by warm-hearted but not very discreet neighbours, who crowded the front parlour of her small house, the passage, and even the back parlour where the poor old lady sat in a dazed condition. Each woman shook her by the hand and offered some choice piece of consolation or gruesome suggestion. The word 'missing' affords such an opening for even the leanest imagination that the poor old soul tasted a score of samples of tragic endings that day. At the same time she was amazed to find how universally she was beloved and respected. She was made so much of that, at times, her tired brain almost dozed off into the happy illusion that the good old times had returned and that she was the centre of some domestic festival. One masterful woman, whom the old lady failed to recognise as one of her near neighbours, took possession of her, making tea for her of the strongest and pressing on her, with many Cornish expressions of endearment, a plate of steaming-hot muffins, at the same time keeping the other visitors moving lest they should stay too long and overcrowd the room.

It was not till the evening, when the lamp was lit and the neighbours ceased to come and go, that the bald thought gripped the old lady—'Dicky lies out in the rain, somewhere at the foot of the cliffs, broken in body, perhaps dead. How shall I tell his father?'

(*Continued on page* 15.)

THE BUSY BEE.

I'LL sing about a fellow
Who, the poets all agree,
Works harder than a nigger,
And that's the Busy Bee.

Whilst you and I are sleeping
He's been on the wing for hours,
Cramming both his baggy pockets
With the pollen from the flowers.

Yes, whilst *our* eyes in slumber
Are hermetically sealed,
He is sampling the honey
In some dewy clover-field.

As an architect our busy friend
Pre-eminently shines,
For he always plans his buildings
On the most artistic lines.

His 'honeycomb' designs we know
Are copied far and wide,
A fact that ought to fill his breast
With pardonable pride.

He is without a doubt
The most good-natured chap alive,
Unless he has suspicions
That you mean to raid his hive.

If so you'd better trot,
Or he will make his presence felt,
And fight with all the fury
Of a tartan-kilted Celt.

And I really cannot blame him,
For, of course, he cannot see
Why you or I should commandeer
His honey for *our* tea!

For holidays he very plainly
Doesn't care a rap,
A proof conclusive that our friend's
A most industrious chap.

I must confess *I* like a few,
But then, perhaps, a Bee
Doesn't care to play lawn-tennis,
Or to canter on a 'Gee.'

G. Baird.

WHEN CRICKET WAS BANNED.

THE game of cricket has not always been so much respected as it is now. English kings looked upon it with disfavour, because, like football, it interfered with archery practice. Edward the Fourth, in 1477, threatened to imprison for three years any one who permitted the game to be played on his premises, and to fine him twenty pounds. The tools were to be burnt, and the players were to be fined ten pounds and imprisoned for two years. The game was denounced (in Latin) as low and vulgar. Yet in spite of royal threats and edicts cricket grew in popularity, and is now acknowledged as 'the king of games.'

THE DUKE'S PROTEGE.

WILLIAM, Duke of Cumberland, the second son of George the Second, was the first of the Hanoverian princes born in England, and partly upon that account and partly because of his own affability, he became very popular with the people.

It is related of him that when he was directing our military operations in Germany, he was so pleased with the work of one of the sergeants in his regiment that, after making inquiries into his character, he gave him a lieutenancy. Some time afterwards this officer begged him to take back his commission and return him to the ranks. Upon inquiry the Duke found the lieutenant's only reason for this request was that his fellow-officers held aloof from him, regarding themselves as superior by birth and education. They looked upon his promotion, in fact, as in some measure an insult to themselves. Being separated by his rank from his old associates, the young lieutenant found himself isolated from every friend, and felt his position very irksome.

On the morning after he had discovered this officer's painful situation, the Duke went upon parade. He was welcomed by a number of distinguished officers, but, looking round, he beheld the young lieutenant walking alone.

'Why is not this officer admitted to your society?' he asked. Without waiting for an answer he stepped forward, took the lieutenant's arm, and walked with him along the lines, followed by the rest of the officers, who began to feel ashamed of themselves. At the close of the parade the Duke was invited to the mess, but he would not accept the invitation unless he might be accompanied by his young friend. Such a request, coming from the Duke, was not to be denied. The lieutenant was received into the company of his fellow-officers, and henceforth all were eager to enjoy his friendship.

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

I.—THE SECRET COURTS.

IF we live in peace and safety, and are free to come and go unmolested, to travel in safety, it is thanks to the protection provided by the Police Force, the force that is at work day and night, the year round, quietly and effectively carrying out its various duties.

This efficient force has reached its present high standard only after many years of experiment and tribulation, and it will be interesting to see how, in our own and other lands, it first came into being.

The instinct of self-protection has, from the earliest times, induced the inhabitants of towns of any size to band themselves together in order to evolve some system of rules for the maintenance of peace and order, the protection of the weak against the strong, the worker from extortion.

Though no actual police system existed among the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, they enforced their laws with the aid of armed troops with a certain amount of justice. It was left to the Romans to found an actual police force, with a large staff of officers of various grades, trained and kept by the State.

When the Roman Empire crumbled before the attacks of the Barbarians that swept through Europe, all law, order, and police disappeared, leaving the world in a state of turmoil. No man could live in peace and security, having to be ready at any moment to defend his family and property, even his life, from marauders and evil-doers of every description.

In many countries attempts were made to establish regular police forces, but owing to corruption, and the fact that those in power so often used the cloak of justice for their own base purposes, for gain, or to satisfy personal revenge, they were universally disliked and feared, and so, with the administration of the law, fell into decay and impotence.

Then it was that the total lack of the means of procuring any sort of justice in a regular and lawful way led to the establishment of Secret Courts, which came into being in the latter part of the twelfth century, and were supported by all law-abiding and peacefully inclined folk.

"A summons to appear before the court was nailed to his door."

Such secret societies were formed in many parts of the Continent, chiefly in Italy and Germany, by far the most powerful and important being the famous 'Vehm-

"Ready at any moment to defend his family and property."

gerichte,' which were first formed in Westphalia and eventually extended their power all over the various States.

These secret, or, as they themselves named them, 'free' tribunals, entirely replaced the regular courts of justice, corruptly presided over by bishops or royal commissaries, and attained a tremendous influence and power, which they used with beneficial results by acting in a just and upright manner. In the state of utter lawlessness that then prevailed, it is not surprising that the weak and peace-loving, driven to desperation, should at last band themselves together in order to resist the outrages of thieving princes and nobles who battened on the middle and lower classes without mercy, and supply themselves with a means of protection and redress at a time when the administration of justice was in a state of collapse.

Little is known of the internal organization of the Vehmgerichte, but we know that they had two distinct courts, the open and the secret. The former judged civil suits and trifling offences; the latter was concerned with what were considered serious cases, such as heresy and witchcraft, and dealt but one punishment: death.

The whole country over which the courts held power was divided into districts, in each of which was at least one court, presided over by a 'Free Count.' Every member of the Society had to be a Christian, and on initiation was required to take a solemn oath to support with all his strength and power the Vehm, vowing to conceal its proceedings 'from wife and child, father and mother, sister and brother, fire and wind, from all that the sun shines on and the rain moistens, and from every being between heaven and earth.' The members

"No matter where a man might hide, he would eventually be tracked down."

recognised each other by certain signs and watchwords, unknown to the uninitiated, and on joining the society were presented with a rope and dagger.

Should a man have a complaint against his neighbour, he laid his grievance before the court, knowing that he would be justly dealt with.

Should a man be accused of some evil-doing, a summons to appear before the court was nailed to his door during the night, or, should it not be known where he lived, copies would be nailed to a post at cross-roads near his probable abode. If he did not appear, it was made known to all members, and it was the duty of any one meeting him to put him to death immediately. A knife with the letters S.S.G.G. was left beside the body, in order to show that it was not a case of murder, but a sentence carried out by the society. No matter where a man might hide, he would eventually be tracked down by the relentless society.

In time, however, this very secrecy with which the courts enveloped themselves proved their downfall, for they degenerated, using this secrecy to cloak their criminal purposes to such an extent that they became as hated and feared as the Spanish Inquisition. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries they were at the height of their power. Emperors themselves increased this power by availing themselves of the Vehmgerichte for their own designs and in order to intimidate their powerful and jealous nobles, thus converting the courts into an instrument of tyranny in the hands of those whose lawlessness they were originally meant to suppress. Many an innocent man was brought before the courts and condemned for an offence that he had not committed, and many another was 'executed,' not in punishment for any crime of which he had been guilty, but in order to satisfy the private vengeance of some member of the secret tribunal. At last the exasperated inhabitants banded themselves together and formed a new league, with open courts, and endeavoured to persuade all persons with a grievance to apply to them for justice, and not to seek it from the secret tribunals. So successful was this league that the influence of the terrible Vehmgerichte waned, but it was not until a hundred years later that it finally disappeared, the last court being held in 1568.

By then law and order had been restored, and the reign of secret justice was over.

W. Herbert Holloway.

A SULTAN'S WATCH.

IN 1844 a most elaborate watch was made—of twenty-two carat gold—for Sultan Abdul-Medjid by a firm at Cornhill. This giant watch was five inches in diameter. Though it had no bell, it chimed the hours and quarters, the striking apparatus consisting of wires. Its powerful yet pleasant tone resembled that of a cathedral clock. The cost of this wonderful thing was twelve hundred guineas.

THE SEVERN TUNNEL.

THE greatest of all divers was a man named Lambert. He it was who raised the *Austral* in Sydney Harbour.

Lambert's work upon the Severn Tunnel was a most wonderful thing. Owing to some hitch, the tunnel had become flooded. In order to put things right at the gates, Lambert went down a shaft and along the flooded way at the end of a very long stretch of piping.

This marvellous tunnel has to be kept free of water by continuous pumping.

THE TRAITOR.

A Tale of 54 B.C.

THE Centurion came and stood before the captive Britons, who were huddled together in an open space in the centre of the Roman camp, their hands bound behind them, and guarded by half-a-dozen stern-visaged soldiers.

'Listen, O Britons,' he exclaimed, 'to the proclamation of the noble pro-consul, Caius Julius Cæsar: That to such as shall reveal the stronghold to which the chief Cassivellaun has fled shall be given freedom for himself and for his family. This is the generous offer of the mighty Cæsar. What say ye to it?'

He paused and waited for an answer. One of the captives, a tall fair-haired man of noble countenance clad in a kind of jerkin made from the skin of some animal, faced him boldly, his blue eyes fixed unflinchingly on the other's brown ones.

'Know, Roman,' he said haughtily, 'that it is better to die a true man, than to live as a traitor. That is our answer to him whom thou servest. Take it to him and say we fear not death.'

A growl of approval came from the hardy warriors at this reply of their leader; but one there was who said no word. He seemed but a boy amongst these grim men of war, with flaxen hair curling about his forehead, and a face smooth as a girl's.

Beric was the son of one of the chieftains who had placed their forces under the leadership of Cassivellaun, king of the tribe of the Cassii, when Julius Cæsar and his legions had descended on the shores of Britain, and had stubbornly contested the advance of the Romans.

In a desperate struggle on the banks of the Thames, Beric's father had fallen, his throat pierced by a Roman short-sword. Cassivellaun, out-generalled, had retired to another stronghold, and the territory of Beric's father, which was situated on the bank of the river, was occupied by the Romans, all who did not seek safety in flight being put to the sword or made captive. Beric himself had been secured after a stout resistance, and with others carried to the Roman camp.

Now, Cæsar, having again failed to bring about a definite result, was trying, by promises of freedom, to find one amongst his prisoners who would lead him to the place to which Cassivellaun had fled, with the effect which we have seen.

As the warriors growled their approbation of the refusal of this offer, Beric sprang forward with such suddenness that the Centurion clapped a hand on his sword-hilt expecting an attack, and the soldiers also hastened nearer to protect him.

But their fears were groundless, for the boy stopped some three yards from the Centurion, his mouth set firm, his pale grey eyes gleaming strangely.

'Tell thy master,' he cried, 'that I will guide him!'

At these words an angry roar went up from the other captives.

'A traitor!' cried one. And, 'The son of the chief-

tain Brennus!' exclaimed another. 'Here, truly, is treachery!'

But he who had been their spokesman before silenced them with a word, and earnestly addressed the boy.

'Beric,' said he, 'what meanest thou by this? Thou art not serious?'

'I mean what I say,' replied Beric in a sullen tone, though his eyes flashed warnings which the other did not perceive. 'I will guide them.'

'And thou son of Brennus, who gave his life for the cause, sayest this! Wilt thou link his name with a traitor's?'

'The Roman offers freedom,' replied Beric slowly, 'and I would be free. I will guide them.'

'Then may the gods punish thee, Beric the Traitor! Oh, that my hands were free, that I might choke thy words in thy throat!'

He struggled mightily to burst the restraining cords, and the others, bound as they were, dashed at Beric in the intensity of their wrath, so that the soldiers had perforce to spring to his aid, and he was led away under their protection, the angry captives calling down the vengeance of their gods on his head.

Accordingly, Beric was brought before the pro-consul, Cæsar himself, who listened to the Centurion's report with a sarcastic smile on his lips.

'Then thou wilt guide us to where the chief, Cassivellaun, is hid?' he asked of Berwick.

'I will guide thee on one condition.'

Cæsar smiled again. ''Tis not usual for the captive to talk of conditions. None the less, say on.'

'I will guide thee as a free man and not as a captive.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the pro-consul, 'Treachery!'

'Then,' quoth Beric, 'the mighty Cæsar and his brave soldiers are afraid of a boy!'

A dark flush mounted to Cæsar's brow. 'Enough!' he cried. 'It shall be as thou sayest. But woe unto thee if thou shouldst prove false!'

He turned to the Centurion: 'Thou, Catullus, wilt take thy hundred men, and the boy shall lead thee to where Cassivellaun is hid. The number should be sufficient, since he is deserted by all but a few. Thou wilt seize him and bring him to me.'

'It shall be done, O captain.'

The Centurion saluted and withdrew, taking Beric with him.

Next morning at daybreak, Beric led Catullus and his hundred legionaries for several miles over open and fertile land, and through dense forest, until presently they came to a halt at the edge of a vast bog, stretching as far as the eye could could see. In the midst of this morass was a little wooded islet.

'There is the refuge of the chief,' said Beric, pointing. 'The end of our task is in sight.'

He drew himself up to his full height, and an exultant light shone in his eyes.

'It is a difficult path,' said he to the Centurion. 'Art prepared to adventure it?'

'The chief is there,' replied the Centurion. 'I will take him back or die!'

'Then bid thy men follow carefully on each other's heels. The bog is treacherous, and a false step means death.'

He led the way, leaping from hummock to hummock, a zig-zag, perilous path, the Centurion following close behind, sword in hand, ready to strike at the first sign of treachery.

Once, one of the soldiers missed his footing, plunged into the slime, and, ere any could save him, was sucked under, a despairing cry smothered on his lips.

But the others pressed on, hardened men of war that they were. Death in the most terrible of its forms was as naught in their eyes, and the loss of one of their number only served to make them tread more warily in the footsteps of Beric.

They were now in the middle of the desolate swamp, and the little islet—their goal—loomed near at hand.

Then, all suddenly, Beric leaped quickly to one side, dodging the Centurion who hastily attempted to seize him, and shot forward like a hound unloosed, at the same time giving vent to a strange, shrill cry.

With a shout of alarm the Centurion strove to follow the escaping prisoner, but now he had no guide to direct his steps, and before he had taken many paces he found himself struggling in the slough of death.

Several of the soldiers essayed the same perilous path and were speedily engulfed, while others, realising the uselessness of pursuit, hurled their throwing-spears at the fugitive. Happily, owing to his erratic course, Beric escaped serious hurt, although one of the weapons grazed his cheek, and soon was beyond their reach, hidden amongst the trees of the islet.

Immediately a shower of arrows sped with deadly effect at the baffled legionaries, hardly one missing its mark, and those who were not killed instantly, met a death by suffocation in the bog.

A terrible, indescribable scene of confusion followed, men struggling desperately, forcing one another into the morass, in their wild endeavours to escape that relentless hail of shafts. Many veterans made a dash for the islet, holding their long shields before them in a vain attempt to come to grips with the concealed foe, but few were their steps before the hungry slime swallowed them for ever. Others strove to retrace their path and reach the mainland once more, but the result was the same. Death was all around them.

Of that hundred tried soldiers, not one escaped to bear the tale of their defeat to Cæsar.

And, in the shelter of the thicket, Cassivellaun the king was surrounded by some fifty faithful warriors, and, with Beric by his side, gazed upon the scene of slaughter.

'My son,' said he, placing his hand on Beric's shoulder, 'thou hast done a great service this day for me and thy country. Would that I had many more like thee that we might drive the invader from our shores.'

''Twas all I could think of, O King,' replied Beric simply. 'I saw a chance of avenging my father, and took it, even at the expense of honour in my comrades' eyes. O King, 'twas hard to face their scorn, but now I am satisfied.'

'Beric,' said the king, 'by thine aid we have inflicted a great defeat on the enemy which should put fresh heart into those who are now wavering, and strengthen them to strike a mighty blow for freedom. May the gods grant it.'

And the grim warriors fervently echoed his words.

But this devotion was to prove of little avail, for soon afterwards, Cassivellaun was betrayed by a jealous chief of the neighbouring tribe of the Trinobantes and forced to sue for peace, giving hostages and promising an annual tribute to Cæsar, who, having thus achieved his purpose, returned to his conquests on the continent.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

"Beric leapt quickly to one side, and shot forward."

"He caught up the youngster and dashed into safety."

THE BISON.

LOOKING exceptionally fit and healthy, the boys of the 'Lion' Patrol marched cheerily along, headed by their leaders, Jack Webster, and his cousin, Nat Carson. Jack was extremely proud of his sturdy young Colonial cousin, and a close friendship had sprung up between the two.

Naturally much of the conversation turned on Nat's experiences on his father's ranch, to which the admiring Scouts listened eagerly. Jack had prevailed on him to display his skill with the lariat, and, on this particular day, they had been out in the country, where Nat had performed such marvellous tricks with apparent ease that the patrol could talk of nothing else.

They had passed through the little village of Malven, and were approaching the outskirts of Lingfield, when a passing motor-car slowed up.

'Hey, boys!' shouted the chauffeur, 'you'd better get out of the way! A new arrival for the Zoo has escaped.'

The Scouts were instantly on the alert. 'Be prepared!' was their motto, and their bearing was the embodiment of preparedness.

'What's escaped?' demanded Nat and Jack in one breath.

'Eh?' exclaimed the chauffeur, in the act of slipping in the clutch. 'Oh! it's a bison!' And he drove off.

'Shucks! Not a very pleasant sort of animal to be running about loose,' exclaimed Nat. 'But the question is, what can we do?'

'Here's the rope you were doing the tricks with. Why not lasso him?'

'Well, that's a good idea, but if you think you can do that without having a horse—a good horse preferably—under you, you don't know the bison, Jack.'

'But if you had a horse, you could do it,' persisted Jack.

'Sure!'

Here one of the Scouts, Arthur Gordon, made a suggestion. Farmer Hawkins had a splendid mare that he used for his trap, and which he sometimes rode. Could they not get a loan of it?

'Good lad!' exclaimed Jack. 'Now, that motor was going at a good rate, so the bison must be a good distance away yet. I'll run along and ask Farmer Hawkins for the mare. You chaps go on ahead to warn any one that may be about. If you walk on, Nat, I'll be back as quick as I can.'

Jack set off at an easy swing, leaving Nat the rope that had done duty for a lariat, while the others went back towards Malven.

Hearing the distant thud of approaching hoofs, Nat stepped into the side of the hedge. The thunder of the hoofs grew louder, while the ground shook under the impact of the racing bison, as, snorting and bellowing, exulting in its new-found freedom, it dashed past—a fierce brute, with huge ungainly shoulders and grotesquely slender hind-quarters — running somewhat lumpishly, it seemed, but none the less rapidly for all its apparent clumsiness.

Nat, after it had passed, hurriedly re-made a slip-knot in his lariat, after which, starting at the other end of the rope, he coiled it round palm and elbow. As he finished he glanced behind at the sound of hoofs, to find Jack galloping towards him on a sturdy bay mare.

Rapidly they changed places, and Nat went tearing along the road at a pace that would have stirred the blood of a charger going into action.

Meanwhile the patrol had done good work in warning the villagers of Malven, who were soon all within doors.

Unfortunately, just as the bison entered the main street, a youngster who had escaped his mother's watchful eye toddled out into the street and stood gazing in childish wonder at the shaggy monster advancing towards him. A wicked gleam shot into the animal's eye as it saw the child standing directly in its path, and, hunching its great shoulders even more, with a fierce bellow of rage it charged down the street. Here it was that Arthur Gordon proved himself as quick to act as he had been to suggest. With a swift dart across the street, he caught up the youngster and dashed into the safety offered by an open door.

The quickness with which the object of its wrath had disappeared would, under ordinary circumstances, have made the bison pause to investigate, but that there came to his ears the staccato thud! thud! of galloping hoofs. Putting his head down, he continued his mad career, encouraging himself with fierce snorts of anger.

Nat, slowly gaining on the bison, was calmly and instinctively getting his lariat ready as if he were pursuing the ordinary unexciting business, to him, of 'cutting-out' cattle. Indeed, he found time to smile at a cyclist who, catching sight of the bison as he came down the road, had driven his cycle into the side, and had himself disappeared through the hedge.

The bison was now only a matter of twenty feet ahead of him; out shot the lariat, whirling through the air like a live thing, only to fall short of the madly galloping brute. His first throw had missed!

Quickly he recoiled the lariat, and made another throw, which also fell short, though it had actually touched the bison's back in its descent. Again he hauled back the rope, and, spurring the horse forward with his heels, he aimed the noose once more. This time it flew out with deadly accuracy, circling sinuously through the air as Nat paid it out, to drop over the bison's head and lie on the massive shoulders. It was only for a moment, however; the next instant it tightened with a jerk as Nat reined back the mare, who, although unaccustomed to such strange proceedings, had done splendidly under its rider's careful manœuvring.

The bison, tugging and straining at the rope, was held captive; and then Nat, deftly, as only ranchmen know how, threw the huge animal, and, with all a rancher's skill, tied it up till it lay a helpless mass.

The bison's short-lived freedom was ended, and he was removed to permanent quarters at the Lingfield Zoological Gardens. There was, of course, a fuss made over the 'Lion' Patrols' part in the adventure, but they put all the honour on to Nat's shoulders, while he laughingly protested that the capture of the bison was nothing; the mare deserved all the praise, since it wasn't used to that sort of thing, while he was—not with bisons, of course.

R. CAMPBELL BARCLAY.

THE BROTHERS.

KIND Words to Kind Deeds is a brother;
Do not have one without the other.

HOW TO STOCK AND MAINTAIN A MARINE AQUARIUM.

FEW hobbies are more fascinating and cost so little expenditure, either of time or money, as the keeping of a marine aquarium. Even the first stocking of a tank is not a very troublesome or costly business, as the following description of an aquatic collection made by the writer shows.

I first filled my aquarium with water, and allowed it to stand for a couple of days, in order to draw out any poisonous properties in the cement with which the glass sides were held in place. At the end of that time I emptied the water out, and covered the bottom of the tank with coarse sand and small stones, which I had previously sterilised by boiling.

Next I manufactured my salt water by dissolving the following salts in a gallon of fresh water:—

200 grains (Troy)	... ...	Chloride of Magnesium.
40 grains (Troy)	... ...	Chloride of Potassium.
3½ ounces (Avoirdupois)	...	Chloride of Sodium (*i.e.*, common salt).
¼ ounce (Avoirdupois)	...	Magnesium Sulphate (*i.e.*, Epsom salts).

The mixture did not, of course, contain all the dissolved substances to be found in genuine sea-water, in which there are traces of many dozens of other salts and metals; nevertheless, my pets thrived when put into it. But should any of my readers decide to stock a marine aquarium, I would advise them to buy their salt-water from the Great Eastern Railway Company, who will supply a keg of several gallons for a trifling sum.

Whether you make or buy your salt-water, you must be careful to make good the daily loss due to evaporation. The water evaporates, leaving the salts behind, so that the contents of the tank become increasingly brackish, unless fresh water be added from time to time. The original level of the water must be marked by a scratch on the side of the glass, or by a piece of gummed paper, and every morning this level must be restored by the addition of fresh water. Sea-anemones, and certain other simple marine creatures, are not particularly troubled by the presence of too much salt, but fish become very unhealthy if kept in saltish water.

Before introducing animal life, I established vegetable life in my tank. It is advisable to do this, because the plants give out oxygen and absorb the poisonous carbonic acid gas breathed out by the animals, and so help to keep the water pure. I obtained a bunch of seaweed, popularly known as Green Laver, and dropped it, together with the stone to which its roots are attached, into the water. It flourished, and becoming covered with silver bubbles of air, presented a beautiful appearance viewed through the sides of the aquarium. Many weeds are wholly unsuited to a tank; and whoever keeps a salt-water aquarium cannot do better than choose Green Laver as the vegetation for it. It is to be found all round our coasts, and is easily recognised by its broad, thin leaves, crimpled at the edges.

A few days after establishing vegetable life in my tank, I introduced the 'scavengers' who were to clear away the green growth which I anticipated would grow on the sides of the aquarium. (This growth is largely caused by excess of light, and can be prevented by placing shutters round the tank.) My 'scavengers' were three or four specimens of the humble periwinkle.

The aquarium being now ready for my pets, I made a visit to the fishmonger's and bought two or three live oysters, at the same time obtaining a number of empty shells. When the oysters were placed in the water, they began to suck it in at one spot and drive it out at another, so setting up currents which flowed through their shells. As I knew that oysters live on what they strain out of the water, I dropped some powdered oatmeal into the tank. They thrived exceedingly well on this diet.

On the empty shells that the fishmonger had given me were what looked like a number of small lumps of brown jelly. When the shells were carefully deposited in the water, these little mounds—each less than a quarter of an inch in thickness—expanded, and, rising to a height of about an inch and a half or two inches, threw out a number of tentacles. And it was a revelation to see what a beauty of colouring the insignificant little lumps had concealed within themselves—pearly white, and many shades of orange, red, yellow, and purple. They were sea-anemones; marine animals that usually attach themselves to a rock or a shell, and feed on the small animal life of the sea. They have obtained their name because they look much more like plants than animals.

I fed my sea-anemones on pieces of meat, which I offered to them on the end of a clean hat-pin. Immediately the meat came within reach of their tentacles, it was seized by them, and conveyed to the creature's mouth, which is situated in the middle of the tentacles. Having sucked out all the juice, they ejected the meat fibre in the form of little white pellets.

After a lapse of time I added a blenny—a small fish, with a long, rather cylindrical body covered with minute scales—to my collection. I fed him on small scraps of meat and various kinds of worms.

Later I secured a hermit-crab, which presented a ludicrous appearance, as it shuffled about the bottom of the tank in a whelk-shell. This species of crab always appropriates an empty shell, to which it fastens itself by means of a hook-like attachment. So firmly do hermit-crabs attach themselves to their borrowed shells, that it is almost impossible to pull them out of them. Frequently they select a shell to which a sea-anemone has fixed itself; and apparently the two creatures form a partnership, the crab carrying the sea-anemone about, and so increasing its chances of obtaining food, and the sea-anemone protecting the crab from the attacks of small carnivorous sea animals.

Should any of the readers of this article determine to establish a marine aquarium, the following summary of the principles that are to be observed, if you wish to keep it properly, may be useful.

1.—CLEANLINESS IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.—Therefore remove all uneaten food, and any dead body before it has time to decay and pollute the water. Small pieces of refuse can be removed in this way. Obtain a glass tube of small bore, and close one end with a finger. Then insert the other end into the water, so as to cover the piece of waste matter. Remove the finger, and water will flow up the tube, carrying the refuse with it. Close the tube with the finger again, and it can be taken out of the water, carrying the refuse with it.

Should the water become discoloured or foul-smelling,

the occupants must be carefully removed to a temporary dwelling-place, and the tank thoroughly cleansed with some strong soap, and refilled with fresh water. The stones and sand should be boiled before being replaced in the aquarium.

2.—Beware of Overcrowding.—When your fish swim lazily about, with their noses close to the surface of the water, it is a sure sign that the tank is over-stocked, and that the occupants have difficulty in breathing. You should immediately aerate the water. It can be done in this manner. Put the point of a small squirt into the water, and half draw up the plunger. Lift the point out of the water, and finish drawing out the plunger. Then replace the point deep into the water, and drive the water contained in the squirt into the tank with a quick thrust.

Overcrowding is a frequent cause of mortality in aquaria. New additions to your collection should therefore be added one at a time; and at the first sign of over-stocking no more should be introduced.

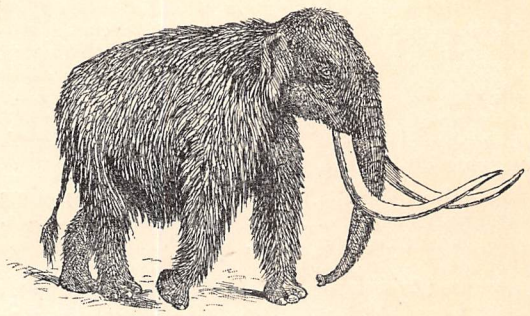
3.—Remember that the air your pets breathe is drawn from the atmosphere in contact with the surface of the water, and see that the *depth* of the water is *less* than the *length and breadth*, as is the case with the sea or rivers and ponds.

FROM OLD TO NEW.

I.—THE DANGEROUS WORLD.

DO you realise that, however strong or rich you may be, you depend on other people? Try to think of yourself as the only human being in the world. You would have to make yourself clothes. You would have to find out for yourself what plants (like flax) have fibres which can be woven into some sort of cloth or linen. You might decide, however, to catch and kill some animal and wear its skin. How would you set about it? Make a bow and arrow? Where is the string for your bow? Suppose you knocked an animal down with a stone or caught him in a trap: how would you skin him? You have no knife.

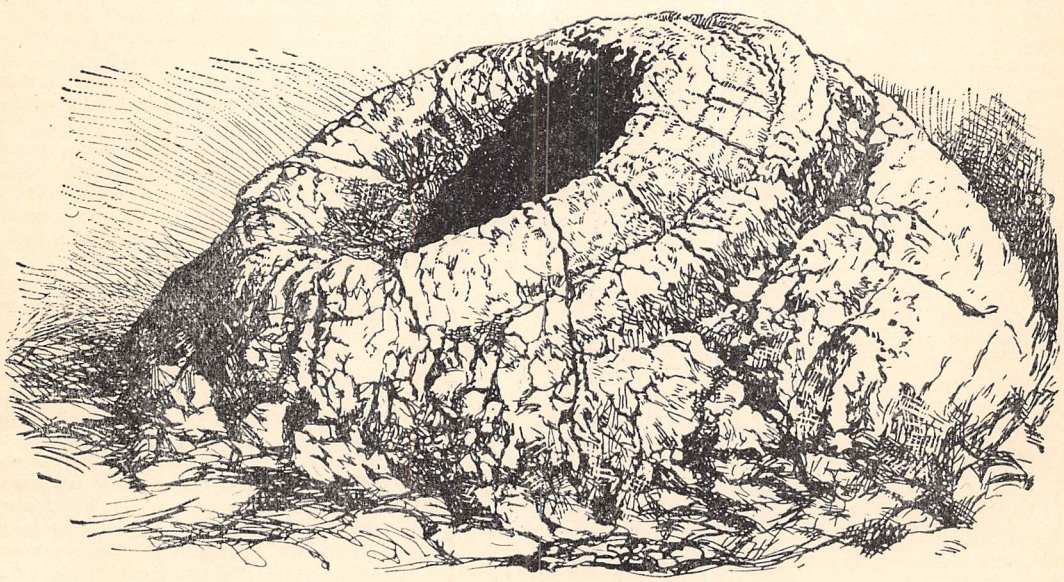
In the meantime you would be feeling hungry. 'Roots and berries' are what castaways in story books live on; which roots, which berries? You might easily poison yourself at the first attempt. You could cook nothing,



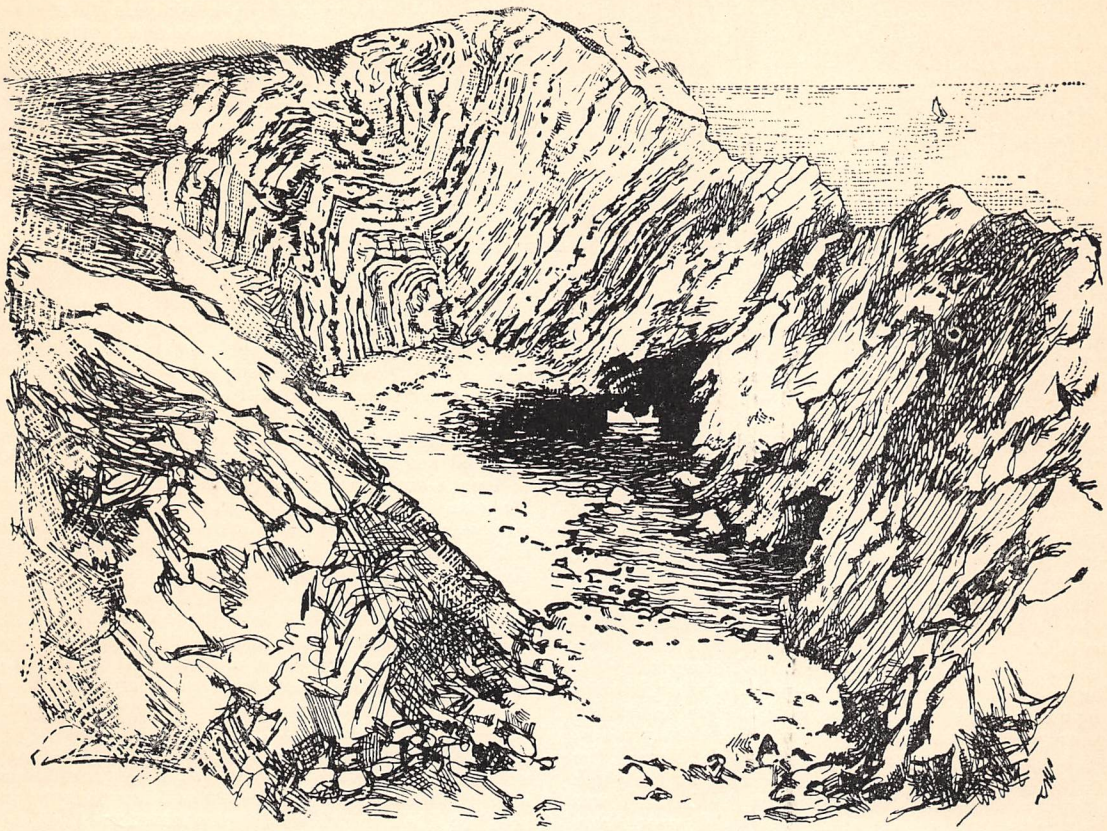
The Mammoth, or prehistoric Elephant.

for you would not know how to make a fire; you would not know what fire was.

It would be a long time before you overcame these first and most simple difficulties; and even if you had two or three companions, if you were one of a family you would not be much better off. However, in time you would learn to clothe and feed yourself; and then you would gradually make improvements and become more expert and comfortable—if it were not for one drawback which has not been mentioned yet. The



A Fossil Palm-tree near East Lulworth: the main tree-trunk grew out of the hole in the centre



Stair Hole, West Lulworth, showing the layers of rock twisted and standing on end.

earth on which the earliest men lived—and the earliest men were in the position just described, alone in the world—was not at all like the earth of to-day. The roots and berries, for instance, would be of very poor quality; the fruit-trees wild, bearing only inferior fruit; the wild sheep lean, tough, and speedy—not the quiet, plump creatures that provide us with legs of mutton to-day. The climate was damper. The grass was not rich and smooth. There were no fields, no roads, no cultivated crops. And there were dangerous wild beasts in the vast expanses of woodland. Not a very pleasant world.

Now, any observant person, by using his eyes, can find traces of the extent to which improvements in daily life have come about. For instance, if you find wild strawberries, you see how exactly like cultivated strawberries they are—but how much smaller. And if you come upon a neglected bed of cultivated strawberries you will see that they are gradually 'running wild'—getting smaller, and more straggling in growth, and weaker: 'reverting to type,' as it is called—returning slowly to the state out of which mankind, by cultivation, has gradually produced the fine fruit that fruiterers sell to-day. Or look at the sloe or damson bushes in the hedges, and then think of a fine ripe, sweet plum. Or contrast a lawn or a good crop of hay with a rough uneven, neglected field left to nature to do with as she pleases.

That sort of improvement has been going on, not only for centuries, but for thousands of centuries. It is what is called civilisation, making the world 'civil'—that is, a place for citizens, people dwelling together. You can trace it step by step, as it will be traced in these articles, in one place or one little district; there is hardly any inhabited part of England where 'vestiges' (as the evidence of past things is called) cannot be seen by those who know how and where to look. Let us take one English county (Dorset) only as an example, and see how 'civilisation' grew up in it from the beginning to the present day. You can apply most of what we shall discover to any other part of the civilised world in which you happen to live.

First of all, however, it must be remembered that England is an island; and it has a temperate climate. You do not find elephants and tigers in England, except a few specially kept under artificial conditions. Palm-trees do not grow in the open air, or only do so in a small way, and again under artificial conditions. And yet the bones of elephants and tigers, and fossil palm-trees, have been found in Dorset. And, if it comes to

that, how did man get on to this island? By boat? But civilisation must have got pretty far before he could make a boat to cross a dangerous little sea like the English Channel. And, anyhow, the elephants and tigers did not come by boat; and one kind of elephant, whose bones have been found here, is called *Elephas meridionalis*—the elephant of the South, of a hot tropical country.

The fact is that England was once not an island. It was joined to Europe. And it was once tropical in climate (it was also once arctic in climate). The history of man in Dorset—the history of civilisation—goes back thousands of years earlier than what we usually understood as history. You can guess at some of the story if you look at the twisted cliffs near Lulworth. They are full of nearly upright and very steeply curved lines of rock—'strata,' or layers, as they are called. But if you cut into the earth in many other places (as in a quarry, for instance) you will see that the layers are generally horizontal—fairly flat, on top of one another, like sheets of cardboard piled up.

The earth was once, it is believed, a red-hot ball in space, like the sun to-day. After countless years it cooled down, and it became possible for man to live on it, and green things, and animals. But as it grew cool —probably unevenly—it shrank here or expanded there, and huge explosions or fallings-in took place. Watch a hot fire dying—a coal falls in here; a last jet of gas comes from another coal; one blazes into flame for a few minutes; the shape and the heat are always varying. The great fire of the earth died down like that. England broke off from France—perhaps was joined to it again, and then broke off again. The surface heaved up, or was twisted in the heat, or was suddenly cooled by an inrush of water (like that which formed the English Channel), and rocks like those at Lulworth were formed. While what is now the Channel was solid ground, man and animals walked over from Europe, into which they had first come, perhaps, from the east or south.

(*Concluded on page* 28.)

BIRDS' NESTS.

MANY queer things are brought and sold, but the quantities are too small for us to give them the title 'articles of commerce;' yet now and again we come across strange things in which a very big trade is done.

For instance, which of us, glancing at an account of the world's commerce, would not be amazed to read that there is enormous business done in 'birds' nests,' that one country in the world buys a matter of about eight million of them each year, and pays for them no less a sum than three hundred thousand pounds?

'Birds' nests?' I can imagine some of you saying, 'Birds' nests? Why, what use can they be to anybody? You don't know? Then be ready for another surprise. These birds' nests are taken to China *to be eaten* by the Chinese people. Now you are laughing. You see, you are thinking of the nests you know, the funny little bundles of grass, twigs, feathers, mud, and so on. Of course, nobody would want to eat them.

The edible birds' nests of which the Chinese are so fond are quite different. They are made by various members of the Swift family akin to our own swifts and swallows. These nests are not constructed with mud like those of our own swallows, but are made of a white substance resembling gelatine or isinglass. For many years the method of construction was a mystery, but now we know that the bird has at the side of its tongue two small glands in which a sticky material is secreted. When the nesting season comes these pads swell and the saliva becomes plentiful. To make its nest the bird weaves this thick gummy material backwards and forwards and in and out in slender threads; and this, as it hardens in the air, forms a shining white pocket, which constitutes one of the most remarkable nests in the world.

What the bird eats to help it to produce this special saliva no one seems to know. For long it was thought that it fed on seaweed, and one particular variety of these swifts—*collocalia fuciphaga*,—got its name from this supposition, *fuciphaga* meaning 'feeding an seaweed.' It has also been suggested that it consumes a particular fungus which is plentiful in the places where the birds dwell.

These birds which are black above and ashy-grey on the underside, measure about four-and-a-half inches in length and have a wing expanse of eleven inches. They build their nests in caves, returning to the same spot year after year. These caves are found in Borneo and the Malay Peninsula, all over the islands of Java, in the Philippines, in Ceylon, and in certain smaller islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Those of Borneo and Java are the largest and the most productive.

These caves they share with countless thousands of bats of all sizes, and it is a wonderful sight in the morning and the evening to see the two streams of winged creatures, the one going in and the other coming out—the bats emerging at night and the birds returning to roost, and *vice versâ* in the morning. One traveller, speaking of the exit of the bats, says they formed one even column right across the sky as far as the eye could see, just like a thick line of smoke from the funnel of a steamer.

The nests of the swifts are attached to the walls of the caves and in places are present in such vast numbers that they actually touch. This, of course, simplifies the work of collecting to some extent, but it is none-the-less difficult and dangerous work. In the smaller caves it can be made easier by the erection of bamboo staging, but in some of the larger caves, such as the Gomanton Caves of British North Borneo, one of which is five hundred feet high, such a thing is practically imposible. In these cases the natives do their work on slender rope ladders made of twisted rattan. They descend on their frail supports through a hole at the top of the cave, and then the lower ends of the ladders are pulled in towards the sides, so that the gatherers are brought closer to the steep, slanting sides. By the aid of light bamboo spears, fifteen feet in length, the nests are dislodged, and either passed down to another gatherer or else collected in a basket slung at the native's back. As you may guess, these ladders are well tested before use, for a fall means certain death.

The birds have two nesting seasons, one from March to May and another later in the year. It is at the first of these that the collecting is done. At that time practically all the nests are gathered, so that no hatching takes place. During the later season, however, the birds are not disturbed, but are allowed to rear their families in peace. These used nests are not wasted, but are collected with the spring ones in the following year.

The value of the nests, which weigh about half an ounce each, depends entirely on the colour and the purity. In some cases they are dark in colour, owing to the birds mixing feathers and grass with the gummy, material, while in others the nests are pearly white in colour and practically free from all impurities. These last have been known to fetch as much as seven pounds per pound, in the Chinese market; but the general run of prices is two pounds to five pounds, per pound, according to the quality. They are used for thickening rich soups and naturally can be purchased only by the wealthy.

BABY MINE.

O BABY mine, the wind is blowing,
And the grass is waving, waving,
Daisies large and white are growing—
Baby mine, I love you so!

O Baby mine, the birds are singing,
And the leafy trees are bowing,
Choirs of harebells light are ringing—
Baby mine, I love you so!

O Baby mine, when you are older
You will play where grass is waving,
You will pick the dainty harebells,
You'll be here—but I must go;
Baby mine, I love you so!

NELLINE LITTLEDALE.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

BY WILLIAM RAINEY,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 3.)

CHAPTER II.

ALL day the Patrol, divided into two parties, one taking the West Cliff and the other the East, searched for their missing comrade. Spreading out among the scattered crags on the cliff-side, they examined every likely and unlikely spot, every hollow and every patch of gorse. Craning their necks over every precipitous place, they scanned the shore beneath and the rocky ledges; whilst two old men, as keen in the search as were the boys, followed the jagged coast-line in their little boats, keeping in as close as possible that their keen eyes might miss nothing whilst labouring hard to prevent their small craft from being bumped upon the rocks.

It was in returning from Talland that our party, which was under the leader, found Dicky's cap. Charlie's sharp eyes spied it part-way down the side of the cliff, in no very inaccessible place, perched on some thorn-scrub; how it happened that no one saw it on the outward journey to Talland, when we passed near the spot and were all on the look-out, is difficult to understand. The place was not one of danger, even to a mere tripper; how an active young fellow like Dicky, well used to hopping about the rocks like a goat, could come to grief in such a place was a mystery. True, the footing was bad from much rain, and the night had been foggy as well as wet, so that in the darkness he might easily have had a nasty slip; but there was plenty of scrubby growth to grip, and the cliff-side here was not at all precipitous.

We descended to the shore, examining every foot of the way for signs. If Dicky had come skidding down that place he would certainly have sent plenty of stones and rubbish travelling to mark his way; but nothing of the sort was noticeable, nor was there when we reached the strip of shore and peered about with some dread of what we might possibly find.

We signalled old Greg, the boatman, and he pulled in to shore. 'It's no place for a body to pitch over if he tried,' said he, looking up and eyeing the spot critically. 'Now, if it had been off the Chimney Rocks or the Point yonder there'd be some excuse. If young Jolliffe had come slithering down there he'd a-crawled up again easy enough. I'd make nothing of it myself, though I'm pretty groggy about the legs. As I understand it, Master Treagus, he started from the net-house yonder to take on his watch 'twixt there and Lantivitt. Then what should he want here? He wasn't one to go against orders like that, was he?'

'No,' said Treagus, 'he was not.'

'I reckon the other party will find him, I should say, somewhere about where the landslide was a twelvemonth ago or thereabouts. It's none too safe there after these heavy rains.'

'Then what about his cap that we have found here?' queried the leader.

At this old Greg took off his sou'-wester and scratched his thin locks, but found nothing to reply.

'What sort of weather was it last night?' inquired Treagus.

'What sort o' weather? Why, dirtyish, as it has been most nights this week—no wind to clear off the fog, and a smart bit o' rain.'

'Feel that, Greg,' said the leader, handing him Dicky's cap. 'Has that cap been out in the rain all night?'

'No, that it hasn't, Master Treagus; if it had been it would be soppy as a sponge. There was a smartish bit o' rain, as I say, but it cleared off about five, just as it was getting daylight.'

'I was not up at that hour and don't know,' said Treagus; 'but I'll tell you what I do know, Greg. It came down pretty smart between ten and eleven this morning when we were mustering. Didn't it, boys?'

'Fact,' said I. 'Bully Watson was caught in the thick of it, and shook his beastly mackintosh all over my papers.'

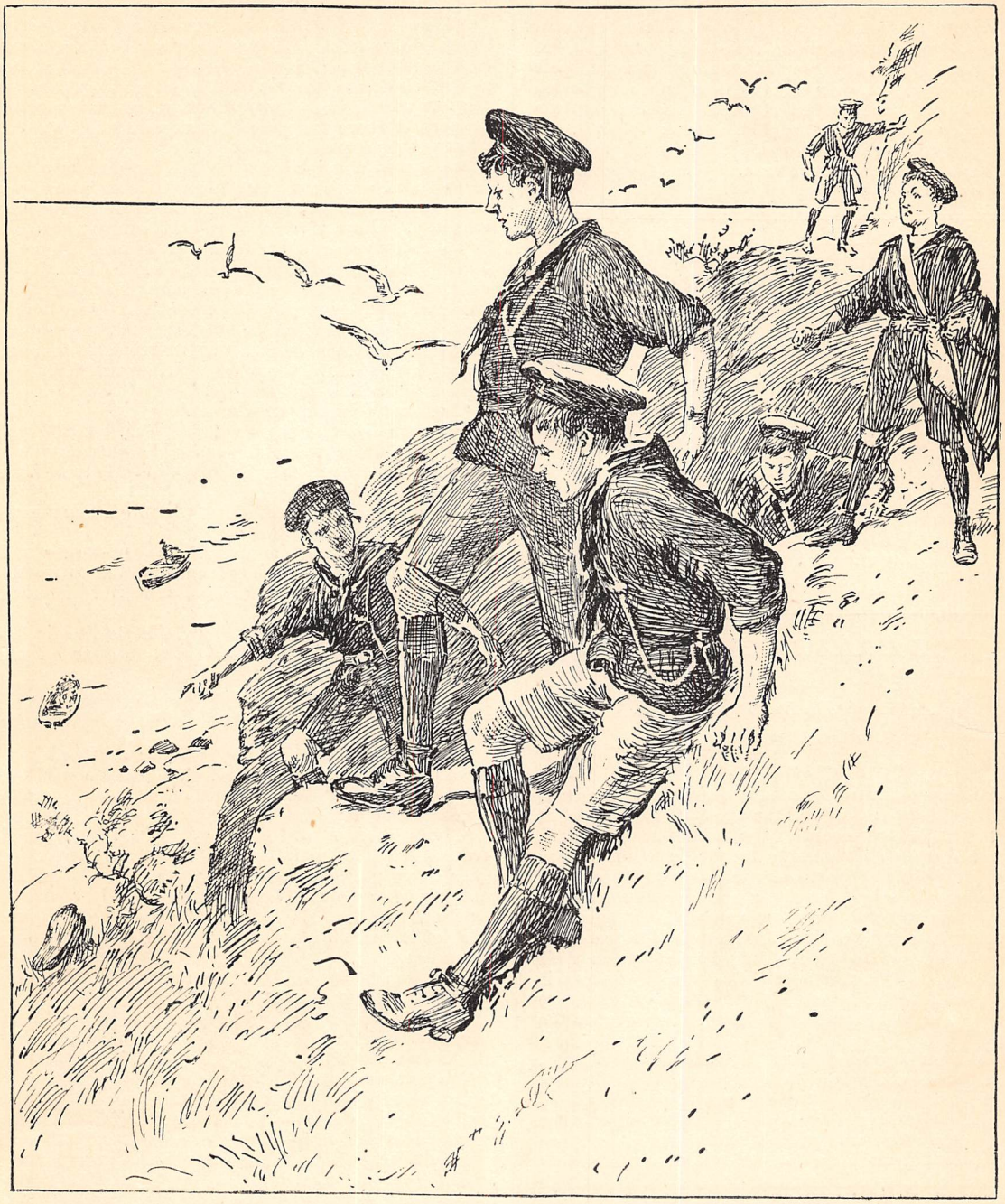
'Just so, and we have had no rain since. What do you think of it, Corporal?'

'The cap is decently dry,' I replied, 'so it can't have been on the cliff-side all night, or out in the rain-storm this morning.'

The leader screwed his fists deep into his pockets and looked very fierce. 'I'll tell you what it is, Greg, and you fellows,' he said. 'Young Dick Jolliffe has not fallen down the cliff—at any rate, in this part; and, what is more, I say his cap has been placed intentionally where we found it, and that it was done after eleven o'clock this morning. What do you say to that, Greg?'

'Why, this is what I say,' said old Greg, shaking his head sagely: 'it's one of those riddles that has got no answer to it; I've met two or three in my time.'

(*Continued on page* 22.)



"Our party found Dicky's cap."

"Mr. Dean was very much interested in the handcuffs"

GRANDAD'S BANK.

'IT is too wet for you to go out to-day, so you must amuse yourselves in the Long Barn. Be sure you take care of Bobby, and do what Peter tells you.'

Mrs. Dean was speaking to the children, who crowded round her at the door, waiting to see her and Father drive off in the dog-cart. Mr. and Mrs. Dean were going to the market at Leathley, and they would not be back again at Woodside Farm until evening.

'Bring me a 'hip, Father, and a cart,' said Bobby, the youngest of the four children, who had not quite learned to speak properly, and said 'hip' for 'whip.'

'Anything else?' said Mr. Dean, good-humouredly.

'I would like a dolly—a real, live dolly, which shuts her eyes when you put her to bed,' replied Ruby, a fair-haired girl not much older than little Bobby.

'A cricket-ball for me,' cried Cyril.

The oldest boy, Alfred, said nothing. He considered himself too old to ask for anything.

'What a lot of requests,' said Mrs. Dean. 'I am afraid it would take all the money in Grandad's bank to buy these things.'

None of the children knew what 'Grandad's bank' was; but they knew that this was their mother's way of refusing gifts which she could not afford.

Mrs. Dean kissed Ruby and Bobby; and, after giving Agnes, the maid, instructions to look well after them, stepped into the dog-cart. Mr. Dean flicked his whip across the horse's back, and they drove off. The children waved their hands to them as long as they could see them, then ran across the yard and up the steps to the Long Barn, which was situated over the sheds where the carts, ploughs, and harrows were put.

The Long Barn was used chiefly for storing sacks of grain. It was a very old building, with thick walls, which bulged in and out, and were never quite straight; and there were great crooked oak beams crossing from side to side, and many smaller ones reaching up to the open roof. There were very few windows to the barn, and it was a rather dark place when the door was shut; but when the wide door was open it was almost like being out in the fresh air. At one part of the year, after the corn had been threshed, the barn was so full of sacks that it was hardly possible to get through it to the hay-lofts and other rooms over the stable. At other times the barn was nearly empty, and there was room to play cricket in it. But the children loved it best when it was half filled, because they could then climb upon the soft sacks of grain, or play hide-and-seek among them.

And that was just how it was on this rainy day. The children chased each other round and round the room, crept into the darkest corners among the sacks, and sprang out upon each other from the most unexpected places. From time to time Peter, the cowman, came from the hay-loft to see that they were all right; and he laid some of the sacks on their sides, so that little Bobby, who was a great lover of horses, might sit astride of them, and ride them to market.

In one corner of the barn the sacks were piled up as high as the great beams which supported the roof, and Alfred and Cyril were able to sit upon the beams themselves. At the end of one of these beams, on the top of the thick wall, where the roof rested, Cyril found a curious hole. It was small, dark, and almost filled with dust which had shaken from the sacks from time to time. Cyril chanced to put his hand into the hole, and he drew out a short, stout rod, with a loop of leather at one end of it.

'Alf,' he cried, as he carried it to the door, 'what is this?'

Alfred took it, and brushed the dust from it. 'It looks like a policeman's staff,' he said. 'It has two letters on it, G. and R., and the figures 1820.'

'I found it in a hole up there,' said Cyril. 'I wonder if there is anything else in it. Let us see.'

The two boys were soon at the top of the sacks again. Alfred put his hand into the hole, and soon pulled out something like a short chain with two very large links.

'There is something else,' he said. 'It is a lantern, I think; but I can't move it.'

After several vain attempts, the boys gave up the effort, and carried what they had found to the light. It consisted of two large iron rings, each shaped like a letter D, joined together by a short chain. As they could not tell what it was, they carried it to Peter.

'A pair of hand-cuffs,' said Peter; 'a pair of hand-cuffs, like bobbies use for fastening their prisoners' hands.'

And taking Cyril's hands, which were small, he slipped one through each ring.

'That's how they were worn,' he said, 'only the bobbies had a key to them for a big hand to go through, and then they locked them up again.'

Alfred and Cyril returned to the barn, and the children spent the rest of the afternoon playing at burglars and policemen. Cyril was the burglar, and broke into Ruby's house. She sent Bobbie for Alfred, who was the policeman, and came with the staff and hand-cuffs and marched the burglar off to prison.

When Mr. Dean returned he was very much interested in the staff and the hand-cuffs, and after tea he went into the long barn with Alfred and Cyril to see the hole where they had found them. He had a lantern with him, and by the light of it he saw that there was an old lantern in the hole, as the boys had told him. This old lantern was fastened to the beam by a strong staple, and in trying to get it loose Mr. Dean broke the horn which had been used in place of glass, and a number of coins fell out. Sending one of the boys for a chisel and hammer, he got the staple out, and carried the lantern full of coins into the house.

'Why, this must be Grandad's bank,' said Mrs. Dean, when the matter was explained to her.

'What *was* Grandad's bank, Mother?' asked Alfred. 'I always thought you were poking fun at us when you spoke of it.'

'I thought so, too, but now I find I am mistaken,' his mother said. 'Come around me, and I will try to explain what I meant. When my grandfather was a young man there were no policemen. In country places it was the custom to appoint a man every year, who acted as parish constable, and arrested law-breakers in nearly the same way that policemen do now. Any ordinary man could be chosen for this work, and he received a staff and hand-cuffs like these, and had charge of them so long as he was constable.'

'And did these belong to Grandfather?' Cyril asked.

'Yes,' his mother replied. 'He was the last of the old-fashioned constables round here, and he must have kept the staff and hand-cuffs when they were no longer of any use. And now let me tell you about the money. In Grandfather's days there were not so many banks as

there are now, and people often hid the money which they saved. I suppose your grandfather did the same. When he was a very old man he grew forgetful, and I suppose he forgot where he had hidden his money. Mother, who was his daughter, has often told me how he used to talk of his "bank"; but as she never saw him with any money, she thought it was one of the strange fancies of his old age. And so we got into the way of thinking that "Grandad's bank" was like a mare's nest — something, you know, which never existed.'

'How funny!' said Alfred. 'And all the time he had a bank in the long barn which you did not know about.'

'Yes, I feel sure that this old lantern was Grandad's bank,' his mother added. 'And now that you have found it, I think you shall have the presents which you asked for.' W. A. ATKINSON.

WHAT IS A PHENOMENON?'

IF you don't know, look in the dictionary. But this is how a countryman explained the word to a less learned friend. 'A bull,' he said, 'is not a phenomenon, nor is a thistle nor a lark. But if you saw a bull sitting on a thistle, and singing like a lark, that would be a phenomenon.'

We should think so indeed!

But that is not the original meaning of the word. It did not at first mean anything startling or unexpected: it simply meant an occurrence or a sight—a thing 'appearing.'

THE CITY OF AIR.

IN the City of Air, there's a blacksmith there,
His bellows the four winds blow;
When the reservoir leaks, as it will for weeks,
Then it's raining on Earth below.
By the butchers, I'm told, are the Meteors sold:
There are Planets for plants, they say;
And that City of Air has a milkman there
Whose round is the Milky Way.

The jeweller sings making Saturn's rings;
While the stars are the lamps by night.
Then the fine-spun trails of the comets' tails
Are the stories the author's write.
With snow cotton-wool are the big shops full:
You can buy it with sunset gold;
Then the fleecy clouds form into blankets warm
For the sky when it's blue with cold.

OLIVE CHANDLER.

RIDDLE.

I AM in the middle of England. I am found also in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. I am always in battles and brawls, never in peace and quietness. Yet I have something to do with the lamb as well as with the lion. You are greatly indebted to me, for without me you would not have pleasure, and by employing me you could turn even pain into something else. I belong to a family of twenty-six, and am one of its tallest members. What is my name?

Answer: The letter L.

THE VISIT TO LONDON.

A GAME FOR ALL WEATHERS.

A NEW game is always useful; for even in summer some days in the holidays are wet, or too hot for active sports. 'The Visit to London' can be made by any handy, intelligent boy or girl, and when made can be easily played by children of any age; and even grown-up people can derive instruction as well as amusement from it.

The board is a sheet of cardboard any size that is thought most convenient. On it are drawn in ink forty-four neat squares, which are numbered. The most simple arrangement of the squares is No. 1 at the left-hand corner, and the outer ring of squares to follow the edge of the cardboard all round, and then start an inner ring, and so on. But if the maker is great at the use of the compass, he can arrange the squares in a circle, with the winning-post, No. 44, in the centre.

The game is played like the old race game, with a teetotum, which can be made of cardboard and a match, like a top with figures on it, or teetotums can be bought very inexpensively. The 'Visitors' to London can be made of scraps to represent boys and girls (mounted on cork stands after being strengthened), or figures to represent a Frenchman, a Belgian, an American, or whatever the maker fancies. Or different coloured counters can be used, and given any name the players like.

Each player has a 'Visitor,' and spins the teetotum in turn. All start at No. 1, and the 'Visitor' who reaches No. 44 first wins the game. At the end of this article I will write 'The Events of the Visit,' which the maker of the game must read carefully, and paint *each numbered square* at which an 'Event' happens some bright colour. When playing the game, if a 'Visitor' reaches a *coloured* square he must appeal to the Umpire, who looks up the number of the square in 'The Events of the Visit,' and tells the 'Visitor' what to do.

THE EVENTS OF THE VISIT.

No. 1. All visitors arrive at Charing Cross Station.

No. 3. The visitor stops to look at Nelson's Monument, and misses a turn unless he can repeat Nelson's celebrated signal, 'England expects that every man this day will do his duty.'

No. 8. Takes No. 9 motor-bus to No. 16.

No. 12. Finds he has left his bag at Charing Cross. Must go back for it to No. 1.

No. 20. Stops at St. Paul's Cathedral to feed the pigeons, and must miss a turn unless he can answer the riddle, 'Why is St. Paul's Cathedral like the nest of the smallest bird in England?' (Answer: Both were built by a Wren.)

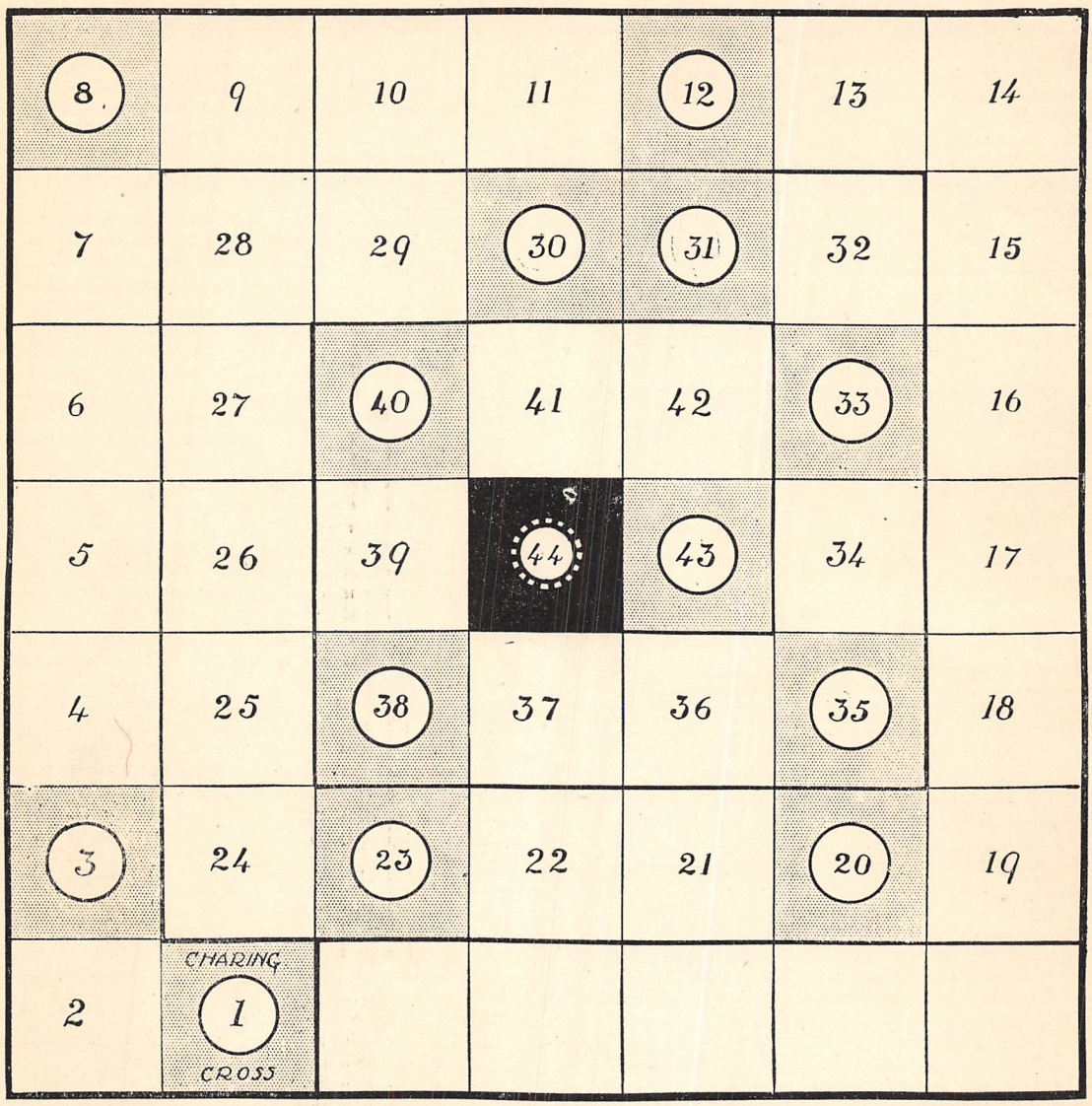
No. 23. Takes taxi to No. 29.

No. 30 Stops at Lambeth Palace, and must miss a turn unless he can say whose residence it is. (The Archbishop of Canterbury is the answer.)

No. 31. Goes by steamer up the river to No. 35. Looks at Temple Church, but does not stop.

No. 33. Westminster Abbey. Must say who was the Founder, or miss one turn. (Answer: Edward the Confessor.)

No. 35. St. James's Palace. Must know who lives there now, or go back to No. 28 to ask a policeman. (Answer: The Prince of Wales.) If he can also give



the information who was the *first* Prince of Wales he moves on one square. (Answer: Edward II.)

No. 38. Has forgotten who lives in Downing Street. Must go back to No. 29 to ask. Is told, the Prime Minister.

No. 40. Says he *must* see the lions fed at the Zoological Gardens before leaving London, so returns to No. 25 to do so.

No. 43. Walks fast to No. 44, where he catches the train and leaves London.

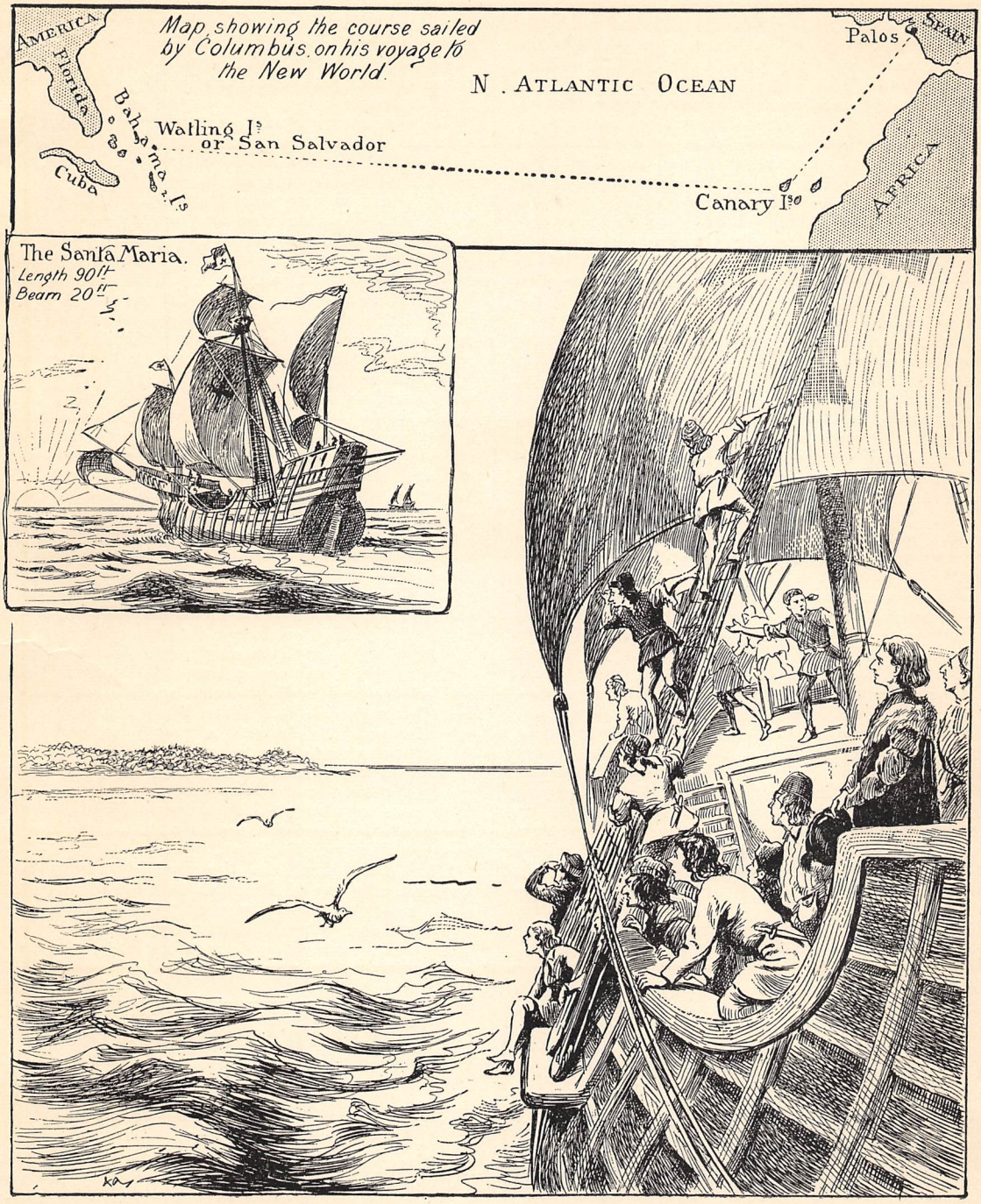
No. 44. Winning-post, and end of 'The Visit to London.'

MILDRED P. BLAKELOCK.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

I.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: 'WESTWARD HO!'

ALL through the early ages of history the East seems to have been the goal of travellers' hopes and ambitions, for it was believed to be a wonderland, where splendid monarchs ruled over realms inhabited by strange men, and still stranger birds and beasts; a perfumed paradise, where exquisite flowers and fruits and spices grew in abundance; and, what was still more attractive, a Tom Tiddler's ground, where gold and silver and gleaming precious stones might be picked up without let or hindrance. We will look



The New World.

back on that old world after a glance at what the first adventure into the newer, larger world meant.

The West, on the other hand, was looked upon as a grim region of mystery and danger, cut off from the civilised world by fogs and storms and boundless leagues of cold, grey water.

With the fifteenth century, however, changes came, and a 'Westerly Drift,' as it were, set in strongly. Men began to think and to wonder, and to dream of fresh worlds that might be sought and conquered; but at first they only saw in the West a new gateway to the East, on which their ambitions still rested, and it was in hopes of finding a short cut to the Indies that the earliest ocean voyages were planned and financed.

Sir John Mandeville, our first great English travel-writer, to whose wondrous tales we shall return, died about 1372. Less than a hundred years later, Christopher Columbus was born.

Christopher Columbus was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary men who have ever lived, for when he had once made up his mind that a new world—or, rather, unknown regions of an old world—lay beyond the Atlantic, he determined to reach it somehow and some time. So great was his courage, and so invincible his confidence, that no difficulty or disaster or delay—and he had all these to encounter again and again—could turn him from his purpose.

Columbus, it is evident, saw himself as a man of destiny—a missionary foreordained to make great discoveries, and to convert countless multitudes of pagans to Christianity and civilisation, and he believed that the prophets of the Old Testament pointed to him when they spoke of one who should bring the 'ends of the earth' together. With these splendid ideas and ideals in his mind, it is no wonder that this simple sailor of Genoa came to consider himself as the equal of the kings and princes from whom he demanded assistance, and that his ambition and arrogance knew no bounds.

His three little ships of discovery, the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Niña*, sailed first to the Canary Islands, and here they were delayed for some weeks. It was not until the 9th of September that they found themselves out of sight of land, and really embarked on their voyage. There was great distress in the fleet then, for the seamen were a cowardly crew, and were terrified at the prospect of all the mysterious dangers that might be encountered. It was only by promising them large rewards, and by deceiving them as to the distance sailed each day, that Columbus was able to prevent an open mutiny.

And so the three little ships—and such tiny ships they were when compared to the great luxurious vessels of modern times: only two-hundred-and-fifty-ton boats, like our small coasting vessels—sailed away into the unknown, and we seem to see their brave commander with his eyes fixed on the blue horizon ahead, and his thoughts busy with wonderful dreams of the future. He had not much really upon which to ground his hopes: only the knowledge that the world was round, the old legends of St. Brandan, of the Seven Cities and of the fabulous Island of the Antilles, and rumours of strange flotsam, carved pieces of wood, nameless plants and the like, which, so it was said, had been washed ashore in the Azores from time to time after westerly gales. However, the courage of Columbus never wavered, and, happily, the little fleet met with smooth seas and favourable winds during its journey.

At last birds began to be seen, and patches of floating weed, that showed the travellers that land could not be very far away. With these signs the spirits of the sailors rose somewhat, and then there came the wonderful night when Columbus himself, keeping watch on deck, caught sight of a glimmering light in the distance.

The next morning when the sun rose, there, close at hand, was a tree-covered island, and the explorer realised that his dreams had come true, and his great adventure had met with success.

The island was an inhabited one, and the natives saw a marvellous sight on that morning—the 12th of October it was, in the year 1492—for the ships having cast anchor, Columbus and his followers came ashore, richly dressed, and bringing with them the Royal banner of Spain. We are told that the simple savages believed that these gorgeous strangers were gods come down to visit them from Heaven, and the travellers treated them kindly, buying their fruit and cassava bread, and giving beads and scraps of glass or earthenware in exchange.

And so the new world was discovered; but even now it was not known to be a new world, and Columbus, believing that he had arrived off the far eastern shore of Asia, called the islands on which he landed the West Indies, a name which they have retained to the present day.

Christopher Columbus kept a journal during his voyages, and in it we read of many strange scenes and discoveries. He saw mermaids on one occasion, he tells us—seals, probably—and another time, when he had landed at a place where the natives were inclined to be hostile, he frightened them into submission by foretelling an eclipse of the moon, which duly came to pass.

Christopher Columbus returned to Spain in 1493, and received a splendid welcome, rewards and honours being heaped upon him. When he set out on a second voyage across the Atlantic a year later, he had no difficulties to contend with and no lack of followers. Instead of three little ships, no fewer than fifteen hundred vessels were placed under his command, and they were crowded with adventurers eager to share in the excitement and the profits of a journey to the treasure islands of the West.

'Hail, Columbia!' Its discoverer is certainly commemorated in one of America's national songs, but it seems a pity that the new world was not named after him instead of after his fellow-countryman, Amerigo Vespucci, a much less famous explorer, who only crossed the Atlantic for the first time in 1498.

A. A. Methley.

THE COAST WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER III.

In the evening the Patrol again met at headquarters. The old net-house was not all that could be desired, but as we paid no rent for it, we could not complain. It never looked very gay although we had done our best, decorating it with two fair-sized Union Jacks, a portrait of the King, and our Patrol flags. There was plenty of elbow-room for work or play, and that was a main con-

sideration. A trap-door in the roof, with a ladder fixed, made a first-class look-out, which was greatly appreciated. But we could never get over the fact that the place was a hospital for damaged boats' spars, dilapidated sails, and decayed netting. The fishermen, boat-builders and yachtsmen, who for the most part made up the population of our village, were, with the exception of a number of ancients, away on the North Sea, fishing for enemy mines, so there was no boat-building or repairing in progress, and we enjoyed undisputed possession and freedom from interruption—we were monarchs of all we surveyed, but we could never make the old place look smart. Above all other defects was one that had tried our tempers sadly during the last two weeks—the roof leaked badly; I defy any one to make a place look really comfortable that leaks. The spectacle of vessels of all sorts and sizes, from buckets to sardine-tins, dotted about without apparent method and often in positions where they are bound to get knocked over, is very mortifying to a Patrol that tries to be smart, and it shows a lowness of funds that, though no crime, is very galling. You may say, what's the use of Scouts and suchlike if they can't mend a hole in the roof of their headquarters? It isn't that we had not tried, but look at the cost of timber and putty nowadays, and as for galvanised iron, you can't get it for love or money in our parts! Let me ask you if you ever tried to mend a hole in galvanised iron? We have one in the roof through which a stove-pipe used at some time to pass; the edges are bent in as if it had been made with a coal-hammer. If you can fill that in successfully, you are cleverer than I am. But we shall do it yet. Almost worse than the hole was a rotten old skylight, its putty perished and its glass slipping out of place, and you dared not so much as use a tin-tack, the wood was so decayed.

I am afraid I am rather a bore on this subject. You see I'm corporal, and I feel it's up to me to make things look smart. Bully Watson says, 'Why not send round a collecting card? There's plenty of people who would be only too glad to give to a good cause'; but the Leader won't have it at any price. 'If we can't afford a thing we will do without it; we will have no begging in our Patrol,' he declares. 'Quite right too,' say I: nothing lowers morale so much as cadging. However, why I should have run on in this manner when I have things so much more important to relate I scarcely know, but these affairs get on my nerves now that I am corporal, in a way they did not when I was simply a private.

Yes, we had the tragic business to discuss relating to the disappearance of Dicky Jolliffe—the best of comrades and the sharpest scout in our Patrol. Last evening, at 7 p.m., he left headquarters on his beat, which was the West Cliff as far as Lantivitt, a distance of three miles, so that he should have returned to headquarters about 9 p.m. If he found no one there, and had nothing to report, he should have set his mark on the door and gone home; if he had anything to report, he should have gone up to Mill End, where the Leader lives, or called on me. He called on neither of us, nor was there any mark on the door, nor did he return home. Naturally we came to the conclusion that he had met with some serious accident on the cliffs.

How Treagus and I with three others took the East Cliff, thoroughly exploring it, and with what results, I have already related. James Watt—'Lawyer,' as we call him, that being his father's profession—led the other party of four scouts and two tender-feet, without finding any sign whatever; nor did the boatmen find anything. As I have said, Dicky left headquarters at 7 p.m., or to be exact, 7.3 p.m., by my wrist-watch, which keeps excellent time. He was three minutes late owing to breaking a bootlace. Treagus was there when he started, and, of course, so was I. His last words were 'Buck up.' Some people make a great deal of last words, but I don't see anything much in these—however, they were his last words, 'Buck up.' That was the last we saw of him, and it appears it was the last seen of him by any one.

He had no occasion to pass through the village on leaving headquarters, his way lay up Chapel Rock, just above it. On fine evenings there are usually three or four, and sometimes as many as a dozen, old salts seated on the bench on Chapel Rock, but in such weather as we have been having the bench is none too inviting. Still, wet or fine, the spot has its attractions, being a good perch with a lookout across the bay to the horizon. If the bench is too wet to sit on, the worn places in it having become puddles, the sailormen will pace up and down in front of it for hours, yarning about old cronies and phenomenal catches.

Now you must understand that to come up from our headquarters below and get on to the cliff-path for Lantivitt, Dicky must needs mount the steps to Chapel Rock, and pass the bench. Two men solemnly affirm that they were on this spot at the very time that Dicky set forth, and had remained there for a considerable period, and that Dicky had neither passed it nor come within sight of it. You must know that our country is not of the sort where a person can wander where he will—taking this, that, or the other path as it pleases him; unless one turns right away inland the paths are few, and one is bound to keep them or chance toppling over a precipice.

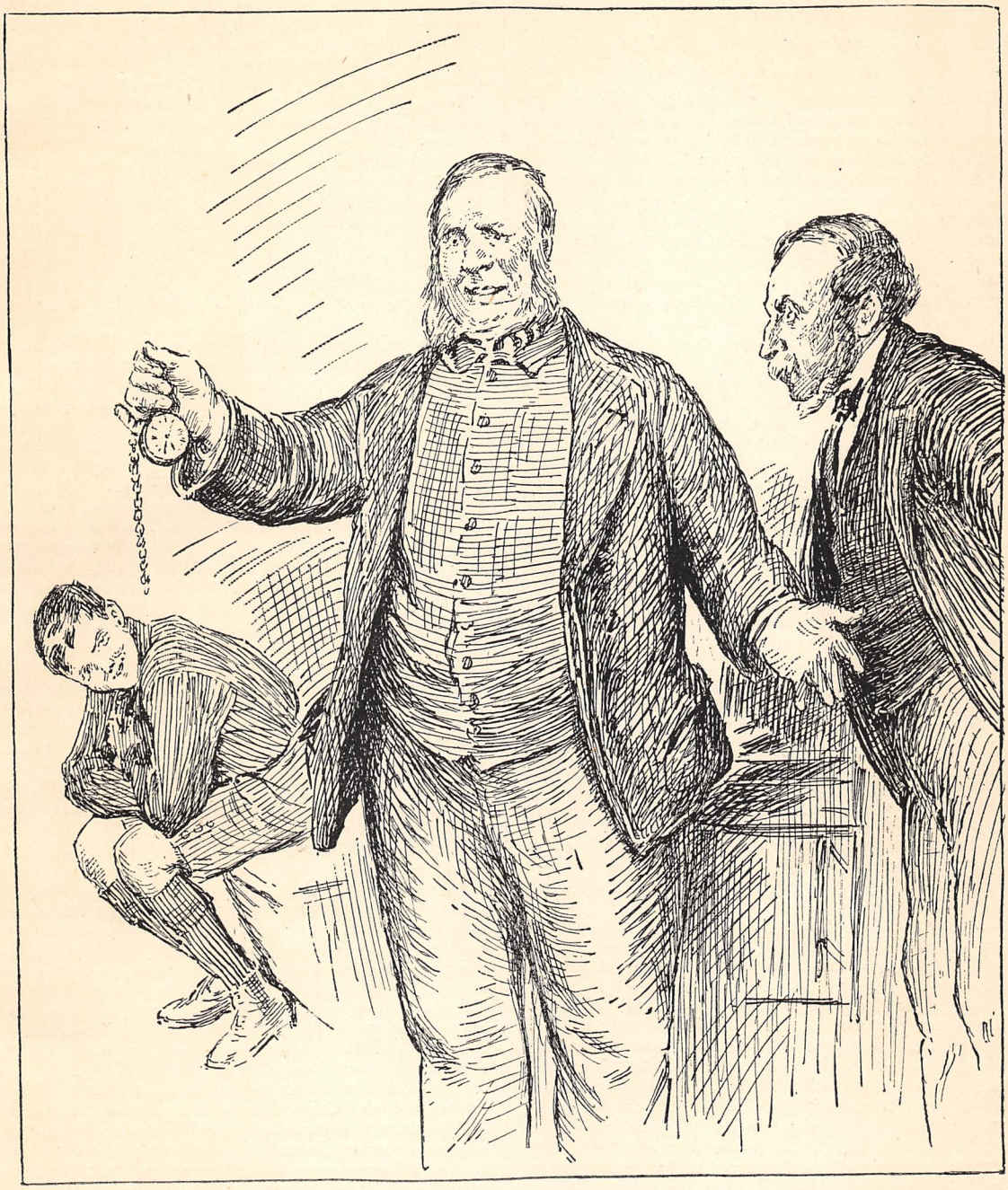
It was all very mysterious. Dicky was hopping about headquarters as jolly as could be only twenty-four hours ago. He was playing hop-scotch with the tins and pans we had placed on the floor to catch the drippings from the roof, until he broke his bootlace; then he sat himself on the table, putting a new lace in his boot, calling me 'good old Penwiper,' and chaffing me about my white stripe. Poor old Dicky! he was a good fellow, and no mistake; he ought to have been made corporal instead of me. He would have been, only he was a bit wild; I'd gladly give up the white stripe to see him back again.

The meeting was to be a further inquiry into the facts attending Dicky's disappearance, and to consider what more could be done by the Patrol; it was to have been quite formal, but somehow it turned out the reverse.

The Leader was seated at the little table at the end of the room, opposite the door; Lawyer sat beside him, whilst I stood at attention on his left, there being but two chairs and a camp-stool at our disposal, the rest of the Patrol made themselves comfortable as best they could on a carpenter's bench and the boats' gear before mentioned. On the table were two candles, not yet lit, though it was growing dusk, for they had been used the previous evening and having guttered a good deal in the draught, were short, and we feared would not last out the evening if lit too early.

(*Continued on page* 26.)

"The meeting was to be a further inquiry into the facts attending Dicky's disappearance."



"'I've had this watch a good many years, and it never yet played me any tricks.'"

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 23.)

IN opening the meeting the Leader said, 'I am advised by my friend, James Watt, that it would be quite in form and more satisfactory if we got——'

'Prevailed on,' suggested Lawyer.

'If we prevailed on one of the men who were on Chapel Rock last evening when Richard Jolliffe left headquarters — that is to say, if we invited, say, for instance, Captain Rogers or Mr. Libby to attend this meeting and make a clear statement as to the exact time he and his friend were on Chapel Rock. So I propose to send Corporal Penwarden and George Watson to ask one of them to be good enough to attend. I must request them to hurry up, as our stock of candle is limited,' he added.

It did not take us long to carry out this order, as we found both Captain Rogers and Mr. Libby on the quay, the latter holding forth to a score of loungers. My request was only too well seconded by Bully Watson, with the result that it was received with such readiness that we returned, not with Captain Rogers or Mr. Libby alone, but with both of them and quite a crowd of men in jumpers and jerseys, and two women, one carrying a baby. All knew something, or, at any rate, had something to say, for the village was greatly excited. I had hoped that by the time we reached headquarters the crowd would have melted away, or that it would remain outside, but no such luck. To my dismay all came squeezing and bumping through the door as if it were a cinema.

'This is the limit,' I said to myself; but it was not. The candles had been lit during our absence, the Leader's face looked ghastly in their light as he watched his unwelcome guests ranging themselves along the end of the building, blocking up the doorway, and Captain Rogers and old Libby taking the middle of the floor. When his eye fell on the two women and the baby, I thought he would lose his nerve; he gave me one reproachful glance, then by a mighty effort rose to the occasion.

He made a speech—actually made a speech. I knew he could do a good many things, but I never expected that. He ran through the circumstances attending the disappearance of Dicky, and the details of our search, and wound up by inviting either Captain Rogers or Mr. Libby to step forward and answer a few questions.

Both came forward without hesitation. Captain Rogers was the more imposing of the two, but it must not be imagined that he wore gold bands on his cuff and gold on the peak of his cap. He had been the skipper of a small collier trading between Sunderland and Plymouth, so that there was about him more of the black diamond than gold lace. He was impressive from his size; a martyr to rheumatism and flannel, he increased his girth each autumn to the extent of a serviceable woollen garment, but at no spring-tide had he been known to relinquish one, even of his oldest. With a voice that matched his mighty chest he could be a formidable speaker on occasion, provided ample time were given him to get under weigh—much rolling of the body and plunging of hands into his pockets being necessary as a prelude to his remarks.

In this respect he was at a great disadvantage when competing for the public ear with his neighbour Libby, who though wheezy of voice was swift in seizing an opportunity of displaying his gifts. These two, it appeared, had no intention of playing the modest part of replying to a few questions, they were fired with admiration of Treagus, and tried to emulate his speech. It was the funniest meeting ever held in our village.

When Treagus sat down Captain Rogers showed unmistakable signs of getting up steam, but old Libby was too quick for him. Turning his back on Treagus, with but one preliminary cough, he pitched his voice to those gathered at the far end of the room.

'Address the chair!' I said, nudging him, 'or wait till the chair addresses you.'

'What chair?' he asked in a loud whisper, looking round about.

'This isn't a public speech-making,' said I. 'This is an inquiry. Young Mr. Treagus is the Chairman, you must turn round and address him, or wait till he addresses you. This is an inquiry—an investigation—an examination—don't you see!'

I was tolerably hazy on the point, but I fancy I was in order; anyhow, I did not want old Treagus and the Patrol to be smothered by these gas-bags. This pause gave Captain Rogers time to get his engines going.

'As for asking questions,' he cried, 'we've answered a good many and have a mind to ask a few ourselves. But there, ask away, you'll get the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for better or for worse, but, as I say, we should like to ask a few ourselves.'

'That's just so, I quite agree with Captain Rogers,' said old Libby, who, gradually working himself round so as to address the audience, continued, 'This is a painful occasion on which we are met together here—a very painful occasion. One of these scouts, or coast-watchers as they call themselves, has come to grief at last, and the circumstances are most uncommonly mysterious. As for coast-watchers, I may say, without giving offence I hope, that there are others who keep their eyes open——'

'Been our business all our lives,' Captain Rogers interposed with a wave of the arm.

'You hear what Captain Rogers says, it has been his business all his life to keep his eyes open, and there are others here who keep their eyes open and can put two and two together as well as the best. Now, to come to the point, me and Captain Rogers was up on Chapel last evening from a quarter before seven to nigh on eight o'clock, and we can safely say that young Jolliffe never passed that way when he left this identical net-house as they say he did, at three minutes past seven. "Are we sure of our time?" asked young Mister Treagus.'

'You'd better let me take it on there, friend Libby,' interrupted the Captain, in a hoarse whisper. Then, pulling from the pocket of one of his under-waistcoats a large silver watch, and gently waving it before him, he raised his voice to its full compass. 'I've had this watch a good many years, and it never yet played me any tricks,' he said. 'Well, then, last evening I had just finished my tea, and pushed back my chair, when I pulls out my watch and looks at it: it was twenty minutes to seven. "Phew!" says I to my missus, "we've sat a goodish while over our tea; I'll just stroll up Chapel and have a look round"—which I straight-

way did; and it don't take me five minutes to get from my house to Chapel Rock, though I'm no walker!'

'You hear what Captain Rogers says, and if that is not clear, straightforward evidence I don't know what is,' resumed old Libby, who, in his desire to launch out with freedom, was impatient of further interruption. 'I met Captain Rogers going up the steps just by the "Three Pilchards." But as I was saying, there is but one other way young Jolliffe could have taken after he left this net-house, and that is on to the Quay, past the Fish Scales, and up street; or across the bridge, round the harbour, and out at the Warren; and it's little less than a miracle if he didn't meet a score of people at seven o'clock on a summer's evening; but, mark my words, not a living soul—man, woman, or child—saw him. Then, that being so, how is it his cap was found half-way to Talland? There's something more than human about it.'

(*Continued on page* 34.)

A DUNCE WHO FOUND SUCCESS.

A MAN, visiting his old school, was anxious to see the seat which he had once occupied. He was taken to it by the principal. For a while he chatted with the boy sitting there, then, taking a sovereign from his pocket, he gave it to the boy, saying 'Here's a sovereign for keeping my seat warm. I was the dunce of this class once.' That man was Sir Walter Scott.

You have heard of him? Of course, you have. What boy or what girl in this land of ours does not know his wonderful books? We have read them and re-read them, and, so doing, have learned more history than ever the history lessons have given us. We have wandered into the life of Norman England as we have sat enthralled by the glorious romance of *Ivanhoe*, we have felt ourselves moving about among the Saxon serfs and the Norman barons; we have been at the tournaments and seen the deeds of chivalry. We have lost ourselves in *Kenilworth*, and slipped back into the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. If ever there was a man who opened magic doors for us that man was Sir Walter Scott. When we are reading his works we forget everything else about us in our enjoyment.

Little Walter Scott was born in the city of Edinburgh in the year 1771. From quite early days he was lame, but as he was well looked after he grew up into a strong lad, though he never lost his lameness. During his early days he was greatly in the company of his grandmother, and to that companionship is due a great deal of his feeling for the old romances. The old lady was never tired of repeating the ancient Scottish ballads and adventure tales, and the boy was always a ready listener. He learned, too, to tell the stories again in his own fashion, and pleased most folk that heard him. When, at the age of seven, he went to the Edinburgh High School, his gift of story-telling made him a great favourite with his school-fellows. He could tell a tale better than any one else, and there was always a crowd of boys round him listening to his version of one of the border ballads. Of course, this did not do him much good. He lost all interest in other school matters, and soon came to the bottom of the form.

But in one way, while he was failing, he was laying the foundations of a great success. For one thing, he read everything he could possibly lay his hands on, poetry, books of travel, history, fairy tales, and what he read he remembered. This, of course, shows itself well in his writings. Every book is crammed full of little details which serve their part in making the verbal pictures perfect ones. These little accurate details are the result of Scott's very wide reading and his excellent memory.

Sir Walter Scott commenced his successful career as a poet. Probably most of you have read some parts of his fine story-poems—'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'Marmion,' and 'The Lady of the Lake.' These were for the most part composed as he rode about on horseback, for though he suffered from lameness Scott was a very fine horseman. As he galloped along over the hills, or by the lake-side or the sea-shore, the fine thoughts and the ringing sentences came into his mind, and were jotted down on paper when he arrived home. 'The Lady of the Lake' was a tremendous success, and brought folk from far and near to see the beauties of Loch Katrine, which he described so vividly.

Strangely enough, four years before this, Scott had tried a different kind of writing—a story which he called 'Waverley.' He had shown it to a friend at the time of its completion, but the friend had not expressed a high opinion of it, so Scott had put it away in his desk. He had brought it out once again to show his publisher, but the result had been the same. And, what is very remarkable, it might have stayed hidden away till the day of his death, and Scott might have gone on writing poetry, had not another great poet, Lord Byron, begun to attract attention.

Lord Byron's poetry became the rage, and people for a time forgot Sir Walter. Then it was that the publisher suggested another look at the story 'Waverley.' In the end he decided to publish it, and it came out in 1814 without the author's name. It was an amazing success, and sold very rapidly indeed. Thus was the long series of glorious tales, 'The Waverley Novels,' started. Book after book followed, and people then as now, found it difficult to say which one they liked best.

Of course, Scott made a great deal of money by his books, but he also spent very generously too. Also he had a great set-back by the failure of the business which published his books. He had become a partner in this, and when, owing to bad management, the business went wrong, he found himself heavily in debt.

Nothing daunted, he sold all his property, except his house, Abbotsford, and set to work to earn more money to pay his debts. This he did, but towards the end he struggled against great pain, forcing himself to work when he might well have been taking his ease. Even when he became very ill indeed, he would not stop, but persisted till he had paid off all the money he owed.

Finally, he went abroad for a holiday, but, while he was away, he became worse, and he returned to his beloved Abbotsford just in time. He passed away within sound of his favourite river Tweed and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

His is a wonderful story, yet it is by no means an uncommon story—that of a man who would not give in. Even when things were blackest, he fought on—and won. And if you and I can do that—well, our lives will not be written down as failures

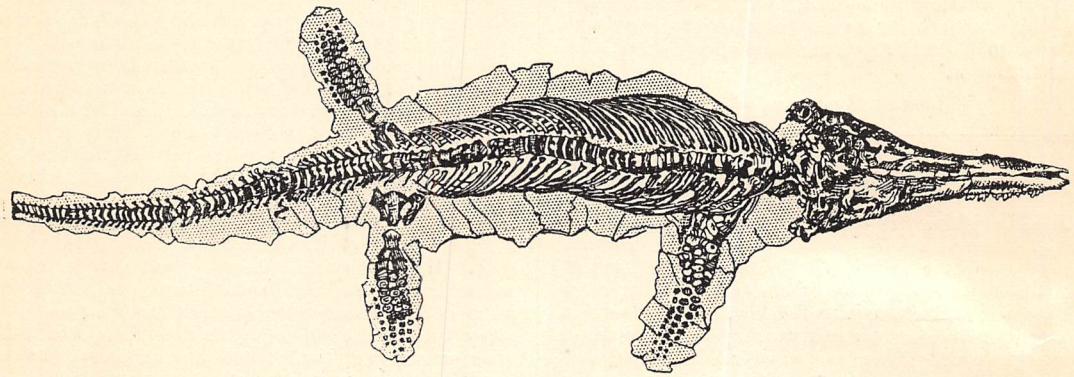
FROM OLD TO NEW.

I.—THE DANGEROUS WORLD.

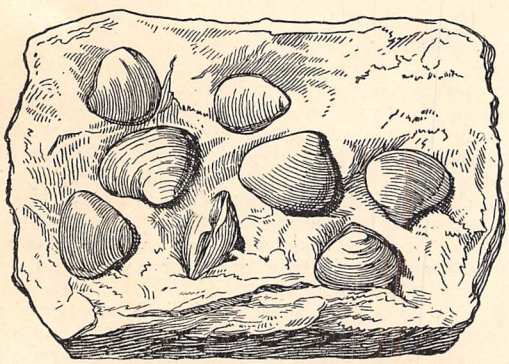
(*Concluded from page* 14.)

IT was as well for mankind that this cooling took place, for before the earth was fit for man, it was fit for much more tremendous creatures than elephants and tigers. And these creatures—which are sometimes loosely called 'prehistoric monsters'—also lived in Dorset. Near Swanage there has been found in the stone a huge footprint, rather like a clover-leaf in shape. It must have been made when what is now stone was soft mud. It is the footprint of an iguanodon—a lizard about twelve feet high. There were flying dragons,' too—pterodactyls—and other gigantic beasts. No human being ever saw them alive; they were extinct before man was able to live in the world. They were blotted out by one of the great explosions or floods of the cooling period. The first human being, so far as is known, who ever saw even their bones, was a girl of Lyme Regis, in Dorset, Mary Anning. Her father collected the smaller fossils, so that she knew something about the queer things that abound in the blue clay cliffs between Lyme and Charmouth. One day in 1811 she noticed some unusually large 'fossils' in the cliff. She had them carefully dug out—they were the bones of an ichthyosaurus, or fish-lizard, the first ever discovered. She found other strange beasts afterwards, and her discoveries have been of great importance to scientists who try to decipher the early story of the rocks.

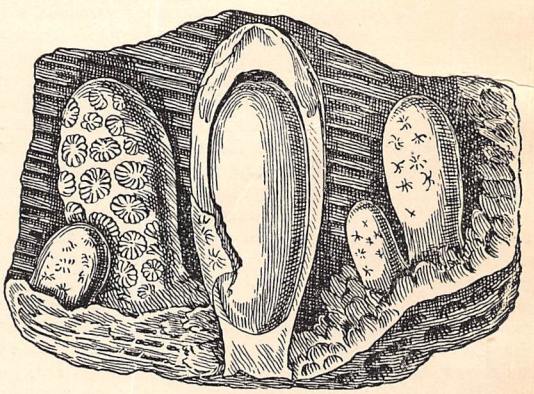
The bluish soil, in which the crushed bodies of these monsters are found, is very good for grass, and man has so much improved the grass that grows upon their 'graves' that the cows fed upon it produce some of the best butter in the world. The smaller fossils, too, have been put to use by man in Dorset. They make up two famous building stones. St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, and many other great buildings, are constructed largely of Portland stone, which is composed of small fossils. The slender, dark-grey pillars which you see in many English churches—especially in those built from about 1150 A.D. to 1300 A.D.—are of Purbeck marble from the quarries near Swanage. If you look at a well-polished piece of this beautiful stone, you can see the fossils in it.



The first Ichthyosaurus discovered: found by Mary Anning.



Purbeck Limestone, showing shells.
(*Reproduced by permission from 'The Geology of Weymouth, Portland and the Coast of Dorset,' by Robert Damon, F.G.S.*)



Portland Stone, formed partly of fossils.
(*Reproduced by permission from 'The Geology of Weymouth, Portlana and the Coast of Dorset,' by Robert Damon, F.G.S.*)

The polish, the cutting or carving, are man's. He found the stone: he used it: he improved it. Almost everything we have and use is an improvement of something that has gone before. For instance, you can see, in any good museum, bone needles, or iron needles, many hundreds of years old. Look at the beautiful slim, shining steel needle you use to-day. It is the direct descendant of those clumsy old things. Man, in a famous phrase, has 'mixed his labour' with the old needles, and put something of himself into them—has

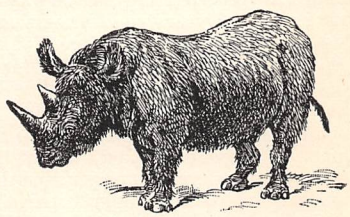
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO.

Mary Anning, of Lyme Regis, Dorset.

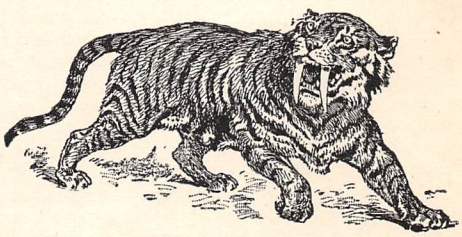
put his mind and his skill and his knowledge into them and made them better. And that brings us to one of the strongest instincts in mankind—the feeling that the thing into which you have thus put part of yourself is *yours*—the feeling of *property*. Property really means a thing proper or belonging to the person who owns it—*his*; part of him. *Possessions*, things that he made and kept, were a strong reason, to early man, for doing all he could to make his life better and more secure. Now thousands of 'improvements' were made by primitive man. But remember that at first the improvements were *adaptations*: they meant using ordinary natural objects like stones and sticks for man's own purposes. Man, at first, had nothing 'ready-made' for him; he had to *think*—to see what he wanted, and then to think how he could get or make what he wanted, and last of all to *make* what he wanted. But once a thing had been used for a certain purpose, it could be improved for that purpose. Once man thought of fitting a sharp stone to a stick and making an axe, he went on sharpening the edge, fitting the stone more strongly to the haft of the axe, shaping the haft to suit his hand.

Look at an axe or chopper to-day. If it is an axe for cutting wood, it has a steel head, sharpened so that the blade *cleaves* the wood: a fine wedge-shaped blade with a tapering edge. That was not there till man *thought* of it: there is no reason why an utterly ignorant person should not at his first attempt try to split wood with a blunt round-edged weapon—no reason except observation and thought. Look, again, at the haft—it has a peculiar curve on it: why? Because, by experience, by thought and observation, man has found out that a blow delivered at a certain angle is more effective than any other, and that his hands do not get blistered if the handle of his tool fits his hand well when he delivers that particular blow. Take the spoon or fork you use for your meals, and ask 'why?' about every detail of its shape. Three or four prongs—the old ones of two or three hundred years ago had only two: three hold the food more cleanly and firmly—some one *thought* of that. A curved handle—the old ones had straight handles. Clumsy things: you had to use a little more effort, to use your arm more, and not to rely only on a turn of your wrist or your fingers, to get any service out of a straight-handled spoon or fork. Thought and observation made that improvement.

A great part of what we call civilisation is like that. It is a constant improvement of detail. I am not speaking now of the change in men's ideas, or of what is called moral improvement, but of 'material' improvement—changes in our hold on every convenience of life. It is only when you think of the earliest man as having to think out absolutely everything—his clothes, his food, his tools—for himself, with nothing to guide or warn him, that you realise how wonderful the history of mankind is. We take for granted the little steps—



The Woolly Rhinoceros.



The Sabre-toothed Tiger.

the last new button, the newest newspaper, the letter that comes by post. They were once all dependent on what our oldest forefather made of the world in which he found himself when the prehistoric monsters had vanished, and he was alone with the swollen rivers and the jungle and the coarse undeveloped trees. Alone, to conquer nature.

That was the kind of world in which our oldest

ancestors found themselves: a place full of strange remains which man as yet did not know how to use. But though the larger monsters had perished, terrible and perhaps even more dangerous beasts remained: the sabre-toothed tiger (larger and stronger than any tiger of to-day), several fierce sorts of elephant (including the mammoth), huge bears, the woolly rhinoceros. Man had to fight against them, besides making a home and a living for himself in that hostile, strange world where he was only a new-comer making experiments. What sort of living he made is the next thing to be considered.

THE STORY OF WRITING.

WE are always apt to take an ordinary thing that we do every day as a mere matter of course, without pausing to think of its origin or development. For instance, you have perhaps never thought, on any of the many daily occasions when you have been writing a letter at home or a lesson at school, how, when, or where the practice of putting ideas and impressions on paper began. Yet there is nothing more interesting or more important in the history of the human race than the development of the art of writing; and next time you hold a pen in your hand, remember that you are doing what men have been doing, in one way or another, for more thousands of years than almost anything of which we to-day still have knowledge.

The origin of writing, in fact, goes so far back into antiquity that it is quite impossible to describe it. As far as is known, the Egyptians were the first to express thoughts and facts in symbols for others to read, but it is very probable that they copied the art from some great race who came before them—perhaps the Chinese. The most ancient piece of writing still in existence is an inscription found in an Egyptian king's tomb, and said by authorities to have been made about six thousand years before Christ. In one of our own museums at Oxford there is an inscribed stone tablet also very ancient, for it is to the memory of a priest who is known to have lived in Egypt about the year 4700 B.C.

Most of this writing of antiquity was, of course, made on stone; anything in the nature of paper was not known at that time. Gradually, however, men began to discover more convenient means of making inscriptions, and began to make use of tablets, bricks, or cylinders, fashioned out of clay, on which symbols could be engraved with comparative ease by means of some hard metal instrument. The ancient Greeks went a step further by using wax tablets. In appearance these were like two modern school-slates hinged together to open or close like a book, the hollow inside the wooden rim containing a thin layer of wax on which the impression was made by a pointed instrument. The two tablets were then closed face to face, securely fastened together, and sent by a messenger from one place to another in the manner of a modern letter.

It will be noticed that in all these earliest methods writing consisted in making an impression in, rather than on, the surface of the material used.

The next development was, naturally, to impose symbols, instead of impressing them, on wooden tablets, pottery, or shells. In Persia linen and leather were made use of for this purpose. All important records of very early times which have come down to us, however, were written on papyrus, which was made from a certain kind of grass, or reed, found on the banks of the Nile. It is from this that both the name and character of our modern paper is derived. The reed necessary for the manufacture of papyrus was comparatively rare, with the result that the process of making parchment or vellum from the skins of sheep, goats, calves, and asses was developed. The production of vellum, however, was costly and limited, and it was superseded by the introduction of paper. The actual origin of paper is ascribed to a Chinaman named Tsai-Lun, who, in the year 105 A.D., devised a means of making a writing surface from the fibres of certain plants beaten into a pulp and then rolled into sheets. About the eighth century it was found that the Arabs used linen and rags for producing paper pulp, and three hundred years later the art was brought to Europe by the Moors, who made paper at Toledo and Valencia, in Spain. The craft soon spread to Italy, France, and Germany. It is not known precisely when paper-making was introduced into England, but a book printed by Caxton, in the year 1495, mentions a paper mill in a village in Hertfordshire.

It has already been remarked that the ancient Greeks used a sharp pointed instrument to scratch their words on waxen tablets. The Egyptians, like the Chinese and Japanese to-day, used a brush for writing. The quill pen came into use in the middle of the fourteenth century, swan quills being the most commonly used, and crow quills for fine writing. A man named Wise, who justified his name by his invention, first introduced steel nibs into this country about 1800, and the industry of steel-pen making by machinery quickly assumed large proportions, Birmingham being its centre.

The history of writing is closely bound up with the story of the alphabet, which is too big a subject to deal with here. Suffice it to say that the earliest writing of which we have any knowledge took the form not of letters of the alphabet, but of what are known as hieroglyphics, meaning literally, 'sacred carvings,' probably because the art of writing was confined to the priests or to religious purposes. Hieroglyphics were little pictorial symbols which conveyed the idea of a thing without actually expressing its name. It is a remarkable fact that nobody was able to decipher this type of writing until the year 1799, when a large stone, known as the Rosetta Stone, and now in the British Museum, was dug up in Egypt. This bears an inscription written both in hieroglyphics and in Greek, and the comparison of the two enabled scholars to solve the mystery of the system of hieroglyphic writing.

For the greater part of its history writing has only been practised by the most learned men. Thus, in Roman days all writing was done by professional writers known as scribes, of whom mention is made in the Bible. In the middle ages the monasteries were the great seats of learning, and practically no one except a monk was able to write. It is to the assiduous and careful work of the monks in transcribing ancient books that much of our modern knowledge is due. And it should be remarked that no handwriting was ever produced more perfect or more beautiful than the manuscripts on which monks are known to have spent their whole lives, always, when writing, working in absolute silence, in order that nothing should distract their attention to make a mistake. On none of these mediæval manuscripts do we find the name of its writer, but we should ever remember the anonymous scribes with gratitude.

THE MYSTERY ROOM.

'MAVIS, what do you think there can be in here?' As he asked the question, Guy tapped with his right forefinger on the black-oak door of the room which the children had named the 'mystery room.'

Mavis wrinkled her brows thoughtfully. 'Aunt Edith has always lived here, all her life, and ever since I can remember this door has been locked,' she said slowly. 'Joan says the same, don't you?' she added, as her elder sister came along the rather narrow and dark passage towards them.

'I have never seen the door open—for a second,' she agreed. 'And of course Aunt Edith has always lived at the Manor. Why, Grannie was born here, too, and Mother, and Uncle Dick, and Aunt Elsie.'

'Let's ask Aunt Edith why the door is always locked. No other doors are,' suggested Guy, but the girls both shook their heads.

'I don't think she would tell us, and she might be awfully cross,' said Joan.

'And she would be sure to say it was nothing to do with us, and things like that, that grown-ups always say to children,' added Mavis.

'Still, I think we ought to discover what it is locked for. There must be some reason for it. Supposing there is a languishing captive imprisoned here, and Aunt Edith is the cruel lady of the Manor,' said Guy.

Both girls laughed at this wild suggestion, and Mavis said, 'Don't be idiotic, Guy. What would Aunt Edith say if she could hear you?'

'Oh, we all know jolly well what she would say; but I'm dead sure there is some dark and dreadful mystery about this place. Don't you two remember how angry Aunt was that day last summer when there was a thunder-storm, and we all got into this passage out of the way of the lightning?'

'The storm had upset her,' said Joan.

'Rot! It was finding us near her chamber of horrors that had upset her,' said Guy, who was not a favourite with Aunt Edith.

The children, whose parents were in India, always had to spend their school holidays with Aunt Edith at the Manor, and though their aunt tried to do her best for them, she did not understand children, and was always thankful when term began again.

'Chamber of horrors!' cried Mavis, in her shrill treble; and then she stopped suddenly and dashed off down to the far end of the passage, closely followed by Guy and Joan, for Aunt Edith had been sighted at the opposite end of the passage, evidently coming on a visit to the 'mystery room.'

'Now for it. Keep your eyes open. She's going in there, I verily believe,' whispered Guy excitedly.

'But that's no good to us—from here. We can't see in,' said Mavis. 'Come into this attic next door, and let's listen and see if we can hear her talking to any one,' she went on, as this bright idea occurred to her.

The other two gave whispered assents to her plan, and all three crept softly into the half-empty attic, which was next to the mystery room. Here they found some worn-out pieces of furniture, a great deal of dust, and several large spiders. Mavis closed the door and put her finger to her lips.

'Don't let's make a noise,' she whispered, as they crept between an old sofa and a broken-down rocking-chair, so as to be near the wall that separated the two rooms.

There was no sound to be heard. Aunt Edith had entered the room of mystery, and had closed and locked the door of it. They had heard her do this. And then silence followed, while the three stood there straining their ears, and hardly daring to breathe, lest they should make a noise.

Then, all at once a sound came to them. It was not the noise of talking which they had half expected to hear, but little tinkling noises, as if some one was playing on a toy piano.

'Good gracious! what is it?' cried Mavis.

'She's playing something. I wonder what it is, and why she is playing,' said Joan.

Guy said nothing. He had gone close to the oak-panelled wall, and was feeling it all over with fingers that shook a little from excitement.

'There ought to be a door here, leading from one room to the other. See, there are hinges, but I can't find the fastening,' he said, pointing out his discovery to the girls.

'How funny that we did not see them!' whispered Mavis; but Guy only gave a snort, and said that girls never did see things that mattered.

They all felt about the panelling, hoping to release a secret spring or something of the kind. It did not occur to either of the three that they were doing anything dishonourable in thus spying on Aunt Edith. But at last, when it seemed as if they never would find the way to open that door, there was a sharp little click, and the panel swung inwards so suddenly that Mavis almost fell through the opening into the next room.

And the secret of the mystery room lay open before them! There, seated at a strange little instrument, that looked like a sort of piano, was their aunt, playing softly, with her face turned half towards them. The room was cosily furnished as a little sitting-room, and on the walls hung old paintings in heavy gilt frames.

That was all! No languishing captive being fed on bread and water; no dismal prison-house; no ghost, even! What a come-down it was to the three romancers!

Aunt Edith had heard the click, and evidently she knew what it meant. She finished what she was playing, and then turned and looked at the three intruders standing there in the attic, with looks of guilt on their faces. All at once, with the opening of that little door there had come to each of the three some understanding of their own conduct. How mean they had been! Aunt Edith ought to be very angry. Guy hoped that she would scold them well. Anything would be better than having her sit there looking at them in that sad, reproachful way.

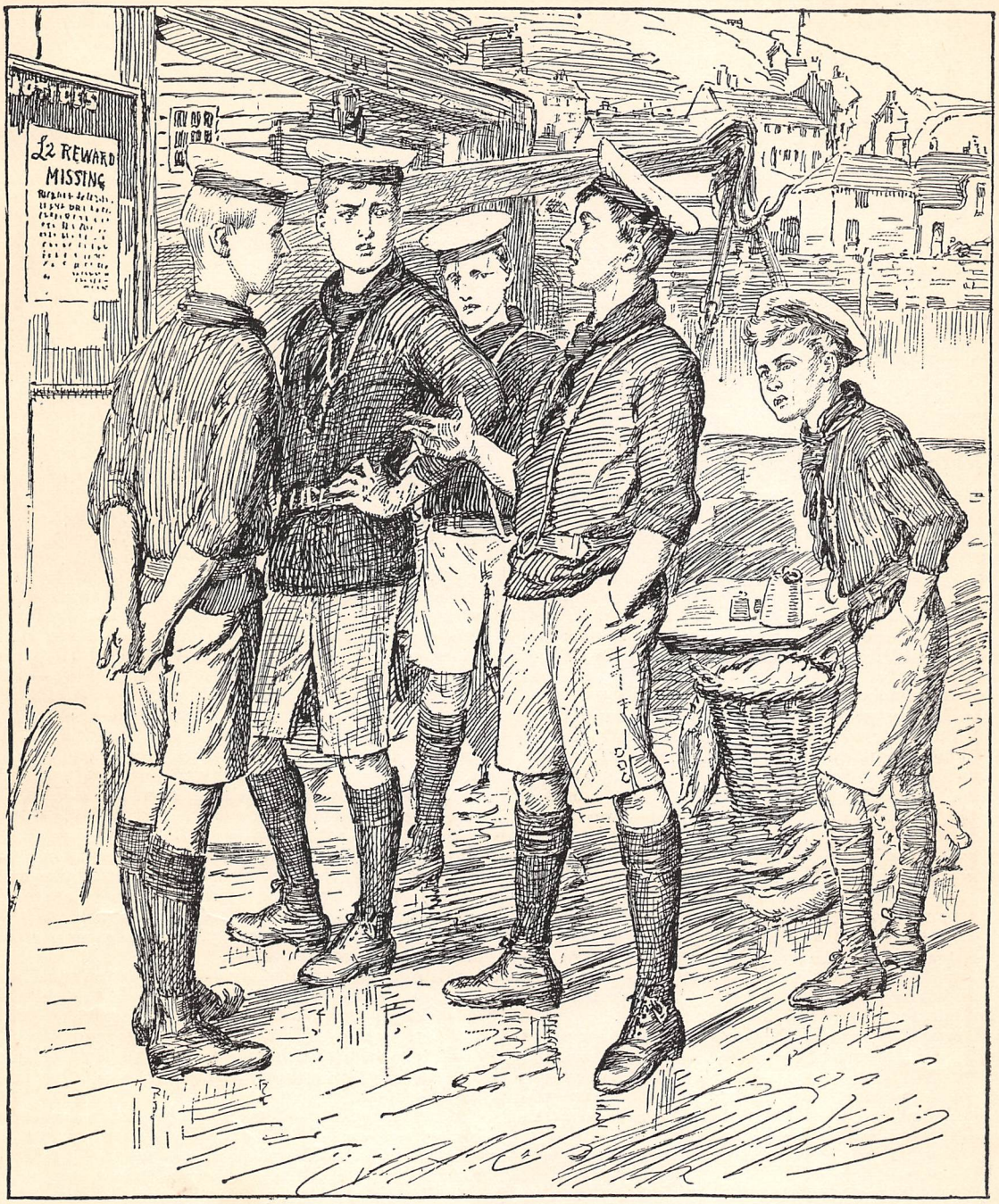
Mavis was the first to speak. 'We are so sorry we were so rude, Auntie,' she said, in a very tiny voice.

'That we are—I never meant to spy, really,' said Guy; whilst Joan ran to her aunt and flung her arms about her. 'I'm so sorry if you mind,' she said.

But Aunt Edith actually smiled. 'I don't mind—now,' she said. 'I thought I could never bear to have you children running in and out of my dear mother's favourite room, and touching her things; so I always kept the door locked. But now I am sure, by the look on your faces, that you will respect her treasures, and you may come here whenever you like.'

So that was the end of the mystery room. But the children and Aunt Edith got on ever so much better in the holidays after that.

"There, seated at a strange little instrument, was their aunt, playing softly."



"We read the bill over and over again."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 31.)

HERE Captain Rogers struck one fist into the palm of his other hand with a resounding smack, crying, 'That's what I want to know: If he didn't go out along the Warren to Talland, and didn't fall down the cliff, what was his cap doing there? If any one can answer me that, I'll say thank you.'

'Just so, Captain Rogers and friends. These are no ordinary times,' continued Libby, raising his voice shrilly. 'These are no ordinary times in which we live, when kings are tottering and thrones disappearing, Armageddon a-raging, and a German spy at every key-hole—so to speak. Even in our small village there are those whom we have reason to suspect as being hand in glove with the enemy, plotting desolation and destruction on the high seas. We've had our signs and portents, but there's been nothing like this for mystery since the days of Willie Wimple.'

'Hear! hear!' roared the Captain. 'There's been nothing like it since Willie Wimple.'

There was a murmur of applause at the far end of the room. Libby was getting warmed to his subject, his eye glittered, and we feared he was good for another hour. Treagus looked round helplessly for some means of bringing the meeting to an end. The candles were burning low in their sockets and beginning to splutter. He was seized by an inspiration. 'Gentlemen,' he said, rising, 'the candles are going out, and we have no more: we will bring this meeting to a close by singing the first verse of the National Anthem. Master James Watt will kindly lead on the cornet.'

The Lawyer was great on the cornet. I handed him the instrument; but Bully Watson was not to be out of it, he caught up the kettle-drum we had bought towards the band we are forming and gave a prodigious rattle, which effectually silenced old Libby, though it set the baby screaming. Then the cornet went at it full blast, and we all joined it. The candles gave a few final kicks and went out—I believe Bully had something to do with that—leaving the room in darkness and the people groping for the door.

Treagus, James Watt, Bully, and I stayed behind to put all straight and lock up. Treagus sat himself on the bench as though he were tired. 'What did you do it for?' he asked, turning to me; and though it was dark I felt he was again looking at me reproachfully. I said nothing, but looked at Bully.

'It was all my fault, I expect,' said he. 'I'm never one for doing things by halves. After all, the meeting was a great success—we haven't had such a turn-out since we started. They thought they'd capture the meeting, but we got the best of the wind-bags in the end. It was a great success.'

'I could laugh till I was faint if it were not for poor old Dicky,' said Treagus.

'What did they mean by saying there had been nothing like it since Willie Wimple?' asked Lawyer, who was a new-comer to our parts.

'That's an old tale—a sort of tradition,' replied Treagus. 'You know Willie Wimple's Cave, right enough, just this side of the Quay. You've been there a score of times!'

'Yes, but I didn't know there was any story hanging to it.'

'There isn't much,' said Treagus. 'Before stories of Pixies and such-like went out of fashion, the old folk used to say that the cave led—or at any rate there was a passage leading from it—as far as Lantivitt or thereabouts.'

'And heaps of treasure if any one could move it out,' added Bully.

'So once upon a time,' Treagus continued, 'a certain Willie Wimple, who lived any time you like between Queen Elizabeth and George the Third, had a shot at it, but never returned. They used to tell the yarn when I was a kiddie. I fancy he left one shoe behind him in the cave.'

'I see,' said Lawyer.

CHAPTER IV.

REWARD. MISSING.—Richard Jolliffe, aged 15 fair hair and dark eyes. Wearing the uniform of a Sea-scout but without cap. Was last seen at Polperro on the evening of Wednesday, August 24th. Supposed to be taking the direction of Lantivitt.

Any person or persons giving information leading to his recovery will be rewarded.

Apply to Edward John Kirkshaw, S.C.,
The Moorings, Polperro; or
Inspector Tomkins, Victoria Quay, Fowey.

The bill was posted outside the new villa at Mill End where Mr. Kirkshaw, the special constable, lived. There was one also at the Public Fish Scales, a resort of fishermen and others in leisure moments. Here the fishermen on landing weigh their catches of fish—cod, ling, whiting, bream, and mighty congers—and dispose of them to buyers from up-country—jowters, as we call them. At such times the small square about the Scales presents a lively appearance. The bill was fixed on one of the big posts of the Scales, and a group of men and boys were gathered round, reading it and making excited comments. Treagus and I were there with the Microbe, and later on Bully Watson and the Lawyer appeared. We read the bill over and over again and listened to the remarks of the bystanders, and when they melted away to their several occupations, and only now and again one came up, read the bill, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, went his way, we gathered in a small knot, discussing the one topic.

'Everybody keeps shaking his head, but no one sheds any light on the subject,' said Bully. 'What's the use of shaking your head when there's nothing in it? I've got a theory myself about Dicky's disappearance. I don't take such a morbid view of things as you fellows do. Yes, I've got a theory; I lay awake half the night thinking it out.'

Bully pulled himself up, stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and swelled out his chest to its utmost extent, as if the idea were almost too big for him. Lawyer, who is something of an acid tablet, you know, eyed Bully's expanded jersey with disdain, remarking, 'You'd better get it off your chest, then; it would be a pity if it got up into your head.'

'You're a sweet morsel,' Bully retorted. 'You never had a ghost of an idea yourself, I bet. Suits you better to pick holes in other people's.'

'If you have an idea, or theory, as you call it,' said

Treagus, 'you had better let us have it, for I confess I have got none. I was just about to suggest going round to Mr. Kirkshaw to see if he could set us anything to do. What's your idea, Bully?'

'Well,' said Bully, 'I'll tell you. Dicky was always keen on going to sea, as you well know. His father would have sent him to Osborne, only he had to join up and go to France and leave Dicky at his grandmother's. That was a bitter pill for old Dicky, I can tell you. Now, my theory is that he's run away and gone to sea. There's plenty of chances in the Navy now, they want boys as well as men. He could join as artificer or something of the sort, and soon rise to become an officer. My theory is that Dicky went out by the Warren and walked to Looe, throwing his cap over the cliff just as a blind, you know. Leaving here at seven, he'd get to Looe soon after eight. There's a train leaves Looe for Plymouth at 8.30—at any rate, there was in last month's time-table, and I don't suppose it has been altered. When he got to Plymouth he'd be all right. That's my idea.'

'Dicky would not do a thing like that,' said Treagus, shaking his head. 'I call that a blackguardly thing to do. Think of his grandmother, and his father, too, doing his bit in the trenches, and receiving a stab in the back like that. I knew Dicky pretty well—he may have been a bit wild, but he was not such a cad as to do that.'

'I don't know,' said Bully. 'I've read in the papers of fellows running away and going to sea, or joining up in the army—"official nineteen," as they say—and the papers didn't call them cads, especially if they distinguished themselves afterwards.'

'I don't care what the papers say,' Treagus replied. 'I call it blackguardly conduct to run away from home—and beastly selfish.'

'What is more, your theory won't hold water,' Lawyer declared.

'How s that?' inquired Bully.

'You have forgotten one point. Dick Jolliffe's cap had not been out on the cliff all night—it was dry when we found it.'

'That settles old Bully's hash,' the Microbe whispered to me, a grin spreading over his freckled face. 'What do you think, Corporal?'

(*Continued on page* 46).

FROM OLD TO NEW.

II.—STONE AXE AND BRONZE SWORD.

THERE is an excellent museum in Dorchester, the county town of Dorset, a very old town inhabited continuously for as long a period as any place in Britain; and museums are not really dull. They are really detective stories. Look at a few things in the cases here. They are objects dug up in the 'barrows' in Dorset, most of them on the chalk hills near Dorchester. Barrows are the burying-places of the people who were here before the Romans came; and these people were usually buried with some of their possessions. These objects were their possessions. See what you could guess from them if you were a detective like Sherlock Holmes.

Here is a beautiful little sheet of beaten gold, with a pattern on it. There is not, and never has been, any gold ore in Dorset. How did that get into a Dorset grave? The owner must have obtained it from some one who could procure gold. The nearest gold ore may have been in Wales, where a little exists: more probably this piece came from Europe, and to Europe from the east or south. What does it mean *here*, however? It means *trade* — communications, intercourse between different peoples: something much more than savage family life. Its date is probably between 1800 and 100 B.C.

Here is a bronze axe-head. There is no tin or copper in Dorset to make bronze. That means more trade. Its date may be much the same as that of the gold. But it is unsharpened (there are also sharpened specimens). It was found with a good many others. Why unsharpened? Because it was not yet wanted for use at the time when it was buried or lost. It was part of a store. That is to say, the place where it was found—a great earthern fort near Dorchester—was either a warehouse or an arsenal, in a small way. It was also a factory; for along with the axes was found the stone mould in which the molten bronze was cast and shaped. You are getting to something like civilisation now.

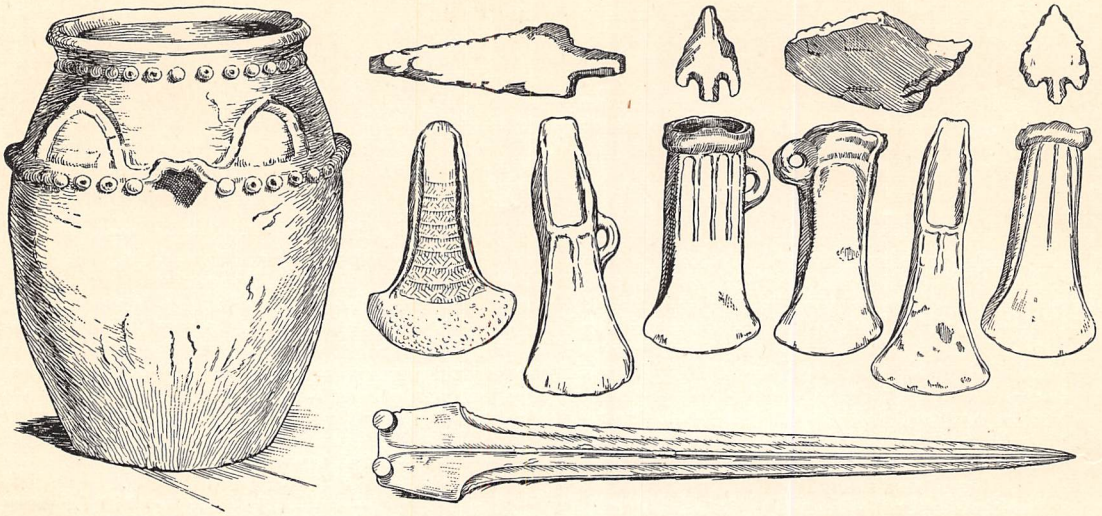
Here is another axe-head: there are still fragments of linen on its haft; the linen bound it to the handle. So its owner, or some one who worked for him, knew how to cultivate flax and weave linen from the fibres. They grew flax and produced linen thread in Dorset for aircraft linen in the Great War: we have only changed our weapons, so far as that is concerned!

Here are amber beads. They, too, must have come overseas, from the shores of the Baltic. And here is a gold coin modelled on a Greek coin—the Macedonian stater coined by Philip of Macedon in the fourth century before Christ. This one is a Celtic coin: and scholars have found out that Celtic coins of this design did not spread from Greece through the middle of Central Europe, but along the north coast of Germany: along the Baltic shore and so to England.

Lastly, there is a row of stone weapons, varying from a very rough chipped flint to most perfectly smooth, sharp, polished axe—and hammer—and arrow-heads.

If you were a good detective, you would deduce a good deal from this evidence. It is only the evidence found in one small county, and not anything like all the evidence found even in that county. Think of that lonely little early man in the wet, tangled marshes and woods, hungry, and with only stones for weapons, still hungrier animals round him; and then think of the great chieftain buried solemnly in a fine mound on the high, green hills, surrounded by his gold and amber, his money, his fine tools and weapons. It is a wonderful difference.

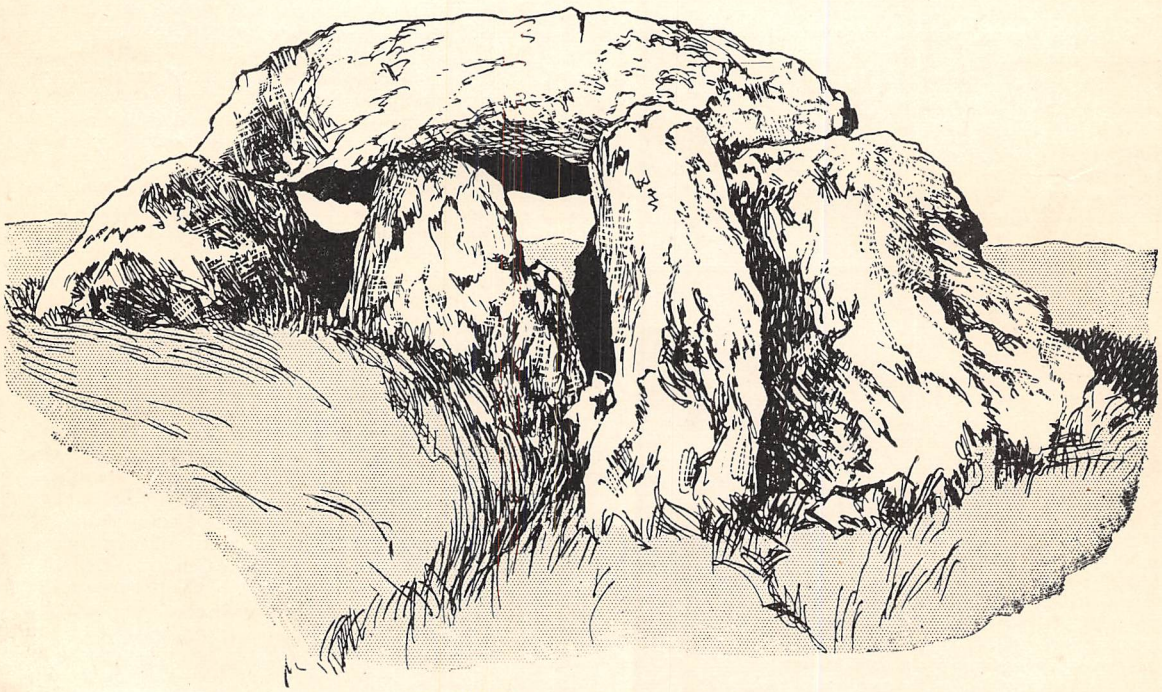
The gaps of that long interval have been filled in in various ways. From about 300 B.C. onwards, Roman and other writers began to allude to Britain—it was just being 'discovered.' Coins and weapons and bones have been dug up all over Europe, and their likenesses and differences analysed. (The first English 'archæologist'—or student of very old things—to investigate stone weapons thoroughly was a Dorset landlord, General Pitt-Rivers.) Peculiarities of the burial mounds have been classified, bones measured, habits deduced from little odds and ends. It is pretty certain, when you get a set of objects always occurring in much the same circumstances, and clearly placed there on purpose, that they denote a habit or custom; and by arguing, as is reasonable, that on the whole the better-made objects were made later than those more rudely



Left: A burial urn from a Dorset barrow. *Top row:* Various types of flint arrow-heads. *Middle row:* Some Dorset axe-heads of the Bronze Age. *Bottom:* A bronze sword found in Dorset.

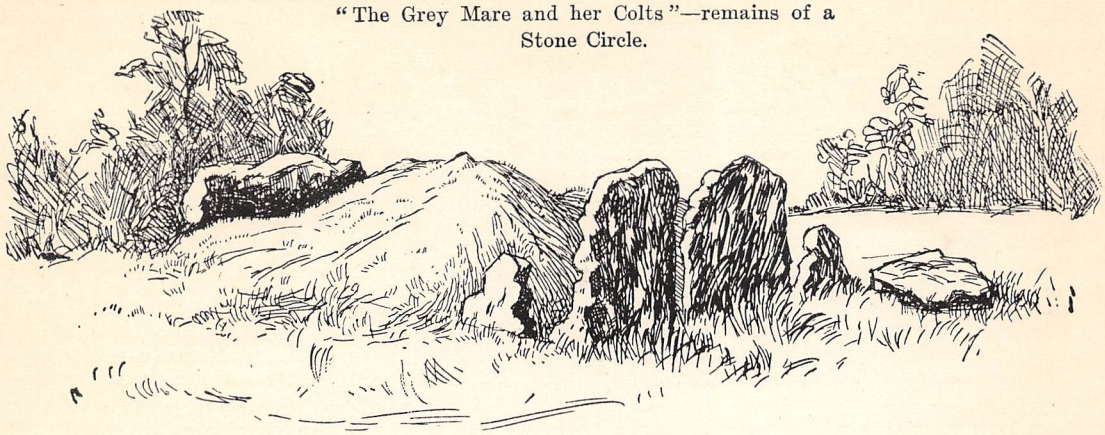
shaped, you can reach something like a connected story. Here is the story scholars have put together.

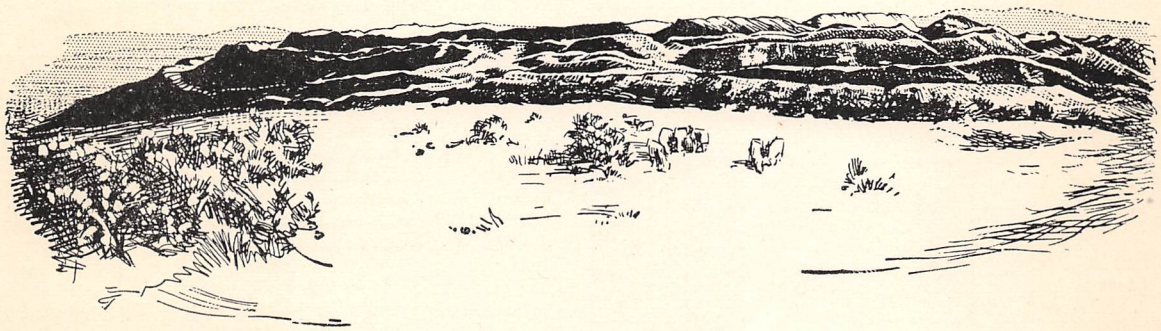
From the earliest man to the men who first used bronze weapons—which in Britain probably first appeared about 1800 B.C.—there were three main stages of civilisation. They are called Eolithic (the Stone of the Dawn Age), Palæolithic (the Old Stone Age), and Neolithic (the New or later Stone Age). Throughout that period—thousands of years, not hundreds—all weapons and tools were of stone; and the history of early man had to be the history of his tools, for he had to fight beasts, to cultivate the earth, and to *make things*, in



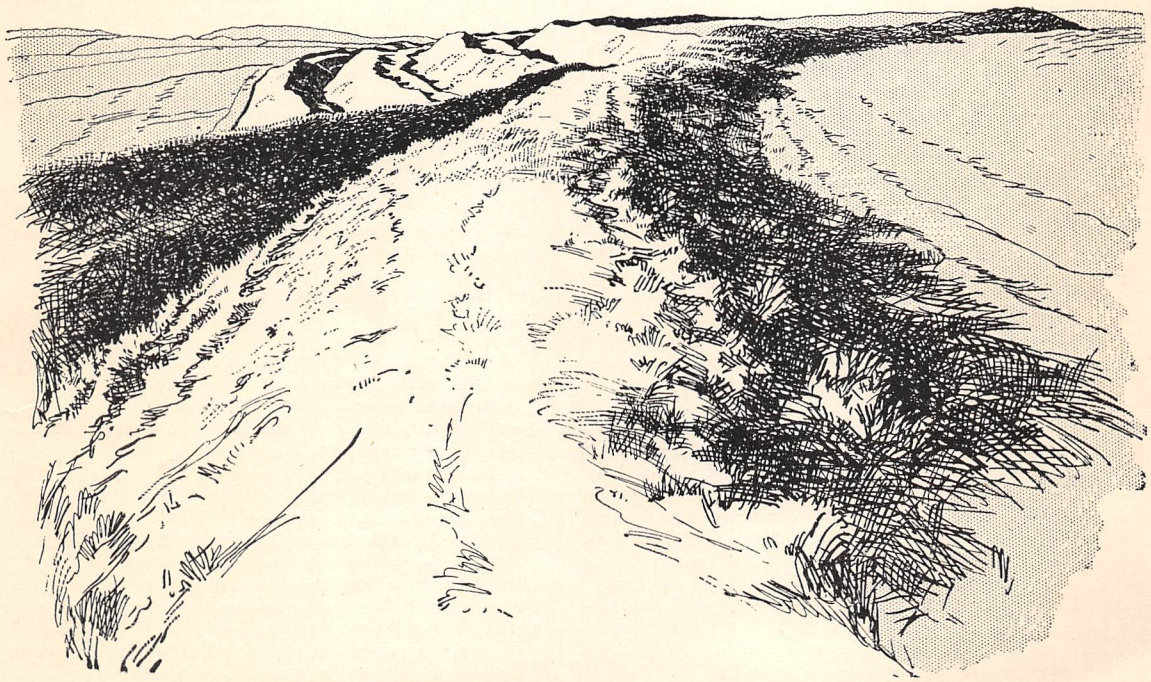
The Hell-Stone, a Dorset cromlech.

"The Grey Mare and her Colts"—remains of a Stone Circle.





Maiden Castle from the North.



The rows of trenches at Maiden Castle.

order to live at all. Eolithic man is a very dim figure. We only know from a few chipped flints and a few fragments of bone that he existed in England at all: it is not certain whether he existed in Dorset. He must have reached England at a time when the Channel was dry, but very likely he found life too difficult. His successor, Palæolithic man, probably came after one separation of England from Europe, when the sea was dry again, and stayed after the final breach; for he seems to be the direct ancestor of Neolithic man.

Palæolithic man dwelt in caves and in huts in the lowlands. The rivers were wider and fuller then than now, and the woods much thicker. At first he probably had no domesticated animals, could not make fire for a very long time, and had to fight the savage beasts already mentioned. But his weapons gradually improved.

We know much more about Neolithic man. He lived on the hill-slopes. He grew corn, wove linen, and probably lived in hollows in the ground roughly roofed over. His skull was longer than it was broad, and he is, therefore, known as 'long-headed;' by a curious chance he liked to be buried in 'long' barrows—oval rather than round mounds. In these barrows, in the case of a great chief, there would often be a stone protection for the pottery urn which contained his bones or their ashes: two or three big stones with another on top as a roof. In some cases the mound has since been cut away, or the soil has gradually washed away, and left the stones bare. This arrangement of stones is usually called a cromlech. Several have been found in Dorset. There were also stone circles, which probably had some religious meaning; they may have been temples. Near Dorchester there is a wonderful 'Valley of Stones' which looks almost like a processional road leading to one such circle; but there is nothing to prove that this was the case.

Long-headed man kept cattle, and, later, other animals. He had few wild beasts to fight: only wild bulls, boars, and wolves (there were wolves in Dorset as late as King John's reign). The bulls were rough, shaggy creatures, rather like the wild cattle still carefully preserved here and there. The fact that the Long-head—who is also called the Iberian—had these valuable possessions made it necessary for him to protect himself and them; for other groups of Iberians might covet them. So he built forts.

He built very surprising forts: nowhere more surprising than in Dorset. The greatest of all known earthworks is near Dorchester—Maiden Castle. (The name probably is Celtic—Mai Dun, 'the High Fort.') These forts were huge entrenched areas on commanding hills; usually they could be approached only on one side, the others sloping steeply. They had one, two, or three rows of trenches. There are *five miles* of trenches at Maiden Castle! Many of the trenches are sixty feet deep. At the main entrance there are eight rows of banks, forming a sort of maze; any one who did not take the right turning might find himself in a deep trench, where the defenders would stone him or shoot at him with arrows from above. Maiden Castle covers one hundred and fifteen acres—it is one thousand yards long and five hundred yards wide; Lord's Cricket-ground, in London, covers twelve acres; an ordinary big school cricket-ground, with several cricket pitches, covers ten to twenty acres. So you can see that Long-head could work.

But it is not certain that he made all these forts (there are twenty or so in Dorset), nor all of each one of them. And a man with a stone hatchet could hardly finish one such fort quickly; the trenches are cut clean in the solid chalk, though now they are overgrown with grass. Very likely they were the work of generations; and Long-head was succeeded by a race which probably improved on his work a great deal—the Round-headed Celt (pronounced Kelt). The earlier Celts may have had stone tools, but the later ones—those who arrived in Britain from 1800 B.C. onwards—used bronze, which was sharper and more efficient. Curiously enough, these round-headed people were usually buried in *round* barrows.

The Celts came into Britain by sea. They came from somewhere in Eastern Europe along the shores of the Baltic, bringing their amber and the imitation Greek coins with them. They spread into France, especially into Brittany. They conquered but did not destroy the Iberians. They were better at all the arts of life; and they had a sense of beauty—all their designs are beautiful. And they finally had to meet and be conquered by the great civilisation of Rome.

BAD MANNERS.

SAM and Dorothy and Lizzie
One fine day were very busy
Their allotment planting.
Soon a speckled thrush came winging,
On a lilac-bush stood singing—
Wasn't that enchanting?

Close to Sammy's seed potato,
Soon a worm he found and ate—Oh!
Wasn't that revolting?
'If he finds and eats another
'Fast as that,' said Doll, 'his mother
Ought to stop such bolting.'

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By EDNA LAKE.

CHAPTER I.

'AND be sure, children, to sit quite still till the guard tells you that you are to get out,' said Aunt Agnes, for the ninety-ninth time, or so Tickato said afterwards.

'All right, Auntie,' said Billy, easily. 'Don't worry about us. We came all the way home from India, you know, and——'

Just then the guard waved his green flag, the engine whistled shrilly, and the train began to move.

'Be sure you don't get out—' repeated Aunt Agnes hastily, not taking any notice of Billy's remark about their journey from India; 'be sure you don't get out till you are told to, and mind that you don't worry Uncle Francis. I cannot think what he will say at having you both planted on him, but——'

Before Aunt Agnes could possibly finish her sentence, the train had borne the twins far beyond the reach of her voice. Tickato looked at Billy, who sat in a corner of the third-class compartment, opposite to her, and made a frightfully ugly grimace.

'Isn't it ripping that we are off at last?' she asked.

Billy nodded. 'Rather,' he answered briefly; 'but she's a jolly good sort, all the same.'

Tickato made another 'moue,' as the French call it.

'I think she's simply awful, with her "don't do that's," and her "do this," and "take care's" and all that sort of thing. I am very glad that she has had to go off to Scotland in such a hurry. I wonder what Uncle Francis will be like.'

Billy folded up the paper he was looking at, and took out a packet of sandwiches. 'We can eat these now; I'm feeling rather empty,' he observed, as he cut the string with the new pocket-knife that Father had given him just before they left India. 'As to Uncle Francis, we must just wait and see. Oh, bother, Tickato, here are some people going to get into our carriage.'

'Not if I know it,' said Tickato with energy, as she stood up and leaned out of the window. 'Make yourself big, Billy,' she commanded her twin. 'They will think this is full up.'

The train had come to a standstill at a small suburban station, and the platform was filled with people hurrying to and fro looking for seats. In spite of Tickato's efforts, a fat women with three small children managed to enter their compartment, just before the train moved on. The twins looked at one another regretfully.

'They will get out soon perhaps,' said Billy, in a low tone. 'Have a sandwich?' He passed the package over to his sister as he spoke.

They ate for a few minutes in silence. You could scarcely discuss your unknown uncle, with whom you were going to stay, in front of strangers.

'When do we get there?' asked Tickato after a short pause.

'About tea-time, I think. Aunt Agnes said that the Hall is a long way from the station, but that Uncle would send to meet us, she expected. This train stops at every station for a bit, and then we get a good long non-stop run.'

Billy pulled out his paper again and began to read. Tickato rummaged in her little dispatch-case and produced a magazine.

'I feel quite sleepy' she said, as she turned the pages.

'Go to sleep then, dearie,' said the fat woman from the other end of the compartment. 'Nothing like a nap for making the time pass,' she added.

Tickato did not answer, simply because she could not think of any reply to make. Billy feeling some remark was needed, for the sake of politeness said, 'We don't want the time to go specially.'

Then the fat woman started a conversation. She asked them where they had come from, and where they were going to, and many more questions which Tickato thought quite rude, but which Billy answered politely. At last the woman gathered together her packages, and lifted the three small children from their seats. The train was slowing down, and evidently the party were leaving. Tickato breathed a sigh of relief and became quite pleasant.

'I will help you out with them,' she said, nodding towards the little children. 'You get out first, and I'll hand them to you.'

'That's the way, dearie,' said the fat woman. 'Now, mind you don't stir out of the train till the guard tells you. Yes, they are all right so far,' she added to that official, who had just come up to see that his charges were safe. 'I'm telling them not to stir out of the train till you tell them. They are full young to go a long journey alone.'

'How nice that she has gone! Now we can talk as much as we like,' said Tickato, whose real name was Diana Murray.

'Still, you need not have seemed so huffy. She meant it kindly—asking us where we were going, and all that,' said Billy, mildly.

Tickato snorted. 'So she might, but I think she was jolly inquisitive,' she said. 'Oh, Billy, isn't it queer to be going all this way to stay with an uncle we had hardly ever heard of, and never seen? Mother and Father would be surprised if they knew, wouldn t they?'

'Well, they won't know for a good while,' said Billy.

'It will be jolly if they do manage to come home in time for Christmas,' went on Tickato. 'I don't think Christmas with Aunt Agnes would be a bit nice.'

'Well, of course it would be lots nicer in our own home, with Mother and Father,' agreed Billy, who was always good at making the best of things. 'All the same, we won't think too much about it, because it may not happen, you know. I wonder if we shall stay with Uncle Francis long, and if he will be horribly surprised and cross at our coming.'

'If he's nasty we'll run away,' said Tickato firmly.

'Don't be a silly cuckoo,' advised her twin. 'You know very well that if you ran away in the morning, you would go home again when night came. That sort of talk is all very well, but you can't do things like that.'

'Oh, well——' said Tickato, but she did not finish the sentence.

It was mid-August, and the weather was unusually hot for the time of year. The train rushed on, on its journey south, dashing through small stations, and screaming shrilly at rapid intervals. The hot sunshine filled the compartment, and at last the children grew sleepy.

'I know I shall be dreaming in a moment,' said Tickato at last. 'Shall we go to sleep, Billy?'

'Right-o!'

'And then if we don't wake till we have passed the station where we get out, what will happen?'

'Oh, the guard will come and haul us out. Good-night,' mumbled Billy, and was at once in the land of dreams. Tickato quickly followed his example, and the two slept soundly for quite a long time.

When at last Billy roused himself and looked about, he could not think where they were. Then the sight of their two suit-cases on the rack 'reserved for light packages' reminded him. He gave Tickato a nudge. 'Wake up, old girl,' he said. 'We must be nearly there by this time.'

'What's up?' demanded Tickato.

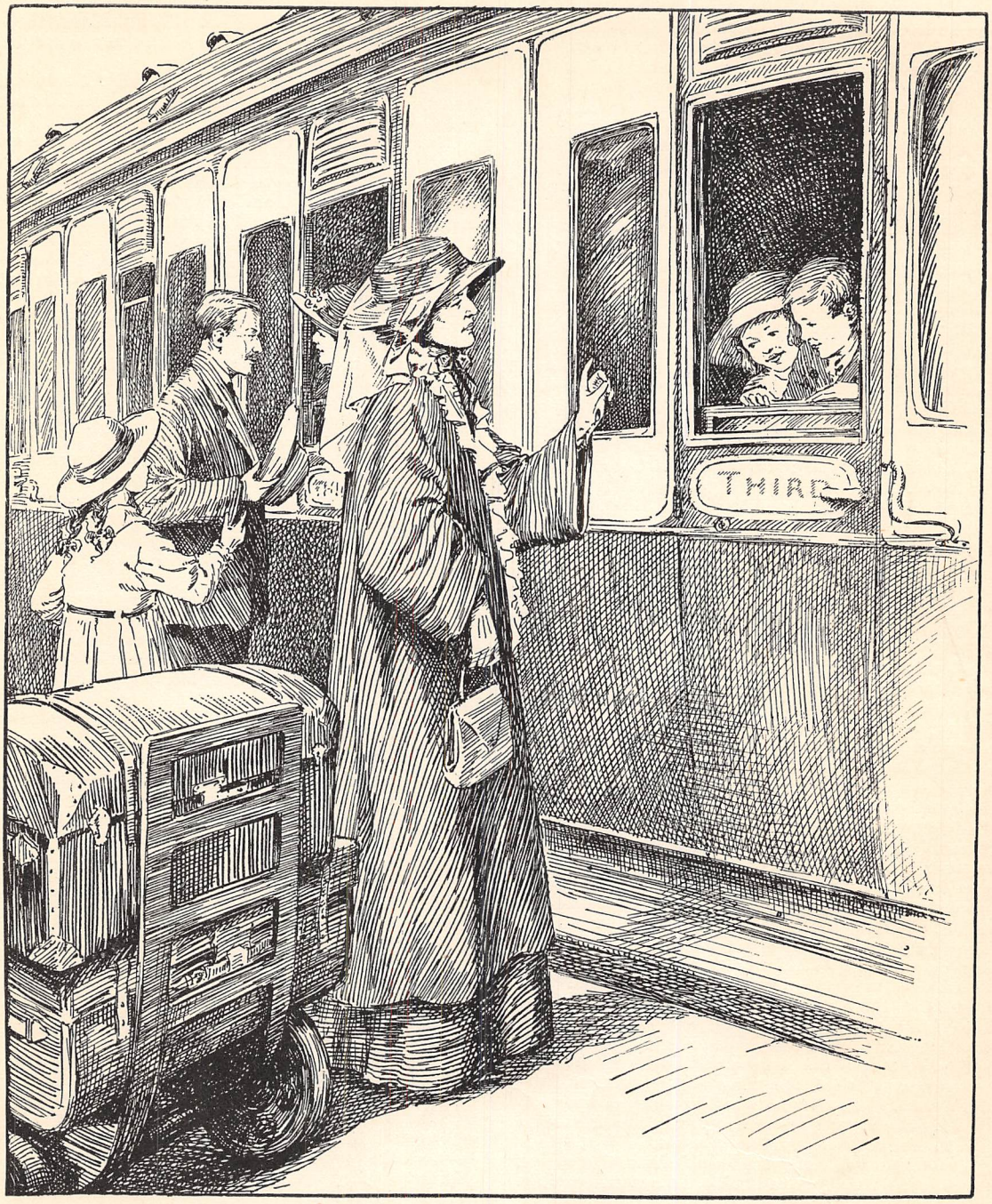
'It's time to get awake. We must be nearly there. See, we are slowing down. I wonder if this is our station,' said Billy, peeping out of the window.

'Oh, I am hungry! Look, Billy, there is a sweet-machine there. I have some pennies. Do slip out and get us each some chocolate or something. We have eaten all the food Auntie gave us.'

Tickato fished four pennies out of her purse as she spoke.

'Right you are. I'm hungry too, and it isn't our station, though it must be near it,' said Billy. He opened the door of the carriage as he spoke and stepped out on to the platform.

(*Continued on page* 42.)



"'Be sure you don't get out,' repeated Aunt Agnes, hastily."

"'Oh, Billy, we have got left behind!' she cried."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 39.)

TICKATO stood in the open doorway watching her brother. He seemed to be having some difficulty with the machine, for though he tugged and tugged at the little drawer, he did not seem able to manage to get it to open.

The train was not staying long at the little station, it seemed, for suddenly, very suddenly, the whistle blew, and it began to move. Tickato screamed to Billy. Then, seeing that he had not noticed the warning whistle, she jumped out of the compartment.

A porter, slamming the doors, said angrily, 'Now then, missie, you'll do that once too often. Why didn't you get out at the right time?'

Tickato did not stay to answer this question. She rushed to where Billy stood beside the slot-machine.

'Oh, Billy, we have got left behind!' she cried. 'Didn't you hear the whistle?'

'I say! Has it really gone?' cried Billy, staring at the fast-disappearing train in astonishment. 'I say, what an awful sell! I have put a half-crown into this thing in mistake for a penny, and that's the reason I didn't notice it, I expect.'

'A half-crown? Are you sure?' There was consternation in Tickato's tone.

'Dead sure. I can't think how I came to be such an ass. But, Tickato, what on earth shall we do?' Billy broke off and stared at his sister in dismay.

'I don't know, but I wasn't going on alone to Uncle Francis, so I jumped when I saw you did not hear the whistle.'

'Jolly good thing you did, too. But how are we to get there now?'

'We can go on by another train. What's the name of the station, Billy? I can't remember it.'

'I think it is Wickenden, or something like that, but I'm not sure. Still, our tickets will have it on them.'

At Billy's words, Tickato's eyes grew round with dismay. 'Oh, Billy, we haven't got them!' she gasped.

'Not got them?'

'No. Don't you remember that Aunt Agnes said they must be put into that new purse of mine and kept in my dispatch-case? That's left in the train.'

Billy gave a long whistle. 'I say, Tickato, we've done it now and no mistake!' he exclaimed. 'Of course I remember about their being put in your case. And all our luggage has gone on, too. We don't really know where we were going. Were there ever such idiots?'

Things were certainly rather desperate. The twins were, after all, only eleven, and though they had come home from India only three months before this story opens, they had been in the care of the captain of the ship, and had been met at the docks by Aunt Agnes, and seen off in India by Mother and Father. They were not such experienced travellers as they felt themselves to be, and now they were in the queerest fix you can imagine. Here they were, stranded on a lonely country station platform, with only a few shillings between them and not a scrap of luggage. Worse than that, they were not sure of the name of the station they were to alight at, having had their tickets bought for them by Aunt Agnes, and having been put in the care of the guard, who had certainly failed to see them alight from the train.

'What can we do, Billy?' asked Tickato. She was suddenly conscious that she was tired and hungry, and she felt that she would give all she possessed if she could only be once more safely seated in the train and on the way to the home of Uncle Francis, who, although he might be elderly, and 'difficult,' as Aunt Agnes had hinted, was at least a relation.

Billy looked thoughtful, and thrust his hands into his pockets. 'I've only two or three bob, thanks to losing that half-crown,' he said. 'I wonder if it is far to where we were going?'

There was no one on the platform save the one porter who had spoken to Tickato. He looked curiously at the children, and Billy went up to him with a question.

'Can you tell me, please, if there is a station near here called Wickenden?'

'Wickenden—Wickenden?' The man repeated the name slowly and shook his head. 'Never heard tell of one, young sir,' he said. 'Want to go there, do you?'

'Well, I'm not sure if that was the name of it. Anyhow, we want to go somewhere down this line, and we can't quite remember the name of the station, and our tickets are left in the train that's gone on,' explained Billy.

The man was interested and asked several questions, so that he got the whole story from the children in time. When he had finished listening to them, he took off his cap and scratched his head thoughtfully.

'That train doesn't stop again for a good while,' he said. 'When it does, the guard will be askin' about you. Best stop here till you get the word.'

'All right, thanks,' said Billy. 'Perhaps we may as well, but we'd rather be getting on.'

'Well, you can't get far,' said the porter. 'I'll tell the station-master about you when he comes on duty, but that won't be till after seven o'clock. It isn't four yet. So long! I've to go off to the signal-box for a spell.'

The twins were left alone then, sitting forlornly on the seat near to the slot-machine that had caused all the trouble.

'I say, Tickato, why not get out of this for a bit?' suggested Billy, after they had sat still for what seemed a very long time. 'I vote we go for a walk down the road. It looks rather jolly, doesn't it?'

'I have been wondering why we can't walk to the Hall,' said Tickato. 'It is called Shenstone Hall, isn't it, Billy?'

'Yes, that's the name of it, and the village is called Clifden. I remember that, only of course there isn't a station there,' said Billy. 'Come on then, we will have a walk. I wish that we could get tea somewhere. Perhaps we can, though, at a cottage. I don't think there is any need to hurry back here. The man said there would not be a train for hours and hours.'

The twins got up and stretched themselves. They felt very stiff, and a walk would be lots better than sitting there on that dull platform, where there was nothing to see. The country around the station looked very pretty, with tree-covered hills, and valleys with clustering houses showing red-tiled roofs here and there between the trees.

'We'll go down this road. See, there is a wood down there, and that will be nice and shady,' said Billy,

pointing away to their right, where a steep road led up to the station.

'Yes, lovely,' said Tickato with enthusiasm. 'We can sit there till there is a train. If only we had some tea, though!'

'Never mind, I got two packets of choc, and we'll eat those, and drink some of the water from that stream we can see at the bottom of the hill,' said Billy.

'And perhaps we can go a little way into the wood too,' said Tickato. 'There will be lots of time.'

''Course there will; come on,' said Billy, and away they went, little thinking how their visit to the wood was to end.

(*Continued on page* 54.)

SLIGHTLY INACCURATE.

IN an essay written by a child on the subject of kindness to animals the writer said: 'Feed your horse with horse-radish and horse-chestnuts if you want him to grow.' Another wrote: 'If you are very kind indeed to your dog, it may even follow you to your grave.' A little girl said: 'The Esquimaux are very fond indeed of their reindeer; in fact, they love their reindeer sometimes more than their wives. But then, they are very useful to them.' A pupil of a school in Skye wrote thus about water: 'Water is a liquid, but in winter you can slide on it. In all kinds of water little beasts occur to a greater or to a less extent. Even a great amount of heat cannot kill these curious little animals. Hence some people prefer spirits.'

The following startling announcement was seen over the entrance to a photographer's studio in Belgium: 'Momentary execution of infants at all hours.' And this reminds me of a day long ago, when I went to see my little godchild, and she greeted me with the exclamation: 'Oh, mother Lil! Aunty Laurie came yesterday and took me to see the execution!' It sounded gruesome, but 'exhibition' was what she meant!

I'LL TRY.

OH! I wish I could speak to the birds and the flowers,
I wish I could speak to the trees;
And I wish I could laugh with the gurgling brown brook;
I wish I could sigh with the breeze.

Oh! I wish I could shout with the wild, tearing winds;
I wish I could cry with the rain;
Oh! I wish I could grow with the great mountains high,
And dream with the lakes in the plain.

How I wish I could ride up sky-high with the moon,
And fly fast with the bright shooting stars;
Oh! I wish I could ride in the sun's golden coach,
And play with its clear dancing bars.

Oh! I wish I could run up the white Milky Way,
And could talk with the Man in the Moon;
And I wish I could ask why he still stays up there,
And will he be coming down soon?

A LIGHT MAIL.

IN the eighteenth century (says the *Daily Chronicle*) the post went only three times a week from London to Edinburgh. On one occasion it consisted of a single letter.

THE SWEET-SHOP.

DEAR old sweet-shop! of its jujubes, of its peppermints I dream,
Of its caramels and candy, of its bars of chocolate cream.
Oh, the sugar-almond toothache I endured for sweets' sweet sake!
All the sweets that stock the sweet-shop, are they worth a single ache?

But the balls of toffee melt me, as I'd melt them, only see!
Would you buy a box of chocolates, or bull's-eyes, if you were me?
I like marzipan and nougat: but I love the acid drop;
When I've spent my treasured penny, then I feel I've bought the shop!

OLIVE CHANDLER.

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

II.—THE FIRST POLICE FORCES IN ENGLAND.

IN our own land, from the time of the Saxon kings, there have been in existence various organizations, largely voluntary in character, for the repression of crime and the maintenance of good order. According to the earliest records, the population was divided into hundreds, these in turn being subdivided into companies of ten freeholders, the head man of whom was responsible for the good order of his district, and for the arrest of any criminals or vagrants within it. The justice of the peace, or local magistrate, was the chief of the hundred, and had the right to try minor cases.

Later these volunteers were supplanted by paid constables appointed by the various parishes, and were under the control of the high sheriff of the county, but there was much confusion and no uniform system for the whole country. The wealthy and powerful maintained their own men for the protection of their goods and persons. In towns the watch would go the round at intervals, the tramp of their feet and rattle of accoutrements giving thieves or footpads timely warning of their approach; so that they were really of very little use, the evil-doers having ample time to hide in alley-ways and dark corners until the watch had passed. 'All's well!' they would say as they tramped serenely on, whilst the footpads crawled out of their dark corners and held up belated wayfarers, often enough taking not their purses only, but their lives as well. No unarmed man was safe in the streets after dark; none ventured forth if they could possibly avoid it, full well knowing the risks they ran. A shout, a scuffle, and the watch would clatter up, usually too late to be of any assistance. The night watchman, with his lantern and rattle, is a picturesque figure of the past, that existed for many years before the formation of a regular police corps.

Other well-known figures in history, that we often

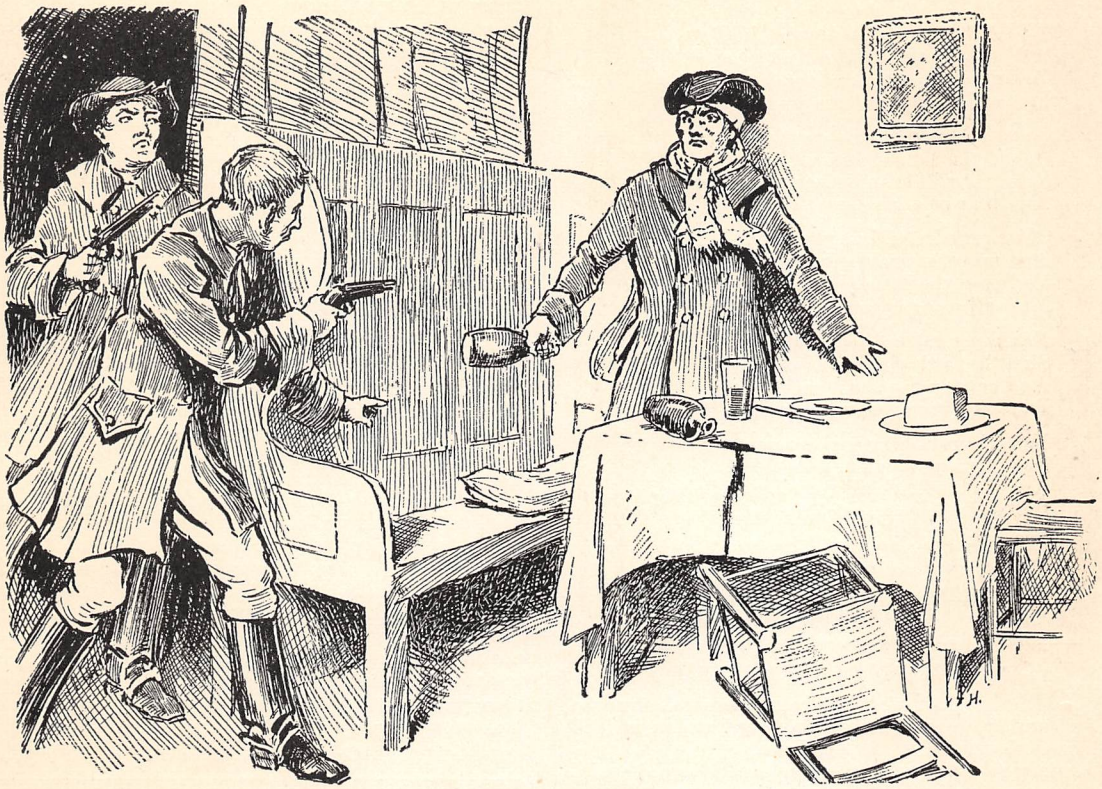
"Ample time to hide until the Watch had passed."

come across, are the 'Bow Street Runners.' These men were really the detectives of the period, with their headquarters in Bow Street. Their chief work was that of running down thieves of every description, including the many elusive highwaymen that roamed the country, and rendered the roads unsafe.

Who is there that has not read of the many exploits of these gentry, that haunted Hampstead Heath, Hounslow Heath, and many other spots round London, taking their toll of traveller in carriage, post-chaise, or on horseback? History has rather cast the glamour of romance over the doings of Dick Turpin and his reckless brethren of the highways, but I fear that in reality they were but sorry knaves, usually spending their ill-gotten gains in debauchery and evil-living. It was always a matter of great difficulty to capture these slippery folk, for they were always hand-in-glove with the innkeepers and ostlers of the houses of call along the roads that they frequented, so that the 'runner' who was trying to effect a capture had to be extremely careful not to make himself known, for the moment any suspicion was aroused a messenger would hurry off and warn the highwayman in time.

To such an extent were the horse-tenders in league with the thieves that they have been known sometimes to empty travellers' pistols whilst they were supping, so that later on, when held up, they were unable to defend themselves or do the highwaymen any harm. Owing to the lack of efficient police activity, so impudent did the high-road thieves become, that they not

"Stand and deliver!"—a Highwayman of Olden Times.



Bow Street Runners arresting a Thief.

only held up and despoiled magistrates and other people of importance, but also the mail-coaches, that carried a number of passengers and a guard armed with a blunderbuss.

It was very many years before highway robbery under arms was put down. No sooner had the 'runners' captured one desperado than another took his place; but at last things were made too hot for them. The innkeepers, fearful of the police, no longer dared to shelter them, and even in some cases turned on their old friends and assisted the runners to capture them; and many were caught in the inns they used to frequent whilst merry-making or sleeping off the results of a debauch, and the cry of 'Stand and deliver!' was heard no more on the King's highway.

No great improvement was made in police matters generally until 1829, when a uniform system was adopted for the whole country, modelled on the system that had been tried in London. Sir Robert Peel succeeded in getting an Act passed 'for improving the police in and near the metropolis.' This measure was at once carried out, in spite of much opposition. Sir Robert Peel became the object of much ridicule, and there were many prophecies of the imaginary evils that the measure would entail. The new police were jeeringly named 'Peelers,' or 'Bobbies,' after their originator; but, in spite of all opposition and dislike, it was soon realised that the new force was eminently useful for promoting peace and protecting life and property.

Various improvements and modifications were made from time to time, and other towns and boroughs obtained the necessary powers to enable them to institute and maintain police on the model of the London force.

In 1840, Acts were passed for the organization of county constabularies, but it was not made compulsory for any county to maintain a police force, and many did not until 1856, when it was made compulsory for each county to have its own force

In Scotland the police force is very similar to that of England, the various improvements taking place at practically the same time.

The 'man in blue' of the present day is very different from the top-hatted, whiskered officer of Sir Robert Peel's time: the one thing they have in common is that they are both strictly a civil force—that is, unarmed, except in exceptional circumstances. The present-day policeman carries a truncheon as did his predecessor, but it is a smaller and neater instrument than that carried by the 'peeler' of nearly a century ago, who was furnished with rather a cumbersome weapon, which in those days he often had to make use of.

In a later chapter we will see what the daily life of a London policeman is like, at work and play.

W. Herbert Holloway.

'RATS.'

WAR is proclaimed upon the Rats,
And we're all to lend a hand
To drive these terrible four-legged pests
From off the face of the land.

So never again shall a greedy rat
Offend the farmer's view,
For a rat will soon be as rare a sight
As a bear or a kangaroo.

Old married rats, bachelor rats,
And rats that are newly mated,
Yes, even the little pink baby rats
Must all be exterminated.

Yes, every rat in the British Isles
Shall be forthwith slain wholesale,
And never a one shall be left alive
To recount the gruesome tale.

Yet I fancy I hear some ancient rat
Into squeaky laughter burst,
And say: 'That's all very fine, old chap,
But you'll have to *catch* us first.

'Why, every single rat I know
Has heard these threats before,
And yet the dismal fact remains
That we've multiplied more and more.'

A WELCOME SURPRISE.

SLATIN PASHA had been presented by the Turkish Government with a sword, which in 1883 fell into the hands of the dervishes.

Slatin would scarcely expect to see his sword again, but he actually *did* regain it twelve years later!

With no knowledge of its history, Sir Thomas Cook, of the famous travel firm, bought it from a native curio-dealer somewhere on the Nile. By-and-by the inscription was deciphered, and when, on Slatin's escape from captivity, he was passing through London, Sir Thomas had the pleasure of restoring the long-lost sword to the astonished and delighted pasha.

SOME QUEER HIDING-PLACES.

SECRET chambers. What visions these magic words conjure up! Visions of grim conspiracies and eager, watching spies, of sorely wounded Cavaliers seeking refuge from pursuing Roundheads; of religious persecutions and clandestine meetings.

What boy is there who is not fascinated by the mystery which surrounds the secret chamber and its occupant, or who cannot recollect some stirring romance of derring-do with which he has charmed away his leisure hours, and in whose pages the daring hero has by these means foiled his deadly foes!

But this very useful method of avoiding detection is not by any means a creation of the romancer's nimble brain, for many of our old castles and country halls contain their 'priest's holes,' as they are often termed.

It will doubtless be of interest to trace briefly the history and purpose of these hiding-places, and describe some of them which at present exist in the 'stately homes of England.'

Secret chambers mostly owe their origin to the religious persecutions of Queen Bess—although there are many which can be traced to a much earlier period—when the celebration of the Mass was forbidden and made an offence punishable by death.

But notwithstanding this, many Catholic families continued their religious practices in secret and set aside a room, usually in some remote corner of the house, for a 'chapel' in which their services were held. And now arose a need for some place of concealment to which the priest could retire should an alarm be raised, and in which his vestments and the sacramental vessels could be stored.

The originator and chief constructor of these 'priest's holes' was one Nicholas Owen, a Jesuit, and servant of Father Garnet, who was a leading figure in the Gunpowder Plot. Owen, who was also known as Little John, on account of his small stature, devoted the latter part of his life to constructing these hiding-places in most of the principal Catholic houses in the country.

He was afterwards arrested together with Father Garnet at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, and, to quote an old writer, 'divers times hung upon a Topcliff rack in the Tower of London to compel him to betray the hiding-places he had made up and down the country.'

These chambers were generally constructed in the thickness of the walls and entered through a sliding panel behind a picture, or beneath a hearthstone or window-seat. Indeed so cunningly were they concealed that at Hindlip Hall the closest search was made for Father Garnet, lasting ten full days, without success. Garnet was at last compelled to reveal himself, not for want of food—for marmalade and other sweetmeats were lying near him and broths and warm drinks were passed to him by a reed through a little hole'—but through the want of fresh air.

(*Concluded on page* 51.)

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By WILLIAM RAINEY,
Author of '*The Lost Reynolds*,' *&c.*

(**Continued from page 35.**)

WHILST we were talking I noticed a gipsy-looking fellow hanging around—a young fellow of twenty, I should say. He was a stranger to me: I had never seen him about the village before or up-country. There was no flavour of the sea about him as our men mostly have. He was swarthy of countenance and displayed a lock of black hair on his forehead. He was wearing a bowler hat faded to a greenish colour, a red tie, a coat with bulging pockets, and gaiters on his thin legs. Sauntering in our direction, he pulled up at the Fish Scales and read the bill.

Bully was still holding forth to Treagus and Lawyer, bolstering up his theory, as he called it; the Microbe and I were standing a little apart.

After mastering the contents of the bill, the stranger turned to me, remarking casually: 'Two pounds reward. A nice little bit. Come in handy, wouldn't it?'

I made no answer to this, and, the fellow showing no inclination to move off, I was turning away.

'Is your name Treagus?' he asked.

'No,' I replied.

'Thought perhaps it might be,' he said. 'Walter Treagus—a Scout, or something of the sort—lives in Polperro.'

'What do you want with him?' I asked.

'That is a little matter between him and me, you see. Perhaps I've got a letter for him.'

'Here, Treagus,' I called; 'some one's got a letter for you.'

'Do you want me?' asked the leader, looking the stranger up and down. 'My name is Treagus.'

'Mister Walter Treagus, junior, Scouts' Headquarters, Polperro,' recited the fellow, looking at no one in particular and displaying no interest. 'You're not expecting anything in the shape of a letter or a telegram, I suppose?'

'No,' said Treagus; 'but if you have got one for me let's have it.'

'And you don't happen to know a young fellow called Dicky Jolliffe, and you don't want to know particular if he's well and hearty? Now, suppose I know—mind you, I don't say I do; but if I did and could tell you, how much would it be worth to you? Would it be worth a pound note?'

We listened to this speech with astonishment, but the leader kept his wits about him. 'I don't know who you are,' he said, 'but I fancy you are trying to get at me. If you know where Richard Jolliffe is, or what has happened to him, there's the public announcement of two pounds reward offered. You seem to be pretty keen on money. If you've got any information worth having, it is not likely you would bargain with me for one pound when two pounds are offered!'

'You're a sharp 'un,' said the fellow, with a slight laugh. 'I'm awfully keen on money—you're right there; and so would you be if you only had a "tanner" in your pocket, and nothing more coming in till Friday night. I suppose it never entered your head that if I went to the police with my information they might ask me more questions than I care to answer; never entered your head, I suppose, that a fellow might have no particular liking for the police. A piece of toasted cheese is all right, but I'm not for putting my head in a mouse-trap—see! Now, suppose I had a letter from him, and you young gents offered me a pound note for it, it might suit both parties. I guess you know this Dicky Jolliffe's handwriting when you see it. Just stand off there a bit and I'll show you. Mind, I trusts you as gentlemen, so no trying to snatch.'

He motioned us off a pace or two with his hand, then carefully drew from an inside pocket a folded note without envelope, and, holding it securely with both hands, displayed the address written upon it in pencil:

'*Walter Treagus, Junior,*
Scouts' Headquarters, Polperro.'

There was no mistaking the handwriting; it was that of Dicky Jolliffe, to a certainty.

'That's his writing sure enough,' said I.

Treagus nodded assent. 'The note is addressed to me, and so it is mine,' he said; 'but I'll give you two shillings for your trouble in delivering it. That is all the money I have.'

The fellow grinned and returned the letter to his pocket. 'If it isn't worth more than two bob to you, all I can say is, you're not in such a stew about this Dicky Jolliffe as he is about you. He said to me—well, never mind what he said. You young gents can easy raise a pound note between you, I guess. I'll give you an hour to get the money, and I'll be back again here. That letter's worth a pound to me if it isn't to you.'

The gipsy fellow sauntered off toward the bridge, leaving us standing there in a quandary.

'There's no doubt it is Dicky's writing,' said Treagus; to which we all assented, except the Lawyer, who had not been in our troop long enough to speak with certainty. We were pretty well wild with excitement, for a fearful weight was lifted off our minds. The vision of Dicky found drowned or crushed at the foot of the rocks, which had been ever present with us, had vanished. Dicky was alive. We found ourselves grinning like apes, whilst the Microbe was hopping round in an idiotic way exclaiming, 'I told you so—I told you so,' when in fact he had never said anything of the sort.

'We must have that letter,' said Treagus, 'though how in the world we are to get a pound together in an hour's time I don't know.'

'The letter is yours,' said Bully. 'Let's get the beggar down and punch it out of him.'

'No,' said Treagus. 'How much have you fellows got? I have two shillings.'

'I have a shilling and some coppers,' said I.

'Half-a-crown,' said Lawyer.

'Fourpence,' said Bully, turning out his pockets.

'Three half-pence, said the Microbe.

'That's about six and sixpence—a long way out. I would ask my father, but I know he has a lot of heavy bills to pay just now,' said Treagus.

'Look here,' exclaimed Bully, 'we've got eighteen shillings odd Patrol funds towards the band—why not take that?'

Treagus shook his head.

'It's ours,' protested Bully. 'It belongs to us.'

'It wouldn't be honourable,' said Treagus. 'It belongs to the Patrol; it was subscribed for a particular purpose; we couldn't put it to another use without a general meeting, and the consent of the whole troop.'

'We could pay it back again,' urged Bully.

Treagus again shook his head and tightened his lips.

'Then we had better scurry round to all the other fellows and see what we can raise. Each of us take a different direction and be back here in an hour,' I suggested.

'There won't be time,' said Treagus, 'and it's doubtful if we shall get much, but I see no other way. I'll go Mill End way, Wat can go up Church Street, Bully can take the old Talland road, Microbe can cut across the fields to the Bartons; and there's two new chaps out at the Warren, Penwarden can look them up, though I don't expect they have got a copper between them—it all goes in chocolate. We shan't do it in time. You've not far to go, Penwarden, you must get back in time and keep the Gyppo waiting; but I'm afraid we shall not get the money, or anything like it.'

Bully had been puckering his brows and twisting his mouth. I guessed there was a rare old struggle going on inside him—for I knew a thing or two. He had got eighteen shillings saved up towards a new bike. He told me so himself, and showed me a ten-shilling note.

'Hold hard, you fellows,' he cried, as we were about moving off. 'It's no good; half the fellows are stony-broke to my certain knowledge over monkey-nuts and paying for their badges—we shan't get eighteen-pence among the lot. I'll do the business; I've got some money saved up. Let's see: six and six, you said; that's thirteen and six we want. I'll run home and be back again in a jiffy.'

(*Continued on page* 50.)

"'That's his writing, sure enough'"

"It was some time before Treagus could convince her that the good news was true."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 47.)

'GOOD old Bully,' cried the Microbe, 'hip! hip! Bully beef isn't such a bad sort, is he? He's prickly on the outside, but if you stroke him the right way you'll find his heart is in the right place.'

We all laughed at the Microbe's metaphors, and, voting Bully a good fellow, waited on the tip-toe of expectancy for his return and the Gyppo's reappearance. Bully was the first back, and handed over the money to Treagus, who said it should be paid back as soon as possible—each bearing his equal share of four shillings.

The rapacious Gyppo made his reappearance punctually to time. He came sauntering aimlessly over the bridge to the place where we stood as though he had no business with us whatever.

'Hand over the letter,' said Treagus; 'here's the money.'

He looked at us out of his sleepy eyes and drawled, 'I've changed my mind.'

We were taken aback by this new move, and felt pretty angry, I can tell you.

'What do you mean?' cried Treagus, firing up. 'Here's the pound—you won't get any more out of us. We've had job enough to get this.'

'I've changed my mind,' the Gyppo repeated, adding, 'I'm an unfortunate beggar, but I've got a conscience. I'm always trying to get hold of a bit of money, but it never comes off. Here you are—here's the letter, but I won't take your money. You can give me two bob if you like for the trouble of bringing it. It's a four-mile tramp by the milestones, and a precious uphilly one, too. It's worth two bob, counting in shoe-leather. Here you are!'

Treagus took the letter, giving half-a-crown to the bearer, who took it, made the motion of spitting on the coin for luck, saying, as he turned to go up street, 'Right you are: if you think the job's worth half-a-crown, so be it.'

We made a dash at Treagus as he opened the letter. It was from Dicky sure enough. It was short and sweet—sweet to us, I can tell you, but very puzzling. It was written in pencil on a scrap of paper.

'Dear Treagus,

'Don't worry about me. Above all, go and tell my grandmother that I am all right—right as rain. I have fallen into the hands of the enemy. I could get away right enough, I think, but I am best here. I am doing my bit, so don't worry about me, but keep your eyes *wide* open and don't let the boys go to sleep.

'Yours truly, Willie Wimple.'

The knowledge that Dicky was all right made us fit to dance for joy; still, as I say, the letter was a puzzler. We took it to headquarters, spread it on the table, and put our heads together over it. Then, lighting a fire, we held it in front to see if anything were written in invisible ink—for heat brings out such writing, as you know—but nothing appeared. Then we carried the letter to old Mrs. Jolliffe to set her mind at rest. Of course she recognised the writing, but it was some time before Treagus could convince her that the good news was true. Then back to headquarters we went, and studied the letter line by line and word by word.

'Rather odd that he should sign himself "Willie Wimple,"' said Lawyer to Treagus. 'It was but last night that those old jokers hit on the same name, and you were telling me the story. Rather odd, isn't it?'

'Why, of course, Willie Wimple disappeared,' said the Microbe, 'and so did Dicky. Don't you see?'

'Yes, I see that, kiddie; but there's nothing in that.'

'Just his larky way of writing,' explained the Microbe.

'He must have had some reason for not signing his name, I fancy,' said Treagus. '"In the hands of the enemy,"' he added, ruminating. 'We know what that means.'

'Old Tallerman,' said Bully between his set teeth.

It is necessary to make clear what the statement, that Dicky had fallen into the hands of the enemy, meant to us. The term 'the enemy,' whilst it applied to the nations with which our country was at war, had also a local meaning. A certain individual had earned this title for himself. This obnoxious personage was Mr. Tallerman, of the firm of Tallerman & Co., Ltd., of Plymouth, who had settled among us and had raised a storm of indignation against himself in purely local affairs. Tallerman, his hirelings and associates, were also regarded with suspicion on patriotic grounds, for it was firmly held that they were nothing more nor less than paid spies engaged in conveying information to the enemy abroad.

Of course there is nothing of military or naval importance in our village itself: ours is an obscure fishing village hidden away in a cleft of the rocks, the small houses and fishermen's cottages rising one above the other in tiers like sea-gulls on the rock ledges. But it is a natural observation post looking across the bay to the great naval port of Plymouth, scarce twenty miles away. Information collected at that base could be signalled to enemy boats from any spot on our unfrequented shore, for ours is as deadly quiet a place, having no railway communication, as you will find anywhere. We were convinced that some such use was being made of our position, and we could point a finger at the traitor, but we could prove nothing.

I must now tell you how this Tallerman—sometimes called in derision Old Tallow and sometimes Greasy—came among us, and how he acquired an influential position.

Just before my time, a youngish man—dapper, insinuating, and obliging, and wearing an everlasting smile—appeared in the village. Strapped on his back was a pedlar's pack, and on his arm he carried a basket covered with American cloth. He was a foreigner—a Dutchman by general consent—but spoke English well, though with an undefinable accent which served to raise a good-humoured smile. He could take a rebuff with the utmost pleasantness, and quite disarmed the village boys, who at his first appearance were inclined to make sport of him. He visited Polperro about once a fortnight, trading in haberdashery, ribbons, small woollen articles, and countless trifles even down to buttons and laces.

As we had no railway to link us with the outer world, and the few shops we could boast being of the most slow-going description, this pleasant-mannered traveller could bring from the town many little novelties attractive in the eyes of women; moreover, he knew how to display them and brought them to their very doors.

He was not too pushing, taking nay as blithely as yea, content to be allowed to show his wares and indulge in a bit of gossip. He was regarded by the women as an inoffensive, agreeable little fellow, and his visits to their doors were looked forward to; nor was he always kept standing at the door with one foot on the door-stone, but was often invited just within, where the women and elder girls could examine the contents of his basket or pack at leisure. He rivalled the postman in the expectancy aroused by his visits; but whilst this latter was curt in his manners, and having delivered his letter was curtly dismissed, the packman was smilingly invited within and maybe served with a cup of tea. This went on for a couple of years or thereabout, Tallerman being ignored by the men as a tame rabbit, but welcomed by the women for his soft manners and the attractions of his pack.

(*Continued on page* 63.)

SOME QUEER HIDING-PLACES.

(*Concluded from page* 46.)

THE story of how Charles II. after the battle of Worcester—Cromwell's 'crowning mercy'—hid in an oak-tree in the grounds of Boscobel House is well known.

After a night spent in this somewhat precarious refuge Charles was shown a secret chamber, which had once sheltered the Earl of Derby, and he decided to pass the next night in it. This chamber is situated in the Squire's bedroom and was formerly entered through a sliding panel in the waistcot, close to the fireplace.

There used to be a way from the chamber into the garden by a postern gate, but this is now blocked up, and the sliding panel, which was hidden by tapestries, has been replaced by a door.

In a kind of garret at the top of the building is a trap-door which is also said to have concealed priests, and there are some indications of a third hiding-place having at one time existed.

Something over a century ago at Irnham Hall, Lincolnshire, a 'priest's hole' was discovered which was ventilated and lit through a false chimney, and entered by removing a step between two bedrooms. This revealed a panel with a little iron tube let into it through which messages could be passed to the occupant. When this panel was removed, a ladder with four steps led down to a hiding-place eight feet long by five feet broad and just high enough to allow one to stand upright in. Some observant person noticed that the chimney was not blackened like the others, and so led to the discovery of the chamber.

An interesting tradition is attached to a secret niche, concealed by the panels, in the breakfast-room at Turton Tower, Bolton, in Lancashire. The story is that a Royalist spy lay hidden here and overheard the plans of Cromwell and his officers.

After the battle of Denbigh, Cromwell marched into England and through Lancashire and was vigorously opposed by the Royalists at Turton, which opposition he overcame. Halting at the Tower, he ordered a body of soldiers to Wigan for the purpose of attacking the Royalists concentrated there under James, seventh Earl of Derby.

It was the discussing of these plans that the spy overheard, and he carried the news with all speed to the Earl, who marshalled his forces in readiness to meet the Cromwellians. The result was the battle of Wigan Lane, and the Royalists, although outnumbered, had the advantage of being prepared and in a dashing charge cut through the ranks of their opponents and got clear away.

Danby Hall, Yorkshire, can boast of two secret chambers. One is situated between the fireplace in the hall and the wall, and on its discovery about 1800 was found to contain arms, consisting of long cut-and-thrust swords and pistols, and complete harness of untanned leather sufficient to equip a troop of between forty and fifty horse. They had evidently been stored up in readiness for the Jacobite rising of 1715 or of 1745, and then for some reason not used.

The second chamber is at the top of an old tower and is reached by a narrow staircase which has its entrance in a dark closet in a little room without a window. The stair then leads up in the thickness of the wall to the chamber, which is lighted by a small window and at one time was used as a chapel.

On one occasion, when removing a carpet in one of the chief bedrooms at Ingatestone Hall, Essex, the floor-boards were seen to be decayed and the carpenter was called in to repair them. When he had taken up the boards he was surprised to see a second layer about a foot lower down, and on taking these up a trap was revealed about two feet square and a ladder of twelve steps led down into a room beneath. This hiding-place, which dates back to the reign of James I., was fourteen feet long, two feet wide, and ten feet high. The floor was on the natural ground level and composed of nine inches of fine dry sand.

In connection with the old Jacobean mansion of Chastleton, Oxfordshire, the story is told of how a Royalist officer escaping from the battlefield, hotly pursued by Roundheads, was hurriedly secreted in a hiding-place entered from the best bedroom. In examining the house the Roundheads' suspicion was in some way aroused and they decided to spend the night there.

The fugitive's wife, with great courage, offered no objection, but provided the soldiers with food and a plentiful supply of drugged wine. While they were helpless the Royalist officer was let down in a basket from the window of the secret chamber, and succeeded in getting safely away.

The hiding-place was formerly entered through a movable panel in the wall, but a door has been substituted for this and the place is fitted up as a dressing-room.

A very fine example of a hiding-place can be seen at Moreton Hall, Cheshire. There are two apartments about nine feet square which probably served as a bed-room and sitting-room, and are entered through the usual sliding panel.

The construction of the floor on which the bedrooms are situated is very remarkable, resembling a rabbit-warren. Small doors in the rooms make it possible for the occupants to reach the hiding-place from the furthest corner of the house should an alarm render this necessary.

In one of these secret apartments is a dark shaft leading to a subterranean passage under the moat, and continuing in the direction of a mound near the south-west corner of the moat, and it is supposed that a way of escape existed in this quarter. There is also a bricked-up doorway which was probably a means of communication between the dark shaft and the garden.

A rather mysterious legend exists in connection with a secret niche behind the chimney-piece at Street Place, Sussex.

A Cavalier horseman was fleeing from a body of troopers intent on his capture. The fugitive's horse was nearly spent and with the soldiers hot upon his heels it seemed as though he must be taken, or at least sell his life as dearly as he might.

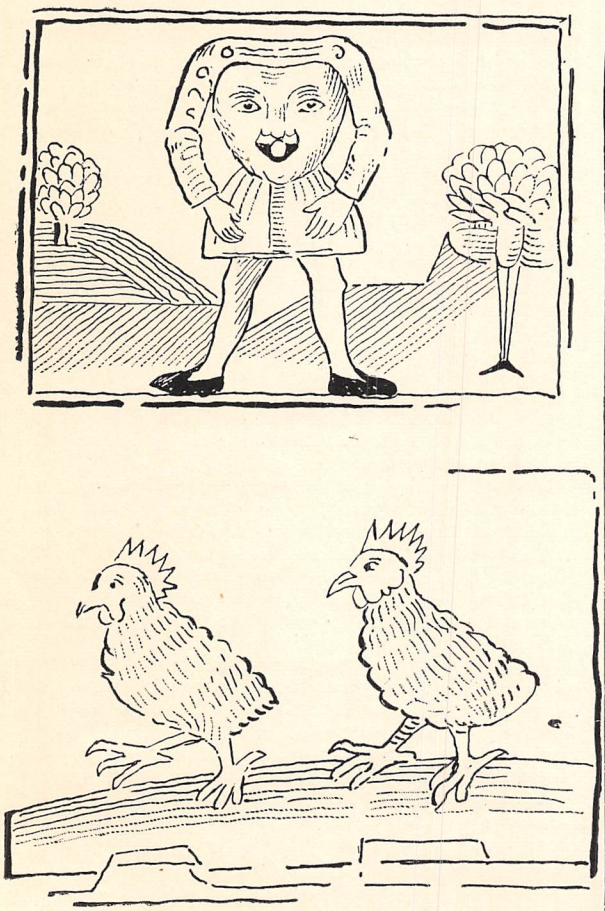
As the troopers drew close, the fugitive, spurring his steed to a last desperate effort, dashed into the hall and seeing the deep niche before him rode headlong into it and disappeared from human view for ever.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

II.—SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE'S JOURNEYS THROUGH WONDERLAND.

TRAVELLERS' TALES! Columbus's voyage, when he started, was thought to be based on such tales. He proved that it was based on solid reasoning and probability. But some of the writers who chronicled earlier voyages were not so strict in keeping to what was known to be true. It sometimes happens that travellers are tempted to exaggerate a little when relating their stories, and then fiction becomes even more marvellous than fact, and if this occurs now and then, even in our sober twentieth century, when so many people travel that there may well be a critic or a rival in any audience, it must have been more usual still in the 'Good Old Days' when there were no railway trains or steamboats, or motor-cars, or aeroplanes and when it was considered quite enterprising to leave one's own town or one's own county



Some of Sir John Mandeville's Marvels.

We can picture the scenes which must have often taken place, in mediæval England, before the New World or even the Old was really known, when a warrior from the French campaigns, or a pilgrim from Rome, or, perhaps, a crusader safe home from Palestine, sat by the fireside of a village inn or a under a shady tree on the goose-green, and held a circle of his friends spell-bound while he described hair-breadth escapes and valiant exploits, and all the amazing new lands and seas and birds and beasts and fishes that he had seen—or that he had heard about—during his journeys.

It is quite easy to understand how these old-world stories became more and more marvellous with every telling, and how, gradually, dragons and giants crept into the anecdotes—as sea-serpents occasionally do now-a-days, until, at last, travellers' tales and fairy tales came to mean very much the same thing.

But, although many of the stories are trustworthy, they are none the less thrilling for that, and travellers' tales have been popular ever since the far-away days when tourists of ancient Rome and Athens journeyed up the Nile to hear the great statue of Memnon at Thebes chant his song to the rising sun, and when homeward-bound ships sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar and brought wonderful rumours of the drowned continent of Atlantis.

As time went on and new lands were discovered the tales of returned adventurers seemed to become more and more amazing, for fairies and goblins and enchantments were very real thing to the simple folk of the Middle Ages, and they found it quite easy to believe in the dragon daughter of Ypocras, in dog-headed savages, in the dragons of the Alps, or in the mysterious emperor, Prester John, who ruled over a wonderland in Central Asia, and who dwelt in a golden palace, with an emerald-decked throne, tables of amethyst, and a bed fashioned of fine sapphires blended with gold, 'so that he might sleep well.'

One of the most famous—and the most incredible—of all mediæval travellers was Sir John Mandeville; who was, so he tells us himself, an English knight, born at St Albans, and a wanderer for more than thirty years through Europe and Africa and Asia.

On his return—so it is said—having settled in Liége, he wrote an account of his journeys, and this book, which became very popular, was translated from its original Latin into French, English, German, and even into Irish.

So it is said—but some people refuse to believe that there ever was such a person as Sir John Mandeville at all, and declare that, even if he did live, he never travelled, and only collected stories told by other wanderers. Certain it is that the book is a jumble of tales, some of which date from very ancient times, but certain it is, too, that until the end of the eighteenth century the tomb of Mandeville could be seen in Liége and that old authorities write of a mysterious English-

A One-legged Man described by Mandeville.

man, Sir John Mandeville—or John de Burgogne, for he seems to have been known by both names—who, having been banished from his native land, wandered far and wide until at last, his health having failed, he settled down in the city of Liége and busied himself with writing his memoirs.

At any rate we may be allowed to give ourselves—or rather to give Sir John Mandeville—the benefit of the doubt, and believe in h m, even if we can not very often believe in the wonderful travellers' tales for which he is famous. The good knight's book was intended, in the first place, to be a guide to the Holy Land, for those were the days of pilgrimage and crusade. Descriptions are therefore given of the various routes to Jerusalem. Later on Mandeville seems to have roamed much further afield, and he writes of India, of Tartary, of China and of the marvellous treasure islands of the Far East.

As he adventured on and on into unknown lands, it is not surprising to find that Mandeville's stories became more and more wild and unbelievable. Most travellers' tales have to be taken, as the saying is, with a 'grain of salt,' but, in order to accept some of Sir John's assertions, a whole salt-cellar, at least, would be required.

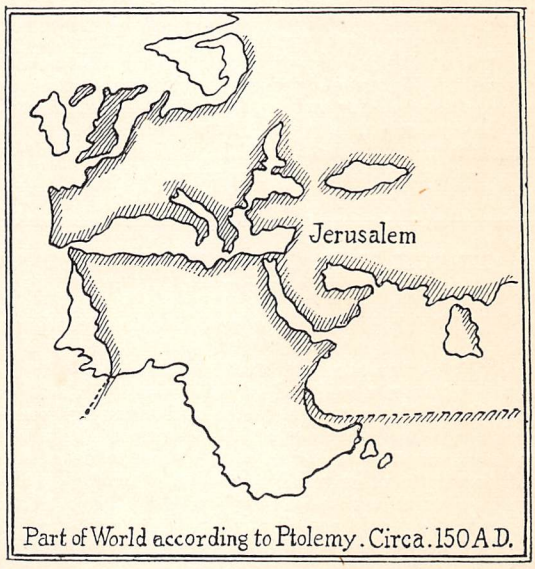
Throughout the book, indeed, fact and fiction are mixed together in such an extraordinary fashion that it is often hard to tell where the one ends and the other begins. In the visit to Egypt, for instance, we find on the same page an accurate account of the ancient chicken incubators which are still to be seen near Cairo, and a glowing description of the fabulous Phœnix, which, rising from the flames of the old temple altars, was, with its yellow neck, blue beak, purple wings and parti-coloured tail, 'a very handsome bird to look at against the sun, for it shines very gloriously and nobly.'

It was said to die in flames, from the ashes of which another rose at once, and there was only one phœnix in the world at one time.

Sir John Mandeville, although he lived so long ago and although he believed in so many strange and impossible things, was yet acquainted with many facts of science and astronomy. He knew, for instance, that the world is round, and tells a story of a worthy man who, once upon a time, departed from England on a voyage of discovery. 'He passed India and the isles beyond India,' the writer says, 'and so long he went by sea and land, and so environed the world by many seasons, that he found an isle where he heard people speak his own language, calling an oxen in the plough such words as men speak to beasts in his own country, whereof he had great wonder, for he knew not how it might be. But I say that he had gone so long by land and sea that he had come again to his own borders, if he would have passed forth till he found his native country.'

Mandeville does not pretend that he himself travelled round the world, but he visited India, with its thousand isles, and has many curious things to relate about his experiences. Silha, for instance—Ceylon, we call is nowadays—was, he says, 'so full of serpents, dragons, and cockadrills that no man dare dwell there.' We can hardly wonder that this was the case, for cockadrills must have been very terrible creatures indeed—'yellow serpents having four legs and great nails like claws. Some are five fathoms long, some six, eight, or even ten. And there were also many wild beasts, especially elephants.'

Cockadrills, which may have been a species of alligator, seem happily now to be extinct in Ceylon, but they were evidently common enough in Mandeville's day, and in other islands he witnessed even more unusual sights. 'In one isle are people of great stature like giants—and they have but one eye in the middle of their forehead—and in another are people that have ears



Part of World according to Ptolemy. Circa. 150 A.D.

so long that they hang down to their knees, and in another are people all skinned and feathered and they leap as lightly from tree to tree as squirrels or apes.'

We hear, too, of folk who have no heads, but a face between their shoulders, of one-legged men, with a

single foot that is so large that it may be used as a shelter against rain or sun, and of 'white hens that bear no feathers but wool.'

According to Sir John, the plants of these islands were well-nigh as strange as their inhabitants, for he speaks of a tree with very large fruits, inside which were found small animals, like lambs. 'That is a great marvel,' he truly remarks, and adds, piously, as if fearing that he might be suspected of exaggeration, 'How it may be, I know not. God knows.'

A. A. METHLEY.

THE BOXING BUNNIES.

RABBITS and hares resemble each so much that many folk are unable to distinguish the difference. Although the hare has longer ears and legs than the rabbit, the most remarkable difference is that whereas the young hare is able to skip about within a few hours of its birth, the young rabbit is born blind and helpless. This, however, perfectly suits each animal's mode of life, the hare living a more or less solitary life in the open, whilst rabbits live underground and in communities.

Amongst many differences between the two animals are those connected with their feet. For instance, the hare has five toes on its forelegs, and only four to its hind legs.

Hares are generally considered to be timid creatures, but have you ever noticed a couple of these elusive little animals engaged in a boxing match? Standing upright, and slowly revolving around one another on their slender hind legs like a couple of prize-fighters, it is a most amusing sight.

Immense fortunes have been derived from rabbits' skins, in fact the felt-hat industry has grown so extensive in this country that we now have to import large quantities of rabbit skins from Australia and Northern Europe. A big trade in prepared rabbit fur is carried on between this country and the United States of America. As the annual export value of these hats amounts to many millions sterling, it will be realised that a very large profit indeed is made from rabbit skins.

C. S. BRODIE.

BLACK KETTLES AND BRIGHT TEAPOTS.

A KETTLE, if it does not happen to be a brand-new one, is generally black with soot. And this is as it should be, for the dull black surface absorbs much more heat than a polished surface would do, and so helps to boil the water quicker. An interesting experiment can be made in proof of this assertion. Take two tin canisters of equal size, polish the outside of one and cover the other with soot over a smoky candle-flame, or paint with photographers' dead-black paint. When both are cold again, fill them to the same height with cold water, and stand at the same distance in front of a fire. After a time, test the water with a thermometer. The water in the blackened tin will be found to be warmer than that in the bright one.

Now, a silver teapot is always kept nicely polished. Of course, the maid who polishes the silver does not trouble about scientific reasons. All the same, there is a very good reason why a teapot—which is expected to keep the heat in as long as possible—should be kept bright.

Empty the water from the two tins, and pour into each an equal quantity of nearly boiling water from a kettle. Let the tins stand some distance apart on pads of folded cloth, to protect the table from the heat. Give them a few minutes to cool, and then dip a thermometer into each in turn, and see which has cooled most in the same time. It will be found that the bright tin has retained the heat better than the dull one.

CATS AS CLOCKS.

WATCHES and clocks are rare in some parts of Turkey, but the natives have some ingenious modes of telling the time. One is by observing the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupils are round. At certain hours they are oval; at noon they are but a narrow slit.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

BY EDNA LAKE.

(Continued from page 43.)

CHAPTER II.

TICKATO, otherwise Diana Murray, was not what you would call a sensible person. She was always alluded to as 'rather wild,' and Billy, who was the boy, and therefore might be supposed to be skittish, was altogether more staid and reliable than his sister. He it was who usually said 'no' when Diana proposed some unusually risky adventure, and he got his sister out of tight corners almost every day of their lives.

But Diana was more than wild—she was spoiled, and her parents thought that it might be the making of their unruly little daughter to spend a few months, or perhaps a year or two, under the roof of Aunt Agnes—who, I must tell you, was their father's aunt and the children's great-aunt. If you have ever had anything to do with great-aunts and great-uncles, you will understand what Major and Mrs. Murray were hoping for for Diana, or, as she liked to be called, Tickato.

'We'll go right down the road, and into the wood, and walk till we find a nice place to rest. Then we can eat the choc in comfort,' said Billy's sister, in the decided way that always meant business.

'All right, I'm not particular where we sit, so long as we have a chance to eat the choc I'm jolly empty inside. I'm sure you could beat me like you do a drum,' said Billy. 'I do wish that we had not eaten all the grub up so soon.'

'No good wishing that,' retorted Tickato. 'You might as well wish that you had not put that half-crown into the slot machine. That was a dotty thing to do. But if we get too awfully hungry for anything, I vote we go down to the village, and see if we can get a tea somewhere.'

'We might—at a cottage. One can, sometimes,' said Billy, as they walked down the narrow, flinty road that led to the wood. 'I should think it is about a mile from here,' he added, shading his eyes with a hand, and looking at the distant red roofs, almost hidden by trees.

'Well, we have lots and lots of time,' said Tickato. 'But we'll not go for a tea till we have been into the wood. We have never been right into an English wood. There won't be any snakes, will there, Billy?'

'Goodness, no! We aren't in India. There's nothing to be afraid of,' answered Billy confidently, and they turned aside, along a narrow path that led right into the heart of the wood.

That was a most enticing little path. No sooner had you got round one bend in it, than you saw another, straight in front of you.

'We must just go on and see what's round the next corner,' Tickato kept saying, and on and on they went, till they had really walked a good distance.

At last, Billy stood still. 'It's no good, Tickato,' he said firmly. We may want to look round the next bend but we have come a fearful distance, and what about getting back to the station?'

'Oh, come on; it's not much further,' pleaded Tickato.

'Yes, but if I do you'll only want to go on to the next bend, and so on *ad lib.*,' said Billy. 'We shall go for miles, and never get back to the train to-night.'

Tickato stood still and looked squarely at her brother. 'I don't mean to go back there,' she said, unexpectedly.

Billy felt as if he had stepped suddenly into a bath of ice-cold water. Though Tickato was his sister, and his twin, and only a girl, her wild ways were often a bit too much for him. Hers was the leading spirit in everything, though he did manage sometimes to steer them clear of the scrapes into which she seemed determined to lead them. So now he said calmly, 'Don't be a silly ass, Tickato. We have got to go to stay with Uncle Francis, and you know that as well as I do. Besides, what shall we do if we don't go there? We can't live in the woods, can we?'

Tickato sat down on the mossy ground that bordered the path. The large black ants, hurrying to and fro with materials for their ant-hills, or with eggs or supplies of food, took little or no notice of her, while she, on her part, was too much excited to pay any heed to them, even when they started on voyages of discovery over her dress.

'Look here, Billy, she said, slowly and impressively; 'you know perfectly well that we don't want to go to stay with Uncle Francis. He is Father's uncle, not ours, and he will be sure to be simply awful—worse than Aunt Agnes, and she is bad enough. Well, he does not want us, and we don't want him, so what's wrong with not going? I think it is a simply lovely plan to stay where we are.'

Tickato's plan, lovely or not, was so outrageous that Billy could not find words with which to say what he thought about it.

'But—but—we can't!' he stammered, hopelessly bewildered.

Tickato's grey eyes looked at him scornfully, as she said, 'Pull yourself together, Billy. You said once, not long ago, that nothing would please you better than being Robin Hood, and living in the greenwood. Well, now we have got the chance, what are you making a fuss about?'

Billy shook his head, then he cleared his throat. Tickato would have to be talked back to a right state of mind, he knew, but the trouble was to know where to begin.

'Look here, old girl,' he said slowly; 'you know perfectly well that what you are saying is tommy-rot. We were sent to Uncle Francis. We got out of the train and got left behind. If we had done as Aunt Agnes told us, and sat tight all the way to wherever it was we were to get out, this would not have happened. But we didn't do that, so here we are, and it is up to us to go on to Uncle's as soon as we can. The guard will find that we aren't in the train, and the station-master here will send word, or something, and we shall be able to go on by a later train. We only have to wait at the station—the porter told us as much as that.'

Tickato stuck her chin in the air, and her rather snub nose looked very determined.

'You can do what you like, Billy,' she said. 'You are a poor thing for a boy, but if you would like to go back to that station, and go on and stay with Uncle Francis, who is a cross-patch and does not want us, I'm sure I don't mind. Only I pity your taste. I'm not coming, anyway. You will have to go alone if you want to go.'

'But, Tickato, what will you do, here in the wood?' Billy was nothing if not practical.

'What shall I do? Why, have a good time. It is hot enough to sleep out of doors, and I have a little money—enough to buy food for a little while. And then, when we have spent it all, we can earn some, doing work of some kind,' said Tickato, airily, forgetting that Billy was to go to stay with Uncle Francis.

'Well, but what could we do? Oh, come on, and don't be a goat,' pleaded her brother.

Tickato shook her head. 'I have made up my mind,' she said. 'Aunt Agnes is in Scotland by this time; Uncle Francis may be away from home—she said he would be, very likely, so he won't be expecting us. Auntie did not tell us to write to her, and so she will not want a letter. Besides, we don't know her address. And no one else knows anything about us. Oh, Billy, it is the most splendid fun! Do be a sport and stay with me!'

Billy had no intention of leaving Tickato alone in the wood, and made haste to say so.

'Though I do think it is a mad idea; and I am sure Mother and Father would not like it,' he said.

'They would quite understand if they knew what has happened,' said Tickato, though, even as she said the words, a voice inside her said that neither Father nor Mother would be a little bit pleased at what she was doing. 'Come on, now,' she said, gaily; 'we may as well be moving on. See this little path: I had not noticed it before. Let's go along it, and see where it brings us to. I should like to get out of the wood, just long enough to get something to eat. We might get to a shop and buy some food; then we could bring it back here, and have a proper supper and a camp-fire Wouldn't that be lovely?'

'Specially if it rained in the night,' said Billy, gloomily.

'It's not the rainy season, stupid,' retorted Tickato.

'Neither is this India. It rains in England just when it thinks it will—and that's jolly often,' said Billy, with some heat.

'Well, it isn't going to rain this evening—nor in the night,' promised his sister; and away the two went, along the narrow, zig-zag path that led still further into the wood.

Billy said, once, that they would do better to go back by the way that they had come, but Tickato shook her head at this. 'We must come out somewhere, if we keep on walking,' she said; 'then we shall not be long before we come to some shops.'

(*Continued on page* 58.)

"'You know perfectly well that we don't want to go to stay with Uncle Francis.'"

"Billy did not know how he fell."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 55.)

TICKATO'S knowledge of the English countryside was very slight. She and Billy had spent the short time that they had been in England with Aunt Agnes in her home in the suburbs of the northern manufacturing city. The little girl thought that you must find a few shops wherever you went, and imagined that they would be certain to find some on the outskirts of the wood.

If you have ever wandered for a few hours in a strange wood, you will guess what happened to the twins next. They had gone for miles, and both were feeling very tired and hungry, when all at once Billy stopped and faced Tickato, who was walking behind him.

'This is where we were about an hour ago,' he said. 'Look, there is that old oak that I said looked as if it had been struck by lightning.'

Tickato looked in the direction in which her brother was pointing. Yes, there stood the tree. She remembered it perfectly.

'I always thought that was all rot about people going in circles when they were lost,' she said, slowly; 'but I suppose it is true enough. We are lost now, like the babes in the wood. I would not mind if we had had any tea, but I am most dreadfully hungry.'

'So am I. We'll go along this path, and take care not to go round again. It must bring us out soon,' said Billy, intent now on sounding more cheerful than he felt, seeing that Tickato's spirits were sinking.

But try as they would, the twins could not get out of the wood. The light began to grow dim there under the trees, and Billy knew that the sun was setting. He thought of Uncle Francis wondering what had become of them, and of Aunt Agnes, far away in Scotland by this time, thinking of them as safe at Shenstone Hall. Then, of course, his thoughts flew to India, to that distant hill station where Father and Mother were thinking of them, safe at home with Aunt Agnes. How silly he had been to listen to Tickato! What a pity he had left the train to get her the chocolate!

'I say, Billy, I can't walk any further; my legs have gone all waggly,' said Tickato suddenly, in a voice that sounded weak and funny. In the dim light Billy saw that his sister's face had got very white.

'Let's sit down and think what to do,' he said at once. 'I wish that I could go and get some food. Will you mind waiting here, Tickato, if I go on a bit further? It looks to me as if there is a clearing or something a little further on. It may be the edge of the wood, or there might be a cottage or something there. There are houses in woods sometimes, you know. Then we could get something to eat.'

Tickato shook her head. 'I don't want to stay here alone,' she said. 'Wait for a few minutes, Billy, and then I can walk a little further.'

They sat still on the moss-covered stump of a tree that was close to the path. It was almost dark, and the wood had grown very still and mysterious. Now and again the children heard the hooting of some distant owls, and once Billy heard the sharp bark of a dog.

'It wasn't far off, I'm sure of that. If there is a dog about, there must be some people. I'm certain we are near a cottage, or something,' he said.

'All right; I can go a bit further now,' said Tickato. She had been wishing that they were safely at Uncle Francis' house, but she would not say as much, although Billy was very good, and hardly ever said, 'I told you so,' even when she did foolish things and got into trouble over them.

On went the two weary wanderers, on and on. That little path twisted about so much that it lengthened out the distance in a most tiresome manner. Many times Billy wished that he could make a bee-line to where the faint light showed through the trees and told of a clearing or the edge of the wood; but to do this might have meant their getting more thoroughly lost than ever, especially as it was now growing so dark that even the sky was turning black.

'If we don't get there soon I shall drop,' said Tickato, wearily, in that weak voice that troubled her brother.

He stopped now, and said, 'See here, Tickato, I'll carry you for a bit. Get on my back. I'm not a scrap tired.'

'You are; don't tell crams,' said Tickato.

'Well, I mean that I'm not nearly done yet,' corrected Billy. 'That's right; you are not heavy, thank goodness. Now we'll soon get to safety. This is a real adventure, right out of a book. It will be no end of a spree, telling Mother and Father when they come home.'

Billy purposely made light of their plight, but all the same he was wondering not a little what would happen to them, out there alone in the wood, with neither food nor shelter. He did not know much about English woods, but this might be a very large one. If it stretched for many miles, they would be likely to starve to death before any one found them, and the thought of this made him quicken his steps, in spite of the burden he was carrying. He could never look Father or Mother in the face again if harm came to Tickato. He was the boy, and must protect her at all costs.

Just as this thought came to him, the sound of a dog's sharp barking reached the ears of the children. There was a dog somewhere quite near, and if a dog, why not people? And if there were people there, surely they would be able to get something to eat! Billy broke into a run, shaking Tickato up and down as he stumbled on.

CHAPTER III.

THE wood was really very dark, and Billy might have known what would happen next when he took to trotting with Tickato on his back. You can guess what accident befell the twins when you remember that the roots of trees have a habit of crossing paths in ridges, which are excellent for tripping you up.

Billy did not know how he fell, but all at once his nose struck the ground, and he felt his sister turn a neat somersault over his head, crashing into some bushes that grew close to the path.

Tickato gave one piercing yell when she felt herself falling, and then there was silence for a moment or two, while the two of them, a fine mixture of arms and legs, strove in the darkness to get disentangled.

Billy mumbled his regrets, together with many anxious inquiries as to his sister's well-being. 'Did

you hurt yourself, old lady? Awfully sorry, but I hung my foot in something. Are you bashed up—arms, or legs, or anything?'

Tickato gurgled with amusement, her weariness for the moment forgotten. 'We must have looked lovely,' she said, between her giggles. 'Where are you, Billy, and are you hurt? I went right over your head. I am glad that I didn't go into anything prickly. It was awful, just for a moment, when I felt myself going.'

Billy got slowly to his feet. He had cut one of his hands a little on a stone, or something that stuck up in the path; and he had a feeling that somewhere on his noble countenance, as he said, there was a rapidly swelling bump.

'I shall look rather fierce in a little while, but I'm none the worse, except for a few scratches,' he said, making light of his injuries. 'Sure you aren't damaged, Tickato?'

'Yes, certain. And I got so well shaken up when you ran that I don't feel nearly so tired. Let's hurry on and get to the outside of the wood; I am sure we are coming to it, for it is lighter than ever, see?'

(*Continued on page* 71.)

FLOWERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

I.—THE SEA POPPY.

I WONDER if you remember the first time that you saw the sea? I doubt it, because I expect that you were taken to the sea-side when you were so young that it did not make any extra impression upon you. I once took to the sea-side for the day a girl of about fourteen who had never seen the sea! She gazed and gazed at it, and was very distressed because she could not see any land on the other side! The noise of it distressed her, too.

Only a year ago I came across an old lady of eighty-four who had never seen the sea! Of course, she had seen pictures of it, but not *moving* pictures even. I wanted badly to take her to a cinema, to give her some idea of it, but she was too feeble at that time, and has since died. But, of course, fine effects as you obtain in the moving pictures, they cannot give you any idea of the delightful feeling of freshness and freedom which the sea gives, nor can they convey the sound of the waves, as they rush in and then draw back, taking with them the shingle, which makes that curious hissing sound so peculiar to the sea-shore. The 'restless sea' is a true description; it is never really still, though sometimes there is only a ripple.

Naturally, when you are young you love the sea-shore for the sands and the paddling, and any sea-shore which can produce these pleasures for you is satisfying to you. But as you get a little older you will begin to realise more fully the beauties and the wonders of which I have spoken. You will begin to want and to love beautiful backgrounds for your sea-shore, not rows of houses, shops, niggers, concert parties, piers, and all the other details of a gay sea-side resort.

As I write I have several pictures passing before my mind's eyes of sea-shores which I love. There is one in Devonshire where the steep cliffs above the high-tide level are of bright red sandstone, capped with green herbage. So red is the sandstone that, when painted in a picture, it is hard, for those who have not seen it, to believe in it! And then the beach is so white it seems unnatural, for one would expect that the beach would be composed of crumbling rocks, which in this case should be *red*. But the sea has brought these pebbles from miles and miles away round the coast where the rocks are not red. The beauty of the combination of blue sea and sky, red cliffs, green foliage, and white beach, is simply wonderful, and must be seen to be realised.

Then, again, there is a glorious shore in my memory away in North Wales. Here at low tide there are miles of lovely hard sand, dotted over with little pools and masses of wrack, where one can study some of the wonders of the deep. Close in land there are rocks and shingle; then gently sloping fields, on the edges of which are stunted trees all bending in one direction, an indication that a very decided and powerful wind blows here at many seasons of the year. Then behind these fields are the dear and wonderful mountains, rising one above another, sometimes blazing with golden gorse, another time purple with heather, at other times cold and grey and bleak, but always beautiful to those who have learned to love them.

Then, again, just lately I have visited a sea-side resort only about forty miles from London, and that also was beautiful in its way. I had not been there for many years, and what is now a parade was then rather marshy fields, where we used to wander about and pick wild flowers, many of which I found again this year, though driven further along the coast.

Now, all these different kinds of sea-shores have their own batch of sea-shore flowers. It is true that you will find many ordinary wild flowers by the sea, but there are quite a number which are peculiar to the sea-shore, and in these I want to interest you, so that the next time you go to the sea you will have an added pleasure—to look for and, I hope, find many of the flowers and plants I shall now describe and illustrate.

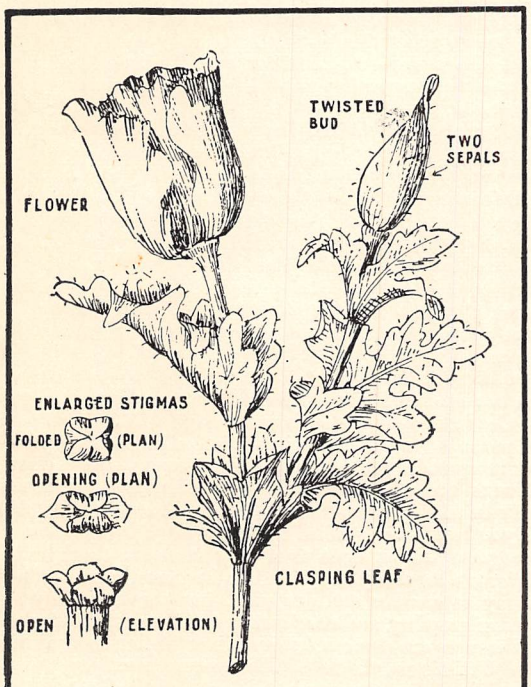
Of course, the flowers you would find on a Devonshire shore you would very likely not find on a Welsh shore, and most likely you would find none of those found on a Devonshire or Wales shore on, say, the Kentish shore. So you must not be disappointed if you only find *some* that I mention. The salt in the soil and in the air make it possible for certain plants to be likely residents, but, again, some of these prefer chalk, others sand, some clay, and others peat for their soil. So you see you must not expect too great a variety in any one place.

I will make a start by describing to you a well-known sea-shore plant, the Sea Poppy, or Horned Poppy, or Codded Poppy, as it is variously called. This plant is, perhaps, the most noticeable of all sea-shore plants, for its spreading leaves and branches and glorious orange flowers are seen on most sea-shores, and its flowers may be found from June till September, or even October. If you have ever studied the common poppy, you would recognise this at once as a near relation, though it is different in many ways. For instance, our common poppy is slender and drooping, but this is sturdy and strong-growing, and carries many stiff hairs, all of which differences are desirable for a plant which has to stand the buffetings which a plant must meet with on a sea-shore. Its flowers have four crinkled petals, like an ordinary poppy's, and the two sepals (the sections of the flower-cover which make up the calyx—the whole

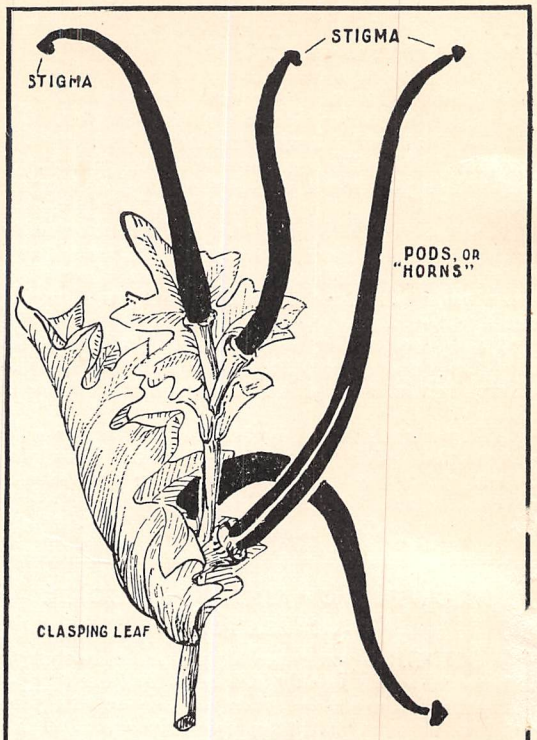
cup in which the petals rest) pop off as the flower opens, as on our old friend (fig. 1). It has a varying number of golden stamens—the delicate pollen-bearing threads that stand up round the pistil, which is the central and most important part of any plant—around a central pistil. The top of this pistil (the stigma) is very curious in structure; it has four tiny leaves which are folded over it when young, but spread out when the pistil is fully grown. In some cases these pistils grow to a wonderful length, even as long as twelve inches. They are really pods which contain many seeds; this is one of the plant's great differences from the common poppy. These pods give the plant a curious appearance, for they spread out in all directions in most graceful lines (fig. 2).

The flowers are carried on very short sturdy stems, so that the pods have the appearance of stems, and by the ignorant are thought to be stems.

The stems and leaves are of a beautiful grey-green colour—sea-green. The leaves are poppy-like, being much notched, and clasping the stem. There are others which have stalks and grow directly from the base of the plant. These leaves are very beautiful in outline, and the notches, or serrations, as they should be called, are all beautifully shaped (fig. 3). They are covered with the stiff white hairs of which I have already spoken. The name, horned poppy, of course, is gained from the long pods, which suggested horns. The whole plant is very juicy, and the juice is of a deep yellow colour, and is poisonous, so be careful when handling this plant. It also has a very pungent scent very decidedly recalling the common poppy, so that again



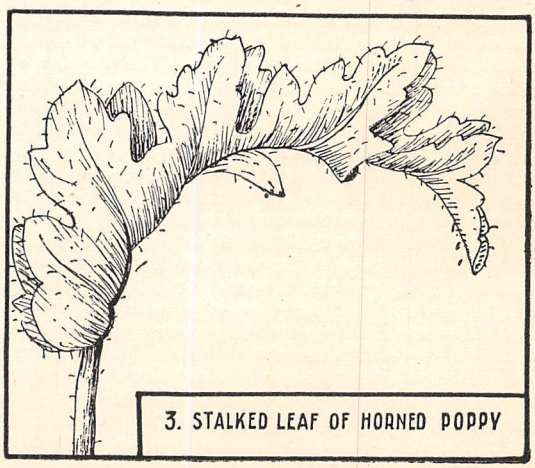
1 SPRAY OF HORNED POPPY



2. SPRAY OF HORNED POPPY, IN POD

we are reminded of its relations. Its roots are carrot-like, and also full of this yellow juice.

I have found this plant on many shores, and I feel sure you must find it sooner or later, almost without looking for it, for its numerous gay flowers force your attention. I have even seen it from the window of a train—and you know plants require to be fairly startling to be seen as a train rushes along. E. M. Barlow.



3. STALKED LEAF OF HORNED POPPY

COMING ASHORE.

"A camp-fire was burning merrily."

A GIRL'S GAME.

'BOYS, will you spend the day with us in the woods?' Miss Conyers, the girls' governess, put the question to Hugh and his two cousins, as they all met at the breakfast-table. Margaret and Helen looked eagerly at the boys. It would be lots jollier if they would come too! But no. Hugh had ideas about 'girls' games,' as he called them, and he answered at once.

'No, thank you, Miss Conyers. Jim and Maurice and I are off for a day's outing. We have got a lot to do these holidays, you see, and we haven't time to waste playing with girls.'

This refusal was not exactly polite, but Miss Conyers took no notice of the want of courtesy. She only smiled a little to herself, and said, 'Very well, just as you like; but we thought you might like a picnic.'

Jim looked interested. 'Are you going to Beechcroft Woods for a picnic?' he asked, but Hugh frowned at him, and gave him a warning kick under the table, which said as plainly as any words, 'Don't be a silly ass and want to go with the girls.'

'We are having a jolly picnic,' said Margaret, but that was all, though the two girls exchanged glances which told their brother that there was something in the wind.

'Only some girls' game though,' he told his two cousins, as they were getting ready to set off on their travels, a little later on. 'Never knew anything like Helen and Margaret. And Miss Conyers is as bad as they are. Such a fuss about the least little bit of a lark. Come on you two. I've got a whopping packet of sandwiches. We can make a day of it. The woods are at least four miles away, and we want to explore them thoroughly. I thought we might try mapping the country a bit, too. It's all good training, isn't it?'

All the boys were Wolf Cubs, and longed to become fully fledged scouts. They meant to spend the summer holidays in getting all the training they could.

But, unfortunately, though Hugh's ideas were in the main good ones, he and his cousins all lacked that useful bump known as the bump of locality. Try as they might, they never could help getting lost, when they went by new paths. In spite of their greatest efforts, they were sure to lose their bearings sooner or later, and this morning proved no exception to the rule. It was not much after eleven o'clock, and they had entered the Beechcroft Woods about an hour earlier, when they were hopelessly lost.

'Let's sit down and eat the grub and take our bearings,' suggested Jim, who was hot and weary.

'All right. Here is a good place. You've got the sandwiches, Maurice. Haul them out will you?' and Hugh sat down on the moss-covered bank of a little stream, in which Jim was already preparing to paddle.

But more troubles were in store. Maurice declared that he had never had the packet of sandwiches.

'But I gave it to you to carry soon after we started,' said Hugh.

'Well, I don't remember anything about it, so there,' retorted the other.

'You silly owl! You must have dropped it! Now what can we do with no grub?' asked Hugh angrily.

'Come and cool down here in this water, and let's think things out,' suggested Jim. 'It's no good getting into a paddy, Hugh. If Maurice has dropped the sandwiches, your getting into a rage won't pick them up again.'

There was sense in this. Besides, Hugh had just begun to wonder if he really *had* given the packet to his cousin.

'Silly, having only the one. We ought to have had a packet each, that would have gone into our pockets,' he said.

After a short rest, the three set off again. But one path seemed only to lead into another, and they got more and more confused as time went on. They were dreadfully hot and hungry, too, and Hugh's watch at last told them that it was almost four o'clock.

'What a day! Nothing to eat since an early breakfast! Wish we had gone with the girls, after all,' said Hugh at last in a disgusted tone.

'Look! I am sure it is lighter over there. We are coming to a clearing of some kind, or else it is really the edge of the wood. Let's hurry on,' said Jim, pointing away to their right.

Tired though they were, this hope gave the boys fresh energy, and soon they had got near enough to the spot indicated to feel sure that it was the edge of the wood, or else a large clearing, for the patch of light widened very much, and the trees and undergrowth thinned with every step they took.

'Take care! I can see a caravan. There may be gipsies camping here. And anyway we are trespassing,' whispered Hugh, dropping on to hands and knees, and beginning to crawl through the undergrowth.

Nearer and nearer they drew, till at last the caravan, standing in a grass-grown clearing, was plainly visible. Another moment and they were out in the open, but half-crouching so as to be hidden from sight by the tall bracken and low-growing bushes. A camp-fire was burning merrily a little distance from the caravan, and a horse was grazing near by, while a lady—

'Good gracious! If it isn't Miss Conyers!' shouted Hugh, rising to his full height.

'And Helen, there in the caravan,' shouted Maurice.

'Well, boys, so you have run us to earth?' Miss Conyers' tone was amused, though hardly surprised.

The boys soon told the story of their day's misadventures; how they had been lost, and had lost their provisions into the bargain.

'You left the sandwiches on the hall table. We found them after you had been gone a quarter of an hour,' said Miss Conyers. 'You must have had a horrid day. I am glad you found us in the end. We have had a jolly time, haven't we, girls?'

'Ripping! We are just going to have tea now. Miss Conyers has an uncle who owns this caravan, and he has lent it to us for a couple of days. There is a tent that you boys can sleep in if you like to stay with us,' said Margaret.

The three boys felt rather foolish. 'What asses they had been,' thought Hugh. It had been his ambition for years to camp out, and with a real caravan too! Why it was almost too good to be true.

'If you don't mind playing a girl's game,' said Helen slyly.

You may be sure what answer the three boys made, as they ran to and fro helping to get tea, and to 'recover their lost characters,' as Margaret put it.

THE GORGET.

HOW many staff officers wearing red tabs know that the correct name for their 'tabs' is 'gorgets'? Gorgets were worn centuries ago, when warriors were clad in shining armour. The original gorget was a breast-plate. Then followed a small plate like an amulet, worn round the neck. This developed into the gorget now worn by staff officers on the collar.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 51.)

NOW you must know that our women of the fisher class—aye, and of the better class, too—are great at knitting. They knit all the jerseys of their menfolk, and for durability, flawlessness, and pattern, there are no jerseys to equal them. For hours they stand at their doors, or, on fine summer afternoons, gather on Chapel Rock, plying their needles, seemingly by instinct, for they appear to have no need to look at their work—knit, knit by the hour, their needles clicking, and, I must confess, their tongues clicking too.

Now the gentle Tallerman was observant, his talents as a middleman, too, were not buried in a napkin, and before long he had established a pretty trade. He brought the necessary wool from Plymouth, thus saving the good women trouble, delay, and the many little vexations of the carrier's cart. He received the finished jerseys at their hands, and found a ready market for them in Plymouth, but instead of paying them in ready money and in so doing put them to the almost unsurmountable inconvenience of travelling to Plymouth to buy dresses, jackets and hats for Sunday wear, he paid them for their work in these articles, thus becoming a public benefactor, securing for himself at the same time double profits. The business was so successful that it was extended to other villages, and the art of knitting fostered where before it had been little practised. The pack and basket were laid aside for a horse and trap, and, finally, in this age of progress, a motor. On the other hand, the women and girls could appear on Sundays in the velvet which they adored, all could boast a fine hat with feathers, till knock-about hats came in fashion, and some were the proud possessors of fur coats. So the trade flourished in our parts. Articles of dress were supplemented by sewing-machines and furniture on the hire system. Tallerman, the dapper and obsequious, had grown fat, well-dressed and assertive; he still wore the smile of earlier days, but it was no longer seen in Polperro. A young man drove the cart and transacted business, and when the war-time came, a woman driver appeared in the narrow streets tooting the motor-horn.

So, in the early days of the war, Tallerman & Co., Ltd. flourished greatly. It was said that the firm had a Government contract to supply worsted work for stripes and distinction marks on military and naval uniforms, with badges, gold lace, &c., and some said bedding and blankets; whether it was so or not, the fact was evident that Tallerman flourished. One curious result of this prosperity was that it brought Mr. Tallerman back to Polperro to blossom in the place where he first put forth his tender shoots.

Every man is not a Tallerman; it takes all sorts to make a world, they say. Some are born great, some carve out greatness for themselves, some have it thrust upon them, and some never catch a glimpse of it throughout their whole lives. Of the latter sort was Dr. Treagus—our leader's father—a striking contrast to Mr. Tallerman. For thirty years he had worked in and about our village, every one respecting him and every one running to him when in trouble. He was a member of half-a-dozen learned societies, and thought a great deal of among men of science, and all he got out of it was fifty pounds per annum from the Civil List. There's very little for a doctor to get from a fishing population and a few scattered families of the more prosperous sort. The fishermen are good fellows in other respects, but they are always in debt, trusting to the next pilchard season to pay off their debts. Money may be found by the women-folk for velvets and furs, but for medical attendance in times of sickness, it is not so readily forthcoming. I don't want to be hard on them, but there—it certainly is hard on the doctor. Dr. Treagus lived at Duncrag, a modest house enough, but with a good deal of ground to it which was little to his profit, for Peppercorn kept his cows in one meadow, paying scarcely any rent for it, and Scoveld kept his fowls in the other and paid nothing at all, and only pretended to keep the doctor's garden in order as a return.

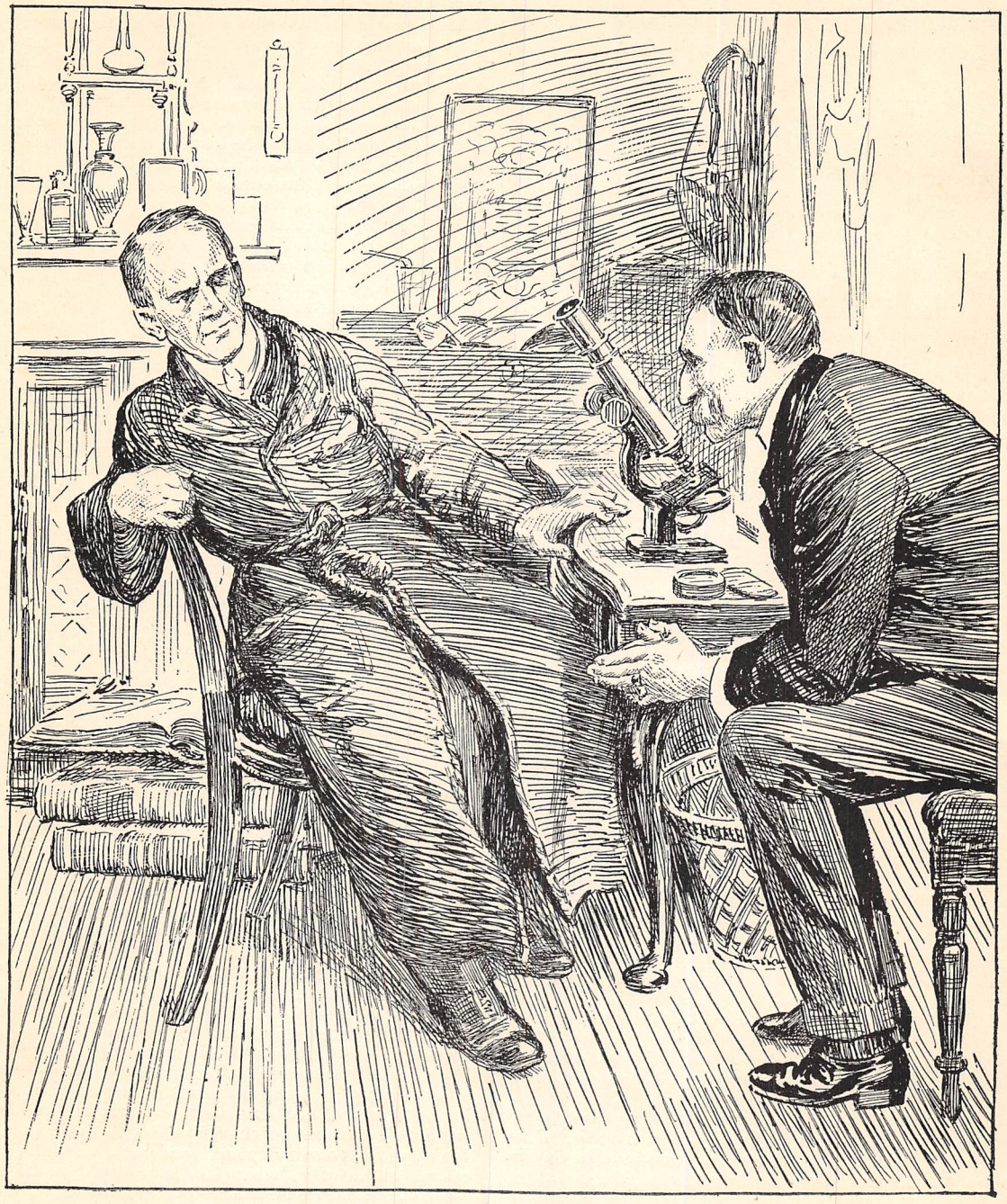
Duncrag stands on the west cliff, above the village and about a quarter of a mile from it. The garden in front reaches right to the cliff-edge. Last year, owing to heavy rains, a landslide occurred at this part of the cliff; it was not very extensive, but it carried away the wall and a strip of the doctor's garden ground a few yards in depth. Before this occurrence, the path along the west cliff leading to Lantivitt ran beneath the wall. It had now completely disappeared, a matter of no small consequence to the villagers, for it would have obliged all passing that way to make a circuit of a mile or more. Fortunately, what belonged to the easy-going doctor belonged to the village, and he readily allowed a passage through his garden ground for their convenience, so that they were enabled to rejoin the path further on. From long knowledge of the easy nature of the doctor, the villagers took it as a right, not hesitating to remove a few stones of the wall on each side of the garden to make a readier way.

But it came to pass that one morning, as the doctor was about starting on his round of visits, a stranger waited on him, and after a few preliminaries remarked airily, 'Of course you are aware, Dr. Treagus, that this house is in the market. I should esteem it a favour if you would allow a client of mine to inspect the house and premises. I trust we should put you to no inconvenience whatever.'

The doctor was astounded. He had heard nothing of any intention on the part of the owner of Duncrag to dispose of his property. After thirty years of residence, untroubled by friction with landlord or agent, he had regarded himself as a fixture—as much so as if the place were his own.

To make a long story short, the client and would-be purchaser was Mr. Tallerman, of Tallerman & Co., Ltd., who sought a week-end house where he could relax under the soothing influences of sunshine and sea-breezes in the intervals of his strenuous life in busy Plymouth. Eventually Tallerman became the owner of Duncrag. Dr. Treagus moved his household effects: he, his son, and one servant-maid cramming into four small rooms of one of the new villas at Mill End; his books, which were many and ponderous, stacked to the ceiling in the attic, where his hand could no longer reach them; his cabinets of beloved specimens, all carefully mounted and labelled, piled one on the other; his microscope, lenses, and slides hobnobbing with fire-irons and curtain-poles like so much lumber. Such is the see-saw of life: one man goes up, another goes down, but sometimes the one who goes up too quickly comes off with a jerk.

(*Continued on page* 66.)



"The doctor was astounded."

"A concerted attack was made."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 63.)

TALLERMAN, now in possession of Duncrag, set about modernising it according to his lights. Workmen and material were difficult to come by in those days, but if anything could possibly be obtained Tallerman was the man to get it. Workmen appeared, a veranda was added to the seaward front, a billiard-room built out at the side, window-sashes were painted a bright green, the door of the same colour. A highly ornamental brass knocker decorated the front door, and above it hung a fantastic lantern of beaten ironwork. A flag-staff was erected, many of the shrubs were cleared away from the front to afford a better view of the bay, the grass was cut and rolled, and on it appeared garden-seats and deck-chairs.

We are great admirers of wealth, and when added to it is the piquancy of a knowledge of the modest beginnings from which it sprung, it may be readily imagined with what consuming interest these developments were watched by the people of our village.

On Saturday afternoons the toot of Tallerman's brand-new motor was heard on the high road where it crosses the upper end of the village at Mill End and takes the direction of Fowey. Of course there is no way for a car to mount to Duncrag by passing through the village. It must keep the Fowey road for a certain distance, and then turning off through lanes, approach the house from the back; so the glory of Tallerman's arrivals and departures was little seen. But from the cliff-path a full view of the house-front and lawn could be obtained. The portly figure clad in a summer suit and wearing a straw hat, a fancy waistcoat, spats and brown boots, pacing the lawn and enjoying a cigar, or seated in a deck-chair entertaining a guest or two whom he had brought from Plymouth, was a familiar sight.

Moreover, Tallerman in all his glory was not above appearing occasionally in the narrow streets of Polperro, and would walk on the quay smiling benignantly on the fishermen, in whose pursuits he took a great interest. He talked vaguely of purchasing a yacht for the pleasure of himself and friends, which could be conveniently laid up in the harbour during the winter months. In fact he went the length of buying a good strong four-oar boat, which was almost new but going cheap, its owner, who had joined up, no longer requiring it. The fishermen touched their caps to Mr. Tallerman, and he was in a fair way of becoming as popular among some of them as in former times he had been with the women-folk.

But a matter arose which changed all this. That Mr. Tallerman was of mushroom growth was not to the taste of all parties, for we are very conservative in our parts. 'He made his money out of us,' was a common indictment among grumblers. There were others who had experienced friction in their transactions on the hire-system—not with Mr. Tallerman, of course, but with the young men who represented Tallerman & Co. Above all, it had not been forgiven that he had bought Duncrag over the head of the old doctor and turned him out. It was in the early days of his occupation that the trouble began. It arose from the footway allowed by Dr. Treagus across the front of Duncrag.

Imagine a prosperous man of business possessing an attractive week-end residence in which he takes great pride, inviting his friends to it, not without some desire of impressing them with his wealth and importance; imagine him among his guests pacing his lawn or seated in a deck-chair pointing out the beauties of sea and land, when men in jerseys make their appearance, stroll across his lawn, without regarding him, as if they had as good a right to it as he—maybe stopping to light their pipes under the very forefinger that is pointing out the extent of his possessions. Or a troop of ragged urchins would hop over his wall, abating not a jot their skylarking or lowering the clatter of their voices. Is it to be expected that a gentleman having paid down his money for quietness and seclusion, not to mention the dignity attached to the possession of a week-end house to which he can motor, and in which he can entertain his friends—is it to be expected that he can stand it? Mr. Tallerman was determined to put a stop to it. Then the trouble began.

The parts of the wall that had been broken down to the level of a stile were built up. This gentle hint was disregarded. Then the entire wall was raised in height some three feet: during this operation the stones laid in the daytime by the mason were removed at night. The place where the entry had been allowed first suffered, but afterwards other parts of the wall were removed. The hobbledehoys of the village became organized, and, encouraged by the men, assaults were made during Mr. Tallerman's periods of absence, the walls being defended from within by the caretaker—a sour-faced man of foreign appearance—and another hireling, a gawky youth who was gardener, boot-boy, and general fetcher and carrier. Skirmishes occurred in daylight, in which stones were thrown and a few knocks given.

Then came a brief interval, owing to the prevalence of influenza in the village, during which time the wall was finished, and garnished with a crest of broken glass, which bristling addition, entirely foreign to our spirit and traditions, caused a shudder of indignation to run through the village. Old and young bitterly resented it, so, influenza abating, the war spirit flamed up with increased fury. A concerted attack was made one night by a crowd of boys and men, armed with crowbars, sledge-hammers, and improvised battering-rams, and the upper part of the wall was entirely demolished. The defenders, powerless against so many, fled to the house, were pursued, and several windows were broken.

If Mr. Tallerman's aims in the possession of a week-end house were rest and seclusion, he had now made the mistake of his life. The village was ablaze. It was remembered against him that he was a foreigner—a Dutchman; some said a German, an enemy alien. It was said that his guests also were Germans, and there was proof positive that his caretaker and henchman was an alien of the worst description—his speech betrayed him, and he displayed every vice attributed to the enemy. It was stated openly, and supported vehemently, that Tallerman was in the pay of the enemy, hence his rapid rise in wealth. Signal lights had been seen flashed from the newly built billiard-room by more than one. Doubtless Duncrag had been turned into a citadel of the enemy—a watch-tower, a signal station, a rendezvous of conspirators who, plotting to stab England in the back, supplied information of the sailing of ships from Plymouth to the ruthless U-boats lurking in the depths of the sea, awaiting their prey.

(*Continued on page* 79.)

VANISHING UNKNOWN LAND.

THE land surface of the earth is being rapidly explored, surveyed, and accurately mapped. Every year sees a diminution in the area of unknown territory. According to Mr. Edward A. Reeves, the present President of the Geographical Section of the British Association, the entire land surface of the earth amounts to about sixty million square miles. In 1916 about one-seventh of this area had been mapped from the most accurate surveys; a little more than one-twelfth has been mapped from less reliable surveys; about two-thirds has been mapped from explorers' sketches and route traverses; while about one-seventh remains entirely unknown. The latter includes both the arctic and antarctic regions, which are not definitely known to consist wholly of land. In 1860 only one-thirtieth of the earth's surface was accurately mapped, and more than one-half was unknown to Europeans.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

A FAIRY stooped to waken a daisy:
'Lift up your lashes and peep at the sun!
Hurry!' she whispered, 'it's late, and you're lazy,
There's dew for breakfast, and day's begun.

'Little Boy Buttercup waits by the willows,
—Ruddy and glowing and down by the pool,
Hurrying, scurrying, downy as pillows,
Twenty young ducklings are waddling to school.

Glowworms sleep, not a lamp is left shining,
Little blue butterflies flit in the hay;
Peonies' jackets are showing their lining,
Open your eyelids and welcome the day.'

The Daisy blinked, then answered her, yawning:
'Awake all night, to watch you, I've kept;
You danced till *such* a late hour in the morning,
Don't blame *me* if I've overslept!'

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE USE OF AN ALARUM.

THE Gauchos, the natives of Argentina, are still very primitive in their habits, and understand little of modern ways. For instance, one of these men had three fingers of his hand blown off by the explosion of a gun, and, being very sturdy, would most likely, if left to himself, have taken but little notice of the affair. His employer, however, sent many miles for a doctor, who, when he arrived, bandaged the man's hand, and, to ensure his having a good rest, left a sleeping-draught to be taken at nine in the evening—for he had but lately come out to Argentina, and did not know that it was the custom of the Gauchos to go to bed at seven, or even earlier.

Two days later the injured man came to his employer and begged for the use of a certain alarum clock, of whose marvellous qualities he had heard.

'An alarum—why?' asked the employer. 'You are not wanted to work till your hand is cured.'

'No,' said the man, 'but the doctor left that sleeping-draught for me to take at nine o'clock, and every night I have gone to sleep before nine, so I want the alarum to wake me, and then all will be well.'

FROM OLD TO NEW.

III.—THE WORLD OUTSIDE ENGLAND.

THE Ancient Britons were savages who wore skins and painted themselves blue with woad. They were conquered by Julius Cæsar in 55 B.C.' That is the sort of untruth which history books used to tell. It is untrue because Julius Cæsar did not conquer Britain. He made two raids into the South-Eastern counties, and forced the inhabitants of those few counties to make some promises which they did not keep. And why people who wear skins and paint themselves blue should be savages (unless you know more against them that) is not at all clear. People still wear fur, which is the skin of beasts, and use powder and other inventions (for their own skin) which may quite often be called blue. The Ancient Britons were not savages.

You have seen that after thousands of years a sturdy and well-developed race, the Celts, had taken over and improved the 'civilisation' which the Iberians had managed, by toil lasting for centuries, to create upon the earth. Man had, in fact, found out how to use the earth and make his life on it secure. It was quite likely, remember, so far as England is concerned, that he might have found the task too hard—the rivers too deep, the beasts too fierce, the work of getting food too difficult—and might have died out, as savage races are known to have died out in various parts of the world. But in England man survived safely, and became less and less savage.

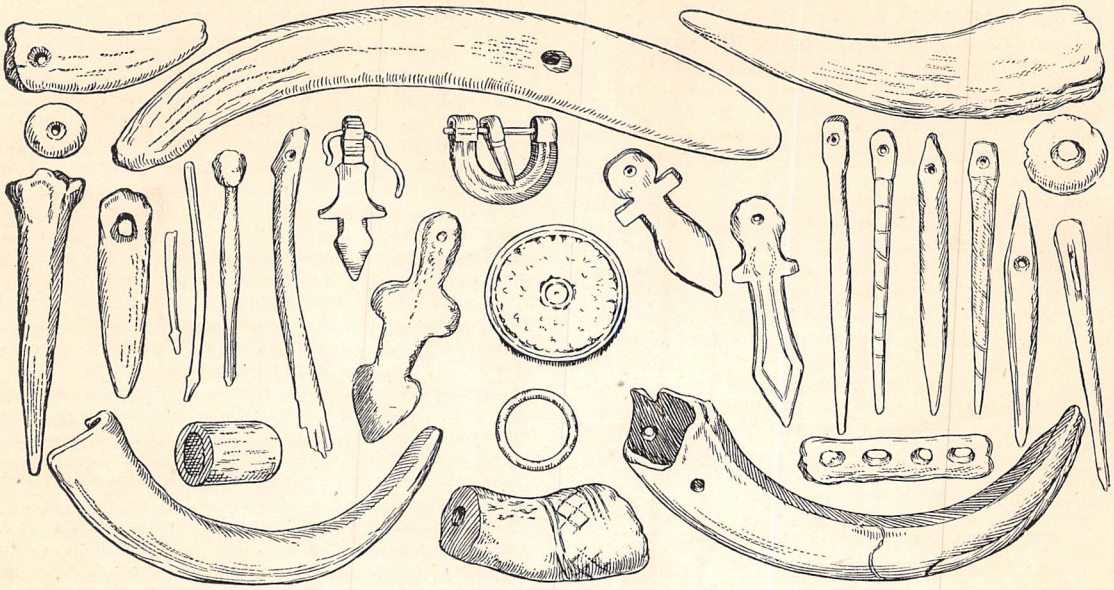
In the meanwhile, the people of Europe had been advancing more quickly than those in England. When the Celts first arrived in England there was already a great civilised empire in Crete. Other nations became powerful in turn—Greece and Carthage—while England was still practically undiscovered except by the races who lived there. Finally the Roman Empire spread all over Southern Europe and in Julius Cæsar's time right across France. Cæsar found that the Celts in France, if they gave trouble there and were 'wanted' by the Roman authorities, simply fled across the Channel to their cousins in Britain. He wanted to check that habit, and to be sure that this island in the northern mists did not become dangerous.

The real conquest came a century later, under the Emperor Claudius, who landed near Southampton and in a very short time subdued most of the country South and East of a line drawn from Exeter to the Tyne (the rest of England, most of Wales, and part of Scotland were seized during the next hundred and fifty years), Dorset was inhabited at that time by a Celtic tribe called the Durotriges, of whom it is specially noted that they were great fort-builders—as you can imagine from Maiden Castle.

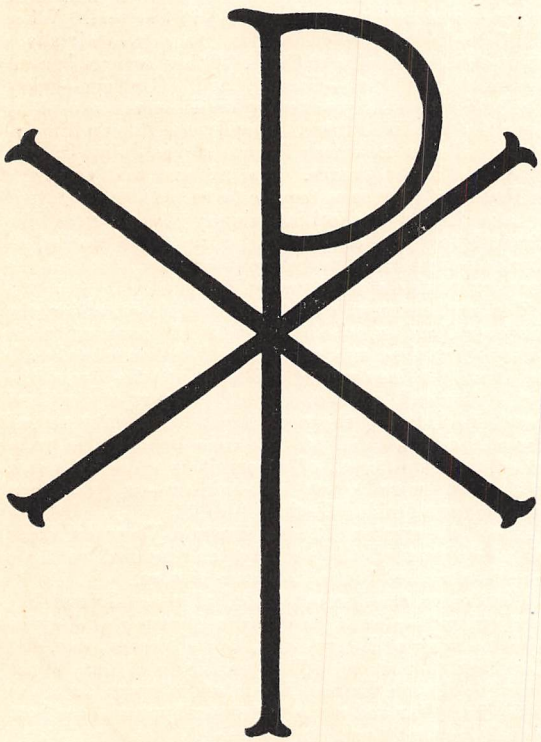
One of the greatest Roman generals, Vespasian, dealt with this part of the country, and he had to fight seventeen pitched battles to secure victory.

Then came the longest period of peace Dorset has ever enjoyed—almost four hundred years; as long as from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present day. If you think that since 1550 or so, England has fought Spain, the Dutch, France, Russia, and Germany, and has had a Civil War and many little wars, you will see how remarkable that Roman peace was.

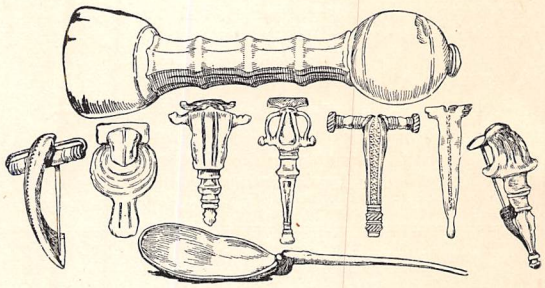
There are many signs of Roman rule in Dorset. Dorchester still shows the line of its square Roman walls, a piece of which is preserved to this day.



Bone pins, ornaments, scrapers, &c., from the Roman Camp on Hod Hill, Dorset.



The Chi-Rho (C H R), a Christian emblem forming part of a Roman pavement found at Frampton, Dorset.

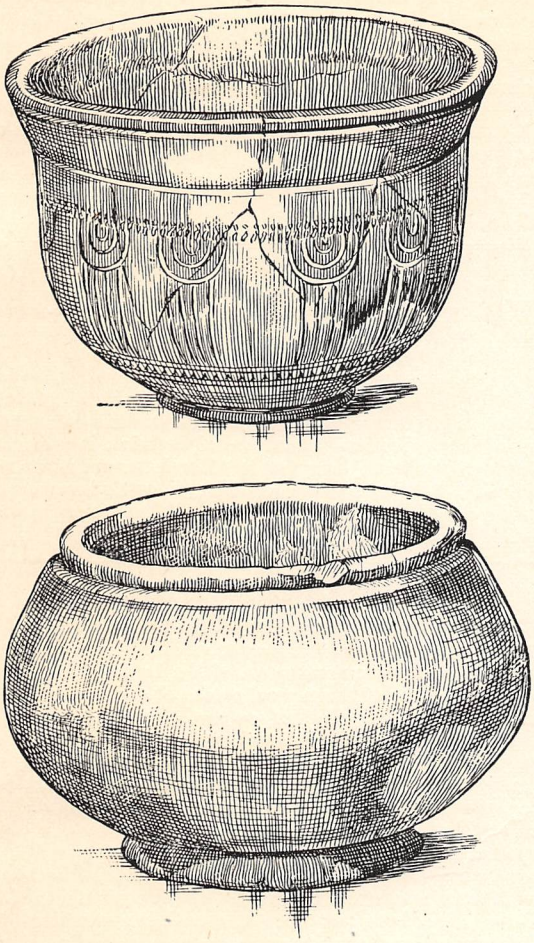


A Roman sword-hilt of bone, metal brooches, and a spoon, from various sites in Dorset.

Outside the walls was a great Roman burial-ground, where over three hundred dead were buried. Just outside the walls, too, is the largest Roman amphitheatre or 'circus'—in Britain, Maumbury Rings. It is an oval cut in the chalk, now covered with grass, with a gateway opening at each end.

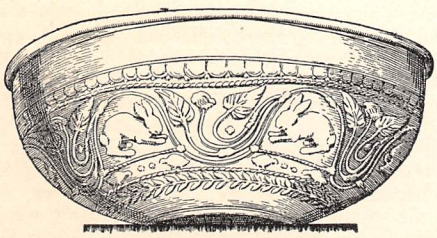
When it was dug up for inquiry a few years ago, square-cut tiers of seats were found. Below them was a wide trench, and between that and the arena holes for stakes—doubtless to rope off the arena for safety—for men fought with beasts here: at one end, just beside the gateway, there was a hollow den where the beasts were kept. The stake-holes, when I saw them, were still brown with the stain from the wood-sap.

Over twenty pavements of inlaid mosaic-work have been found in Dorchester. There were many Roman villas all over the county. One wealthy settler built himself a house in Maiden Castle itself. A water supply was created to give Dorchester water from a spring seven



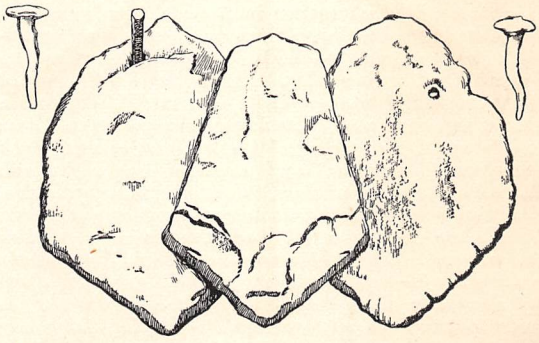
Two black pottery bowls of the Roman period, found in Dorset; made in the New Forest.

miles away. There was a temple near Weymouth, and there are plenty of signs that the Roman gods were worshipped. There is one sign that Christianity itself was introduced, in a Roman pavement found near Dochester: the Chi-Rho, a symbol of Christianity, forms part of the design (it is the Greek letters CHR in the form of a monogram). But until the time of the



A bowl of red Samian ware, imported into Dorset in Roman times.

A Roman pavement, found in Dorchester; over twenty such pavements have been discovered there.



Stone roofing-tiles, with iron nails, from a Roman villa at Fifehead Neville, Dorset.

Emperor Constantine, who married an Englishwoman, it was not the religion of the Empire.

There are few real Roman 'camps' in Dorset; most of the so-called 'Roman' camps in Britain are not Roman at all. This one fills a small corner of a big Celtic fortress on Hod Hill, near Blandford. The Roman camps were just the temporary fortifications of a compact army on the march; the Celtic 'camps' were places of refuge for a number of villages, with all their inhabitants and cattle. It was the Roman compactness, swiftness of movement, fine organization, and better armour, that enabled them to beat the Celts, and this neat little camp lying inside the big sprawling Celtic trenches is a good example of the contrast between the two races.

Another remarkable feature of the Roman organization was the roads. It is fairly clear that in Dorset, with one or two exceptions, the Roman roads (of which there are many) were on the line of the Celtic tracks across the hills. The difference was that the Romans paved and drained and banked up their roads. There is a wonderful view of their work just where the present main road from Salisbury enters Dorset. It is on the Roman track itself up to that point, but there it separates. The great white modern road—itself a wonderful piece of engineering, for the English too are great road-makers, sweeps away to the right to Blandford. On the open green down to the left there runs a high broad ridge, raised sometimes as much as four feet above the turf; its surface is browner than the down grass. It has a look of settled purpose and great strength in its straight line. It is the old Roman road to the Celtic fortress of Badbury Rings.

You can walk along those tracks for miles in Dorset. Sometimes they are still used as roads to-day. Sometimes they are farm tracks, sometimes just deserted paths. Nearly always, unless they have been cut up you can *feel* that they were once strongly made and you can even see that they are raised above the ground-level. Rome knew the value of roads; she knew that 'civilisation is communications'—and when you look back on what we have seen of neolithic man you will realise what that means. Think of those few possessions of the Celtic chief—so rich-seeming to him, so poor-looking to the triumphant Roman, who could bring all the wealth of his civilised world hurrying along his fine roads.

But we must not think of Roman life in Dorset, the westernmost part of the Empire, as the splendid life of Rome itself. It would be much more like the life of an up-country English settler in Africa: an adventurous man farming and making a living with the aid of a number of native servants—the British being the native servants of the Roman settler. A great farm settlement of that very kind was found by General Pitt-Rivers in Dorset and excavated. He dug up many Roman coins; fine imported red 'Samian' pottery, and coarser black local ware; furniture and imported Spanish wood; enamel and mosaic trinkets, farm tools, some primitive, like native instruments, some 'modern' or well-made Roman tools; nails of all kinds, iron needles, spindles for weaving. The inhabitants had rheumatism—their bones show it—so the whole farm building was warmed by a system of central heating, though the natives seem to have had only wattle huts—as they did before the Romans came.

It must have been a fairly happy life after all the tribal wars of the Iberians and Celts (the great 'camps' prove there must have been such wars, apart from other evidence). It is true that some of the sturdy natives might have to go to serve in the Roman army, to fight in the East, or Africa, or Germany; others might be taken to be Gladiators, just as the huge native dogs were taken to fight bulls in the Roman arenas. But they had peace at home, and prosperity, for Britain supplied Rome with immense quantities of grain. Four hundred years of peace; and then another thousand years of war and pestilence and famine, when the Roman Empire fell.

A POSTMAN'S PALACE.

YOU would naturally suppose that a postman, after he has done his day's work, would be too tired to do anything else. But somewhere in France there is a wonderful postman named Ferdinand Chevel, who has a hobby for building. He has actually built a palace! It took him thirty-four years to build it. He did every bit of the work himself, and we might think it rather a jumble, for almost every style of architecture is represented. Among other curiosities is a Swiss châlet, made entirely of small sea-shells. What a very energetic person this French postman must be!

GUILLEMOTS' EGGS.

THE colour of eggs varies with the habits of the birds which lay them. If they are laid in the open, they are generally colour-protected, either by being spotted or by partaking of the general colour of the materials of which the nest is made. If, on the other hand, the nest is made in caves or in burrows or other dark places, the eggs are generally white or cream-coloured, so that the parents may find them more easily in the dark. Let us consider the eggs of the Guillemot, a sea-bird which covers the high cliffs during the nesting season, disappears in August, and returns at the approach of winter to its old haunts. The eggs are laid in the open without a nest upon the ledges of inaccessible cliffs. These ledges have been used by countless generations of Guillemots, and are, in consequence, greatly patched and spotted. The eggs are shaped like a pear or a boy's spinning-top, so that they tend to roll in a circle, a provision of Nature to give them an extra chance of remaining on the exposed cliffs on which they rest. They vary considerably in their markings. Some are white and almost unspotted; others are brown or blue; but the majority are covered with reddish-brown or yellowish-brown splashes of colour on a whitish ground. No two are alike, but it is said that a female throughout her life always lays the same pattern of egg. The object of the markings is two-fold.

The brown spots make them difficult to see against the dark rocks, and the variations in the markings enable each bird to identify her own egg—for she lays but one—amongst the thousands which cover the nesting-places. The colouring matter is provided by the waste materials of the mother-bird's body: the reddish-brown by the colouring pigment of the blood, and the yellowish-brown shades by the bile. The single egg is laid in May or June, and is placed on the cliff with the pointed end outwards. The parent sits on the egg facing the cliff, in which position she is probably less easily seen from the sea. The birds are splendid swimmers and divers, using their wings—which are

small in proportion to the size of their bodies—to assist in propelling them through the water. If the expression may be allowed, they fly under the sea. Their food consists of small fish which are captured during their diving operations. L. M. N.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 59.)

AS a matter of fact, Tickato's invitation to 'see' was a little bit unnecessary, because it was too dark to do much but feel their way along. Still, it was certainly less dark right in front of them, and in a moment Billy's keen sight showed him just one tiny flicker of light through the trees, which made him grip his twin by the arm, saying in a low voice as he did so, 'Steady, now, Tickato! There are people not far away, but we'd better be careful—we don't know who they may be.'

'We aren't in India,' reminded Tickato, whose mind was full of the joy of meeting some one in that lonely place. 'There won't be any danger here in speaking to people, Billy.'

Billy did not feel so sure of this. He had heard stories of tramps and such gentry who are known to prowl in woods and lonely places. He did not tell his fears to his sister, however, but contented himself with putting her behind him.

'There is a dog, remember,' he said. 'He may hear us, or smell us, or something, and make a dash at us, so keep behind me, and don't be frightened if he does spring out.'

The twins hurried on. The light showed plainly now, and the air was full of a sweet smoky smell which suggested a camp fire. It was certain that they would soon be with friends—or, at least, Billy hoped they would turn out to be friends.

But before they reached the clearing where the fire was burning so brightly, there was a noise as of some creature dashing through the undergrowth towards them. Tickato screamed, in spite of her brother's warning, and Billy came to a sudden stand, right in front of his sister, just as a fox-terrier, his white coat showing clearly even in the darkness, sprang at them.

'Down, old fellow, down, down, I say,' cried Billy, but the dog only barked more and more loudly, and sprang up and down, planting his fore-paws on Billy's chest, and worrying at the boy's jacket first, and then darting at his stockinged legs. All the time, Tickato's shrill screams mingled with the barking of the dog, till there was a fearful uproar. Into this broke the sound of whistling, strong and clear, followed by a crashing noise, as two figures came tearing towards the twins out of the darkness.

'Down, Mascot, down, you silly fellow! Come off! Heel! Heel! I say!'

The terrier slunk away. The children saw him go, his tail between his legs.

Then a voice nice and friendly and boyish said, 'Awfully sorry if he frightened you. He's no end of a house-dog, and he is guarding our camp, now-a-days, and took you for burglars. Why, you are a couple of kids, aren't you?'

The speaker had pulled out an electric torch, and had turned the glare of it full on the twins. There they stood, white and dirty of face, and startled-looking. A big bruise, rapidly swelling over Billy's left eye, proclaimed that he had been in the wars recently.

'We are lost. Can you tell us the way out of the wood, or where the nearest house is?' asked Billy, with some dignity. He did not quite like being called a kid, though the speaker had no doubt meant it quite kindly.

'And where we can get some tea. We are awfully hungry, and haven't had anything to eat since early this morning, only some chocolate,' put in Tickato.

The owner of the torch gave a merry laugh, saying heartily, 'Hungry are you? Well, you have come to the right place. Our camp is close here, and there is supper on the point of being ready. Come on, both of you, and we'll soon give you a square meal.'

'How did you get lost?' asked a new voice, which Billy guessed must come from the shorter of the two boys.

'It is rather a long story,' said Tickato, impressively. 'We will tell you about it later on, though.'

'Right-oh! So you shall. In the meantime, supper party, eyes front!' sang out the boy with the torch. 'Go on, Mascot old fellow. Tell the girls we are bringing company to supper.'

'Oh, there are some girls, are there? How jolly! And are you living here in the wood? Have you got a house here or tents?' asked Tickato eagerly.

She had forgotten how tired she was in the excitement of this meeting.

'We have a camp here, and our caravan. The girls sleep in that, and Martin and I share a tent,' said the elder boy. 'There, you can see our fire nicely now. It is awfully dark at present, but the moon will be up in about half-an-hour, and that will make a lot of difference.'

The children rubbed their eyes and stared at the scene that lay before them. Their little path had brought them at last out of the wood, or at least, out of that part in which they had been wandering. They now found themselves in a large clearing—so large that they could not see to the end of it. There was a big fire burning brightly not far away from where they stood, and a dim outline of a caravan showed against its flickering light. There was a small tent, too, ready put up for the night. Billy hoped that he would be allowed to share it with the two boys.

Busily cooking something over the fire were two girls, both older than Tickato, to judge by their height, and to these, the tallest of the two boys called.

'Janet, Nora, we have found the ghosts—two little kids who are lost, or something. Get enough coffee made for company, and let's open that second tin of sardines.'

'Sardines! How lovely,' sighed Tickato, as they all went forward to the camp fire.

The two girls stopped their supper preparations to stare at the new-comers.

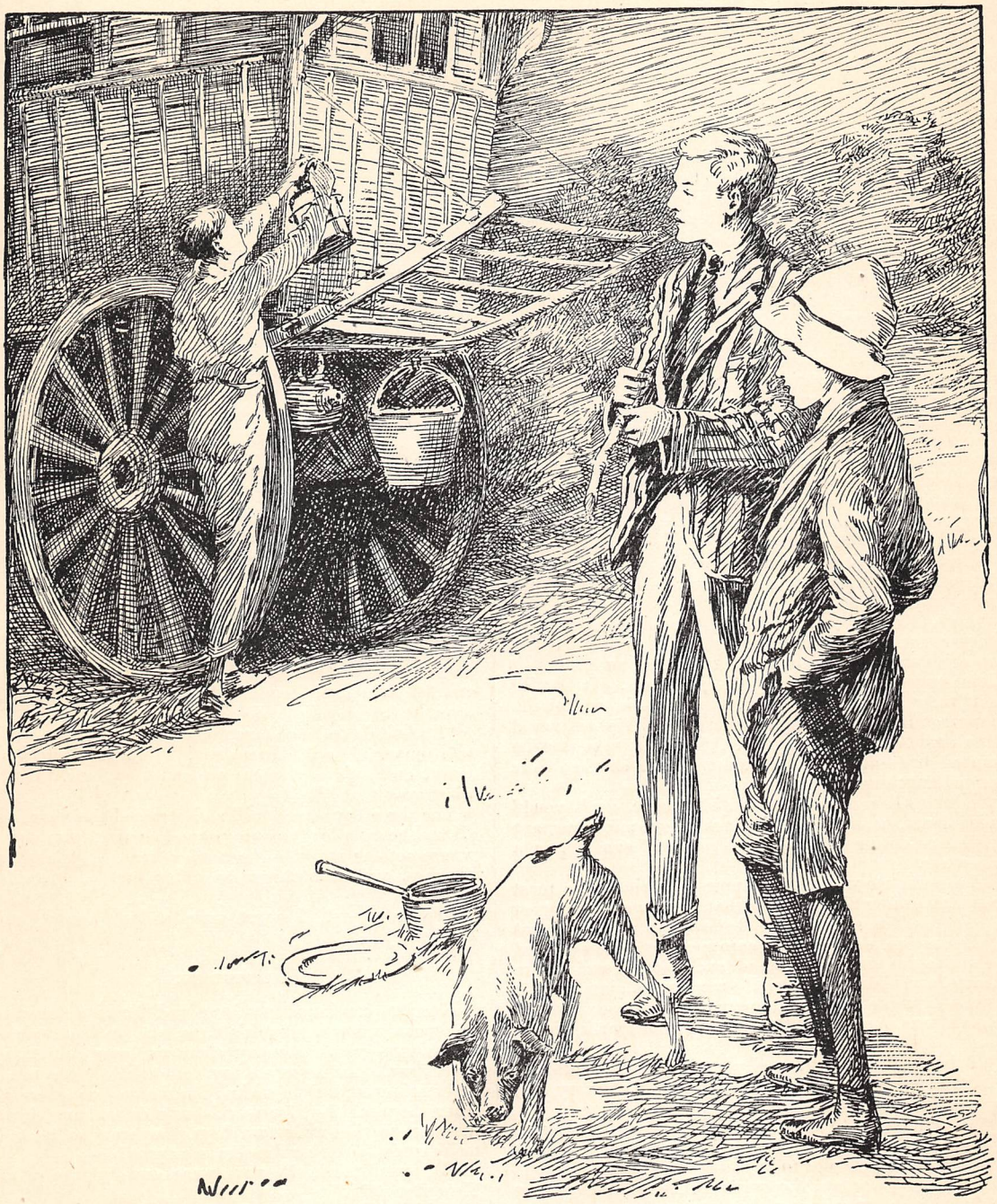
'Why, they are quite little,' said the taller.

'Not fit to be in a wood alone, at this time of night,' said the other.

'You poor kiddies! Were you lost, and have you been wandering about here for a long time, and where do you live? Your people will be awfully worried about you, won't they?' asked the older girl, and as she poured out these questions, she took Tickato's hand, and led her up to a camp stool, placed near to the fire.

(*Continued on page* 74.)

"The speaker turned the full glare on the twins."



"Martin ran and got the lantern."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 71.)

'WE are awfully tired and hungry,' said Tickato. 'We are lost now, but we were not lost to start with. But we will tell you all about it when we've had some supper, if you don't mind.'

'Of course not! You must be hungry. I wish there was more milk. Perhaps you ought not to have coffee—' The tall girl, whose name was Janet, looked worried. Tickato was so small and white, and her brother did not look strong either. What ought the two to have for their supper?

Billy soon put her doubts at rest, by saying, 'We always have coffee at home, thank you, and we love it. And anything will do to eat—bread and butter you know, or something of that sort.'

'Only lots of it,' put in Tickato.

There was a general laugh at this, which was interrupted by the coffee in the saucepan on the fire showing signs of toppling over.

'No you don't,' cried Janet, seizing it. 'We usually have that accident to start supper with. A pot—a witch's cauldron—is the best thing for a fire of this sort, but we don't happen to possess one. Now, everything is ready, I think. Martin, did you get out that second tin of sardines?'

'Yes, here it is. I have opened it. Get two more plates, Nora; and I say, Humphrey, is there any condensed milk left?'

'Lots. Get another tin of that, Nora' he called after the younger girl who was hurrying off to the caravan for the necessary plates. The twins sat and watched these supper preparations with deep interest. It seemed as if their adventure was going to end in a splendid manner. If only she had not been so tired Tickato would have liked this to go on for ever. But next to supper she wanted bed—and wanted it more than she had ever wanted anything in her life.

'That's all right now. You like sugar, don't you?' asked Janet, handing round mugs of steaming fragrant coffee, and doling out liberal helpings of sugar from a paper bag.

The twins ate wonderful suppers. Perhaps the most wonderful thing about it was that they were not upset afterwards. These campers believed in having what Humphrey called a 'good square meal,' and there seemed no end to the supply of bread and butter, sardines in tomato, and slabs of a specially nice sort of gingerbread; it was a noble meal, and every one felt much revived when it was over and Billy had refused a fourth slice of cake.

'I should like it but I really can't eat any more,' he admitted sadly, and then was surprised that every one, including Tickato, laughed.

'So it's come to that, has it?' asked Humphrey. 'Well, now, what about the story of your adventures? Are you strong enough to tell it now, do you think?'

'Rather!' chorused the twins, and between them they told of all the happenings of that long and surprising day, their four hearers never once interrupting the tale till it was ended.

'So that's how we came to be here,' said Billy in conclusion.

'And we are going to stay. It's lovely,' added Tickato.

The firelight showed up all their faces clearly, and Billy noticed that Humphrey's dark eyebrows were raised when Tickato said this.

'I think we ought to go on and get to our uncle's,' he put in hastily. 'But if we may stay here to-night we shall be very glad.'

'Of course, you can stay here for the night,' said Humphrey. 'The question is how can you get to your uncle's place? You don't seem at all clear about where it is.'

'I should like to stay on at your camp,' said Tickato. 'Will you tell us your story, now that we've told ours?' she added.

'We have no story to tell,' said Janet. 'We don't go in for adventures like yours. We are spending our holidays camping out this year, and we are having a ripping time, but we have not had any thrills till you came along. Our name is Warrener, and there are just the four of us, you see here. Humphrey is the eldest, then I come next, then Martin, and Nora is the baby. But she is twelve, so she is older than you, I should think.'

'We are eleven,' said Billy.

'You don't look as old as that—Indian climate, I expect,' observed Humphrey. 'Well, we shall have to have a council to-morrow, to see what can be done about getting you sent on to your uncle; but in the meantime we ought to make tracks for bed. Janet, you, and Nora can make room for Tickato in the caravan, can't you? Billy will have to squeeze in with us. He's not very big, so we can manage it.'

They all got to their feet, then, and began to make preparations for the night. Tickato was borne off by Janet to the caravan, and the boys put turfs on the fire, and filled the trench round it with water that Martin brought from a pail beside the caravan.

'Doesn't do to leave much of a fire, but this will be safe enough,' said Humphrey. 'Come along now, Billy, and let's see where we can stow you. Hello, what was that?'

The three boys stood still and strained their ears, for all had heard a low moaning sound coming from somewhere not far away. The terrier, Mascot, pricked up his ears, and then threw back his head and howled loudly.

'That's queer! I must take a look round,' said Humphrey.

CHAPTER IV.

Mascot continued to bark and howl alternately. The moon was rising by this time, and its light served to throw weird, uncanny shadows over everything. Billy, for all that he was a boy, felt suddenly very small and frightened, and he wished that he was anywhere but where he was. Not for worlds would he have shown his fear to the other two boys, however, so he said, making his voice sound as brave as possible—

'Do you think it was some one in the wood, Humphrey?'

'It must be some one in the wood, seeing that the wood surrounds this place on three sides. On the fourth side there is the road which leads through the wood, but on the other side of the road, the wood is as thick as it is anywhere. We are right in the heart of it

here,' came the reply, whilst Humphrey strained his eyes to see if there was any lurking form near to them.

'I say, why not get the lantern, the girls won't want it now. Then we can look properly,' suggested Martin.

Billy had noticed the lantern, already. It swung from a hook above the door at the back of the caravan. The girls had gone inside to get to bed, and the door was closed.

'All right. Tell them we want it for a few minutes, but will bring it back again,' said Humphrey. 'We always keep it burning all night,' he added turning to Billy. 'It is not really needed, you know, only the girls seem to like to have it. And some of the nights have been jolly dark, I can tell you.'

Martin ran and got the lantern, without letting the girls know for what purpose it was wanted.

'They would have only got into a funk,' he said, returning with it, and handing it to his brother. 'Now Humph, where shall we start? Down, Mascot old fellow. If you make such a shindy, you'll frighten away the tramps, or whatever they are.'

'Tramps don't moan like that. Besides, it was not a grown-up's voice. I am certain that it was a child we heard,' said the elder boy, as they went cautiously towards that part of the undergrowth from which the noise had seemed to come.

Billy went with the other two, and Mascot darted hither and thither, his nose close to the ground. At intervals he whined, then gave a sharp bark, but though he was clearly on the scent of something or some one, the boys could not discover anything unusual.

'It's no good looking any longer,' said Humphrey at last, when the search had gone on for about a quarter of an hour. 'We only got to this clearing this afternoon,' he went on, speaking to Billy. We did not see any one about, but of course there may have been some one lying hidden in the undergrowth. I don't like to turn in, when I think of that noise we heard. It sounded just like a child who had hurt itself. But it's plain enough that he is not here, whoever he is.'

'Besides, if it had been a child, and hurt, and somewhere close to us, we should have heard him again,' said Martin, as they turned and went back towards the clearing and their tent.

Humphrey did not answer for a moment or two. At last he said slowly, 'That's true, so far as it goes. Only, of course, he might have become unconscious, you know. Specially if he is badly hurt. We'll get up early in the morning, and take another look round.'

(*Continued on page* 86.)

SECOND SIGHT.

WITH the help of an accomplice you can give a very mystifying exhibition of second sight, before an audience of your friends. Announce that you are going to ask your assistant to borrow articles, such as Treasury notes, and coins, which bear numbers, and that, without seeing the articles, you will call out the numbers on them. Point out to your friends that your assistant merely acts as your medium, and does not make any signs to you with his hands or feet. Offer to stand with your back to them or be blindfolded.

The trick, although it will pnzzle your audience, is very simply worked. The initial letter in the first word of every sentence that your accomplice speaks stands for a number, in accordance with a code previously decided upon. The following code is a good one, being easy to memorise:—

A or B stands for 1.	K or L stands for 6.
C or D stands for 2.	M or N stands for 7.
E or F stands for 3.	O or P stands for 8.
G or H stands for 4.	R or S stands for 9.
I or J stands for 5.	T or W. stands for 0.

Thus suppose your accomplice is handed a Treasury note bearing the number 143217. Something like the following conversation might take place.

Accomplice: '*A*n easy number. *H*e will have no trouble with this.'

Friend who has loaned the note: 'Why?'

Accomplice: '*F*ew numbers on it. *C*annot some one give me something harder next time? *A* number running into ten or twelve figures would be a real test of my friend's skill. *N*ot that he would fail.'

Thereupon he would cough, which would be a sign that any further remarks he might make were simply patter, and had nothing to do with the number. Then you would call out 143217.

You can vary the code—although it is advisable to have more than one letter for any figure, in case you get a number in which the same figure is repeated consecutively, as 777. The chances of your method becoming plain to the audience are lessened by the duplicate code. Also it is easier for your accomplice to make up sentences which will give you the information you require.

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

III.—THE FRENCH POLICE.

THE great Charlemagne is supposed to have been responsible for the institution of the first secret courts, which are said to have been set up in order to prevent Saxons who had been converted to Christianity from lapsing into Paganism; courts that somehow resembled the Inquisition of later days, in that they concerned themselves more over religious matters than the punishment of criminals. Be that as it may, Charlemagne, when he ascended the French throne, certainly attempted to re-establish some sort of law and order out of chaos. After his death there was again an era of confusion and lawlessness, spasmodic efforts being made in various localities to establish a protective force. The Normans, for instance, established in the north-western part of France, made wise police regulations for the maintenance of public peace and order.

As it has always been the case, the towns, which contained many habitual criminals, led the way to improvements. In the middle of the fifteenth century Paris was divided into sixteen districts, each of which was placed in charge of a number of officers, having a commissary of police at their head. Later some districts were allowed the privilege of electing their own magistrates, instead of being forced to accept any individual, some favourite of the moment, appointed by the King.

Unfortunately this police force did not confine its energies to the suppression of vagrancy, theft, and other crimes, but became largely a repressive force used by the King and the great nobles to terrorise the populace and keep them in subjection.

Actual criminals had not much fear of the authorities. When pursued, they would bolt for one of the

"The whole neighbourhood would turn out."

numerous rookeries, unsavoury districts of narrow, tortuous streets and dark alleys; and the police, unless they were backed up by troops, did not dare to follow, for the whole neighbourhood would turn out, armed with cudgels, stones, and any other handy missile, and drive the unfortunate constables off, sadder and wiser men. Thieves' kitchens and other iniquitous dens abounded, and were rarely interfered with; footpads infested the suburbs and surrounding districts, even the streets of the city itself.

It was under Louis XIV. that the police became most powerful, owing to the army of spies and informers employed. No one was safe. None dared speak or even whisper a word against the oppression of the King, for no man knew what ears might overhear; and woe to the unfortunate that fell into the clutches of the political police, for the slightest criticism of Royalty or Nobility would result in summary arrest and heavy punishment; so that, as happened with the Vehmgerichte, the force originally instituted to protect from oppression became the oppressor.

Later, during the reign of Louis XV., this well-organized but unsatisfactory police force lost much of its power during a period when all departments of the Government were affected by decay and demoralisation, and it remained in a bad state until the National Convention, in 1794, took it in hand, and thoroughly reorganized it in all its departments. Unfortunately it was still almost entirely political, and its members were largely employed in hunting down unhappy aristocrats, hiding in garrets and quiet corners from the persecution of the new Government. In those terrible days it was not necessary to prove a man guilty in order to secure his conviction. The poisonous breath of

"No man knew what ears might overhear."

suspicion was quite enough to doom a quite innocent man. To be thought friendly to the hated 'aris'os' was enough. To offend one of the overbearing and underbred Goverment officials meant immediate arrest; and once in prison the unfortunate rarely regained his freedom, and left his cell only to face a mock trial, or to make his last journey in a tumbril to the guillotine. Never were the spies of the secret police so hated and feared as during the first days when the national watch-words were 'Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.'

Under Napoleon I. the city police of Paris attained a high degree of efficiency; more men were added to do purely police work—that is, to patrol, watch for and prevent crime, effect the arrest of criminals and suspects, and to protect the law-abiding citizen.

During Napoleon's reign the secret police were kept very busy watching, and trying to prevent, revolutionary movements, such as that carried on by the 'Chouans'—royalist insurgents in the west of France. They took their peculiar name—which means 'screech-owls'—from the fact that they used to screech like an owl when approaching their nocturnal rendezvous or hiding-places. They lived in the woods, and carried on a guerilla war against the Government troops with the utmost ferocity, and no little success. So dangerous did they become that numerous police spies were used to try and locate their meeting-places, and find out their plans. It was a dangerous mission, for if a spy was caught he was shown no mercy, and a number paid the penalty of their courage or rashness. Napoleon employed many women as spies, and the downfall of the Chouan revolt was largely due to the work of such a woman.

Continual improvements were from time to time

"The 'Apaches' open fire on the smallest provocation.'

made in the police force, and, about the middle of the nineteenth century, the regular policemen of Paris, the *sergents de ville*, numbered nearly two thousand, without counting the numerous detectives and spies. The force gradually increased and improved until it reached its present state of efficiency, after many years of trial and experiment.

The French police, though a civil force, are, unlike our own, armed with a short sword, or rather sword-bayonet, and frequently carry revolvers. The cycle patrols that patrol in pairs during the night are always thus armed, and it is very necessary that they should be so, for the numerous professional criminals of a very low type, the formidable 'Apaches,' open fire on the slightest provocation, or on none at all, simply out of a spirit of devilry. Keeping these turbulent gentry in order is one of the many duties that keep the modern French police fully occupied. The 'Sûreté' has charge of the whole detective force, which has long been one of the best in the world, and which has introduced many useful innovations, such as the finger-print system, the invention of a clever Frenchman, Mr. Bertillon.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE ORIGIN OF PANTOMIME.

THE modern pantomime owes little to the classic performance of the same name, which was entirely mimicry in dumb show, accompanied by music, the place of speech being supplied by clever gestures. Modern pantomime is a compound of some of the grotesque features of the mediæval mysteries or miracle-plays, and of the improvised comedies of Italy, the principal characters in which were Pantaleone, Arlecchino, and Columbina. The Clown, who used to be such an important personage in English pantomime until lately, was almost entirely a modern invention.

According to etymology, a pantomime should be all dumb show, like the more ancient miracle-plays. The original Harlequinade, rarely seen nowadays, except at Drury Lane, was partly of this type, for Harlequin and Columbine never spoke, the fun and jokes being kept up by the Clown and Pantaloon. The Harlequinade closely followed the lines of the old Roman Atellanæ and was known in Italy long before it was introduced in England, being much modified to suit British tastes by a Mr. Weaver, a dancing-master of Shrewsbury, in 1702.

The actor, John Rich (1681–1761), was called 'The Prince of Harlequins.' He was the lessee of Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and finding that his company could not successfully compete with Cibber in legitimate drama at Drury Lane, he struck out a new line for himself by the adoption, or rather, the adaptation of the pantomime. He was indebted to Italy for the original idea, as we see from an advertisement in *The Daily Courant* for December 26th, 1717, where his *Harlequin Executed* is described as 'A New Italian Mimic Scene (never performed before) between a Scaramouch, a Harlequin, a Country Farmer, his Wife, and Others.' Although this is often called 'The First English Pantomime,' 'Comic Masques in the high style of Italy' were among the attractions of the London theatres as early as 1700, but from the time of Rich's venture, this form of drama took an acknowledged part in the repertoire of London theatres.

Famous actors did not disdain to take the parts of Harlequin and Clown—the elder Grimaldi, Giuseppe, father of the more famous Joseph, 'the greatest of pantomime clowns,' made his first appearance at Garrick's Drury Lane Pantomime in 1758. He soon became a celebrated dancing-master, and trained dancers for Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells. His son and namesake (though he adopted the English form of Giuseppe) made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells in pantomime, at the very youthful age of one year, eleven months!

Many good dramatists tried their hand at writing pantomimes. Dibdin was the author of several, including *Harlequin in his Element; or Fire, Water, Earth, and Air*,' performed at Covent Garden in 1807, and *Mother Goose*, which has since appeared in so many forms. 'Mother,' or 'Mrs. Goose,' is said to have been a real person, whose daughter married a Boston publisher, Thomas Fleet. He published a book of nursery rhymes, entitled, *Mother Goose's Melodies*. Some say he did this to revenge himself on his mother-in-law, who sang these ditties perpetually to his infant son. But the name Mother Goose is much older than that.

We owe *Ali Baba*, *Aladdin*, and *Sinbad the Sailor* to the *Arabian Nights*. *Aladdin* is said to have been performed before Persian kings in the tenth century, and it has seldom been absent from the boards in England since the introduction of modern pantomime.

The Sleeping Beauty and *The Fair One With the Golden Locks* are also of Oriental origin. The former seems to have been introduced to European children by Charles Perrault, a French writer and collector of folk-tales, in the middle of the seventeenth century. Long before his day, however, an Arabic version of the tale was played in various parts of the Continent. *Cinderella* appears in his *Contes des Fées*, and this story is also of Eastern origin, but variants of it are found in most parts of the world—some place their number at five hundred. In the German *Cinderella* two white doves take the place of the fairy godmother. The glass slipper should really be a fur slipper—the translator mistook *vair*, a kind of fur, for *verre*, glass.

Beauty and the Beast is supposed to be one of the oldest folk-tales in the world; it is depicted in very ancient hieroglyphics. Our English version closely follows that of Madame Villeneuve's *Contes Marines*, published about 1740.

It is said that there are still in existence manuscript copies of the story of *Red Riding Hood*, which are over one thousand years old! When the Spaniards conquered Mexico, they found this legend being portrayed before the Emperor Montezuma, but here a puma took the place of the wolf!

Jack-and-the-Bean-Stalk is another very old tale, so is *Puss-in-Boots*. *Bluebeard* was a real person, the wicked Gilles de Laval, Baron de Retz, a murderer who was executed in 1440. The legend was that he murdered six out of his seven wives, but he was really executed for sorcery, and for sacrificing young children. The story appears in Perrault's collection, and there is a similar one in Campbell's *Tales of the Western Highlands*.

Hansel and Gretel is one of *Grimm's Tales*, while *Humpty-Dumpty* is found in many parts of Europe, as well as in our own Isles, for legends of misshapen dwarfs are plentiful. *The Babes in the Wood* is usually supposed to be of English origin; the house where the hapless infants lived is said to be still in existence, and the description of their fate is among Percy's collection; but a similar story is found in Italy.

M. E. S.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 67.)

CHAPTER V.

AS may be expected, our Patrol took no part in the riotous proceedings directed against Mr. Tallerman. We stand for law and order. Bully Watson would have had us join in the fray, but our leader was firm. That he should have no liking for Tallerman was natural; he felt the ejectment of his father and the loss of his old home bitterly, but the very fact of his soreness made him the more resolute to do nothing that savoured of personal spite. He had no liking, I say, for the man who, that he might enjoy a bloated sense of importance in the possession of a pleasure-house, had brought so much trouble and inconvenience into his father's life, but he was minded to be just in the view he took of the disputed footway. He held that though his father might allow the people to cross the grounds of Duncrag with perfect freedom during his tenancy, such permission on his part did not give a permanent right of way, and the owner was quite within his rights in forbidding it; so he kept severely apart from all demonstrations.

But the suspicions of treachery which arose and rapidly spread were another matter. He considered that they were not without foundation. He was one of those who had seen peculiar lights flashed from the new billiard-room. He knew that more than one of Tallerman's guests was a foreigner. He was in possession of a German newspaper, picked up on the lawn of Duncrag during one of the forays. Considering Tallerman's foreign extraction, he did not think very well of the ostentatious patriotism displayed in the erection of a flag-staff and the hoisting of the Union Jack whenever the owner was in residence. He noted, too, that the flag was sometimes flown the right way and at others the wrong, which might be simply from ignorance, or it might be from intention. Many little things put together made him share in the general suspicion, and our Scouts always paid particular attention to Duncrag. It was one of the reasons that Dicky Jolliffe, who was as sharp as a needle, was so often put on the West Cliff beat.

The trouble respecting the right-of-way did not end with the demolition of the wall. Tallerman erected a notice-board with the inscription: 'Trespassers will be prosecuted. By Order'—and placed the matter in the hands of the police. Owing to the war our police force, never much in evidence, was remarkably slender—one Special Constable, supplemented by an occasional brief visit from Inspector Tomkins, who came from Fowey on his bicycle, was all that represented the majesty of the law at Polperro. The Special Constable was Mr. Kirkshaw, of Mill End, a retired engineer between forty and fifty years of age—a powerful man who would have tackled any burglar who had the hardihood to stand up to him, but would have been useless had the burglar taken to his heels. Fortunately we have no burglars, and seldom any one to cause a disturbance, so Mr. Kirkshaw's chief functions were to keep an eye on the 'Three Pilchards,' and to stand outside the door on the occasion of a tea-meeting at the schoolroom—an excitement still popular among us, though war-time rationing made catering difficult.

Now, in the matter of the disturbance at Duncrag, Mr. Kirkshaw was not at all the man to cope with a crowd of light-footed hobbledehoys, and there were other reasons why he did not become an able defender of Mr. Tallerman's rights. He was too much one of us—a man of the village in full sympathy with all our views and prejudices; above all, he was a burning patriot, and if he had had his way would have deported or interned every foreigner in these islands. He was present in uniform when the next demonstration took place.

It was less militant than triumphant. A troop of boys and young men viewed their handiwork with glee, older men gathered in groups chuckling and signalising their approval, and a few women were there in the background. Captain Rogers' voice was heard maintaining that a right-of-way had been established by the act that the foot-path had been in use for a full twelvemonth, and not having been closed for a day during that period had become a public foot-path by the law of the land. Old Libby proposed a vote of thanks to the wall-breakers, describing them as defenders of the public rights and a bulwark against oppressors. Mr. Kirkshaw paced up and down swinging his cane: it was his greatest day since he had put on uniform. A string of boys leaned over the remains of the broken wall grinning at the notice-board, and Mr. Kirkshaw grinned at the boys.

At dusk the crowd dispersed, returning to the village; the boys came rattling down the steps from Chapel Rock, but were too excited to turn within doors like their elders.

A number of them gathered at the upper end of Church Street, forming a noisy group; presently they drew closer together—a knot of eager conspirators, among whom a strong-built boy in the uniform of a Sea-scout appeared to be the leading spirit. There was some disputing in muffled tones and much whispering: if there were any opposition, the big boy bore it down and carried all before him; if there were any scheme discussed, his forefinger laid down the law and illustrated the plan. The Scout was Bully Watson.

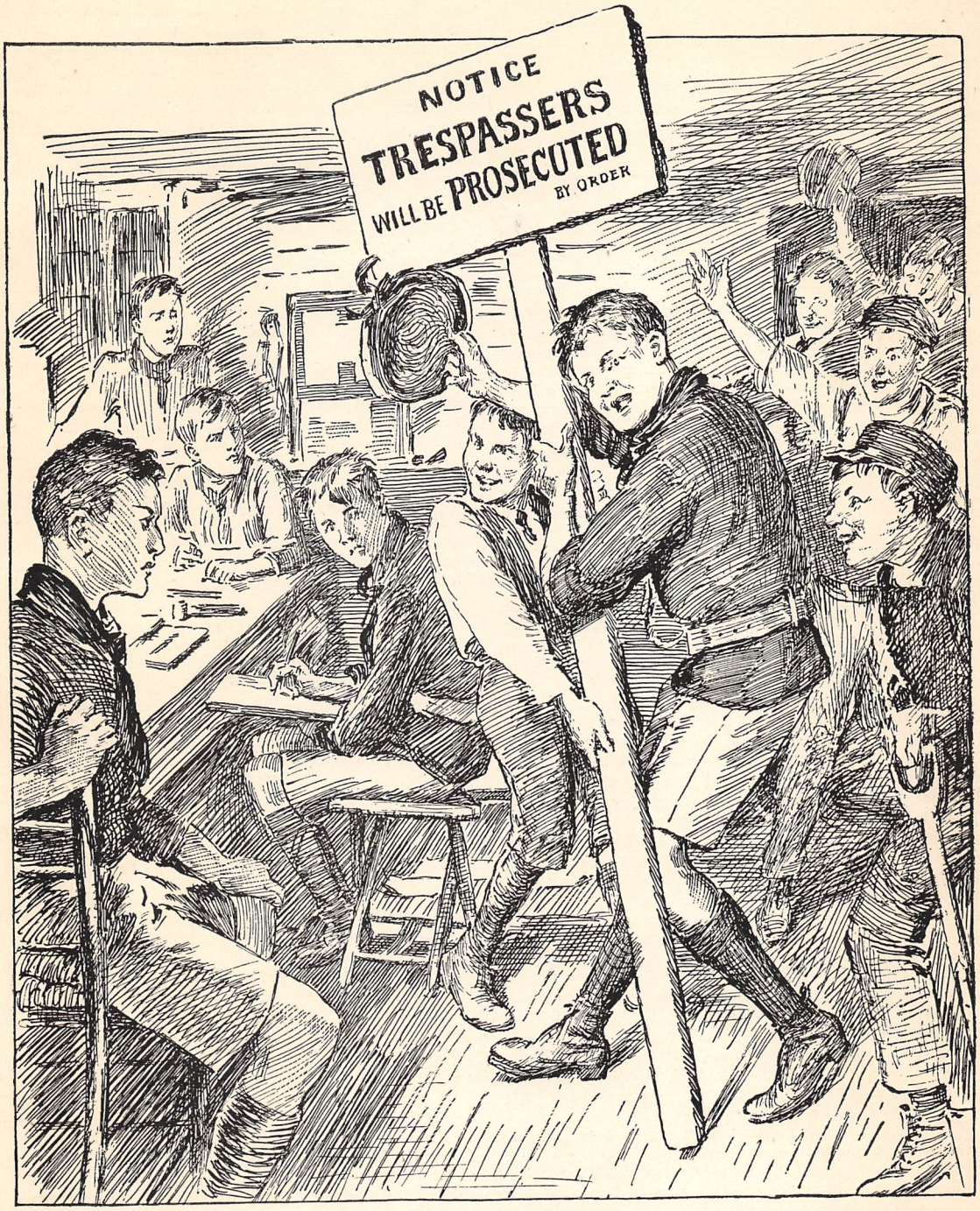
It had been a sore disappointment to Bully that the Patrol took no part in the popular movement. He had grumbled and protested at our meetings. 'What were we doing with our parades, our lessons in scout-craft and crawling about coast-watching, when nothing came of it?'

In this Bully was not at all fair, for, as I have said before, we have one or two things to our credit that any Patrol might be proud of. For instance, there was the affair of that floating mine that was washed ashore on Talland beach. That in itself is a sufficient answer to Bully's sneers, for if we had not found it and handled it properly and given prompt information to the authorities, and some yokel had got hold of it, goodness knows what it might have done—blown up Talland Church and the row of cottages that face the shore.

It was not fair of Bully to talk like that. 'There was too much red tape about it all—too much tying of knots and fooling about signalling,' he declared. We were playing at things whilst other people were doing them.

(*Continued on page* 82.)

"If there were any opposition, the big boy bore it down."



"'Hurrah, boys! We've hauled down the enemy's flag!'"

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 79.)

CHAPTER VI.

On the evening of the demonstration recorded in the last chapter, our Patrol held a meeting at headquarters, and we kept it up rather late. There were but four of us and two tender-feet present. Gander was on duty on the East Cliff and Bully Watson was supposed to be patrolling the West Cliff. We were doing some map-making of the neighbourhood from memory—drawing the coast-line from Plymouth to Fowey and putting in all the inlets and points, the landmarks and distances. It is very interesting, I think: this and landscape drawing from nature for military purposes are my favourite subjects—in the latter you do not aim at making a picture in the ordinary sense, you make a sort of shorthand sketch having a particular way of representing such things as farms, churches, dwelling-houses, depressions in the land, roads and rivers and the different sorts of trees, and marking off heights, &c.

We were as quiet as mice, excepting when the Microbe gave a sigh or a grunt as he does when drawing: he's rather a muff at that sort of thing—keeps rubbing out and rubbing out till his paper is all in a mess. He uses more 'bunjy' than pencil, I tell him.

We had heard a good deal of noise as the people came down Chapel, and it had made us a bit restless, wondering what new pranks they had been up too; but as the noise cleared away we were settling down again quietly to our work.

Presently an outburst of voices was heard in the distance which increased as it drew nearer: it sounded as though a noisy crowd were descending Chapel steps and turning in our direction—cat-calls, shouting and whistling, and bursts of laughter. Evidently the crowd was making for our headquarters.

Presently the door was thrust open and a dozen boys entered, dragging some cumbrous object between them. They were headed by Bully Watson, and the thing they carried was the notice-board from Duncrag, post and all torn up by the roots. It was exhibited as a trophy and hailed with a yell of triumph by those within and others outside. Bully planted it upright in the middle of the floor and assumed a theatrical attitude, whilst hurrahs broke forth from his unruly followers—'Hurrah! Down with Tallerman—Down with old Greasy—Make a bonfire of it—Hurrah!'

Our motto is 'Be Prepared,' but there are some occurrences so unexpected that few know what to do on the spur of the moment. I fancy even our leader was quite unprepared for this.

'Hurrah, boys! we've hauled down the enemy's flag!' cried Bully, wild with excitement.

'Stick it on the wall for a trophy. If you won't have it we will take it out on the Quay, and make a bonfire of it, or drown it in the harbour.'

Treagus put down his pencil and rose to his feet. 'Watson,' he said, 'you've gone against orders,'

'I had no orders about the thing,' cried Bully.

'It is true you had no direct orders, but it was very well understood by the whole Patrol that we took no part in these disturbances. I never thought you would make yourself ring-leader in this business. Corporal,' he added, addressing me, 'see that those boys leave the headquarters at once—they have no right here.'

I hustled them out pretty quickly, in spite of Bully's declaring that they were jolly good fellows with some spirit in them and worth more than a score of tame Scouts. 'I'm no snob,' he cried; 'I don't turn up my nose at a chap because he goes to a different school. They're jolly good fellows and ready to do things when there's anything to be done, instead of mooning about, drawing plans. I stand by them and I'm proud of what we've done.'

'It's a case for a "Court of Honour,"' declared Lawyer. 'If you go against "Scout Law," and behave like this, you'll stand a chance of having to hand over your badges.' Lawyer was not one to pour oil on the troubled waters.

'Oh, yes, we know all about you!' Bully retorted. 'You're not leader of this Patrol. You belong to another and know nothing about Polperro and our concerns. You cleared out of London in a funk because of the air-raids.

'Listen to me,' said Treagus. 'I'm leader of this Patrol.'

'I'll listen to you, right enough,' replied Bully. 'But when I joined the Patrol, I thought there was going to be a little fun in it. I didn't think I was to be out of everything that was happening—might as well have formed a mutual improvement society.'

'At any rate you did join,' said Treagus, 'and you gave your word of honour, and whatever you have done I will say this, I don't think you are the sort of fellow to break your word of honour. Now, I am leader of this Patrol—all can't be leaders; if there is any one can do the job better I'm willing to put it to the vote, and I'm willing to take a back seat. Is that fair and square?'

Bully said nothing.

'Now, I admit that there was no direct order given against taking part in these disturbances, but I'll give you a direct order now, and you'll obey me or either you or I will leave the Patrol. I give you the order to take that notice-board back this very night and put it up again in the place from which you took it. There's a spice of danger in it, for if Tallerman or old Sourcrout are about you may not get off as easily while taking the board back as you did in carrying it away. There's a spice of danger in it, but I don't think you're the sort of fellow to shirk it on that account. That is my order, so shoulder the board and away you go.'

Bully stood irresolute a few moments, working his jaw, then his lips closed tightly. he caught up the notice-board, shouldered it, and without a word marched out at the door.

(*Continued on page* 95.)

OUR EXCITING NEIGHBOUR.

Our complaint was this—that nothing exciting ever happened in our street.

'How could it,' my elder brother, Peter, exclaimed one afternoon. as we were sitting in our small back garden too depressed to play even our usual games, 'with such commonplace surroundings and such neighbours?'

I nodded. for I believed Peter to be right, the people

around us, no more than their dwellings, seemed likely to appeal to our adventure-loving spirits.

On one side of us lived the Miss Vincents—two old maids, who from all appearances could never have been anything but staid and conventional—while on the other side lived Mr. Brown.

Now Mr. Brown appeared to us, as to every one else, a benevolent elderly gentleman, ever ready to bestow peppermint drops on his juvenile neighbours and friendly nods on his elder ones, but nobody, except perhaps Mother, could find anything interesting about him, and her interest in him had only been aroused by the fact of his apparent delicacy.

He rarely went out without having half his face muffled in a shawl or comforter, and he was constantly leaving home in search of rest and change.

He was away from home now, as indeed were most of our acquaintances, for it was August—perhaps that was the reason of our desire for change. As a rule we did not chafe so loudly at our monotonous life, for both Peter and I were happily possessed of imagination, which can create exciting happenings out of nothing.

To-day, however, we yearned for something with which our imagination could not supply us, something that was real and terrible. Our school chum, John Robson, like every one else except ourselves, was on holiday at the sea, and had written from Cornwall describing his adventures. He had actually seen a steam trawler wrecked on the rocks and had taken part in the re-cue of the crew, while on another occasion he himself had nearly been drowned bathing.

'Of course, we cannot expect to have adventures like these here, but—well, if we haven't even these we could have fires and burglaries,' Peter grumbled.

'No,' I answered, 'nobody's house ever catches fire,' and when there were all those burglaries in the West End none ever happened near us. It's rotten,' I added.

I rubbed my eyes several times to make sure that I was really awake and not dreaming.

Then—'Peter,' I cried, 'there is something happening in Mr. Brown's house, I see ever such a bright light coming from the window, and there's supposed to be nobody there. Can it be a fire?'

'Oh, bosh,' Peter answered, he was very sleepy.

'It isn't bosh, it's true, and think if something really exciting was happening, how sorry we would be to miss it. Why we've been waiting for some adventure for years.'

Thus roused Peter got up and joined me at the window. Yes, there was undoubtedly a light in Mr. Brown's house, a light that was brighter than that of an ordinary lamp or gas. It shone from a side window—a window exactly opposite that of our bedroom, but not visible from the street; thus nobody could have observed it but ourselves.

The same thought struck us both, but Peter voiced it first. 'Don't let us raise the alarm till we are sure. Let's be the first people to discover it—whatever it is.' I readily consented.

We opened our door and stole quietly downstairs. Mother must not be disturbed. She had been unusually tired the evening before; besides, she might be nervous and prevent us going forth alone to meet, perhaps, unknown danger.

'We'll climb the wall,' Peter said; 'if we went round the front way we might be seen.' We did; but climbing a wall with bare feet is not pleasant, and we had not waited even to put on our stockings.

There is generally more pleasure to be got out of imagined adventure and dangers than real ones, as I was to discover. Not for the world, however, would I have admitted nervousness to Peter. Yet even Mr. Brown's garden, which by daylight seemed so commonplace and familiar a spot, appeared of a sudden, strange, and full of possible dangers.

The window from which we had seen the light shining was on a lower level than that of our own bedroom, and a stout tree below it enabled us to reach the level of the sill.

Peter was to make the ascent, and his 'Oh!' of surprise (or was it horror?) reached me when I was still on the ground.

'Is the whole room on fire?' I asked, awe-struck; but before he had time to answer, I had seen for myself.

The light we had observed from our bedroom window was caused by a large open fire in the grate—a man being occupied burning papers in it.

I saw his back outlined against the glow, but his face was hidden. Moreover he was doing something besides burning papers, he was opening what to us appeared an overmantel—but in reality must have been a secret cupboard, and taking from it numerous packages.

'He's a burglar,' I whispered.

'Go backwards,' Peter said quickly, 'and don't let him see you.'

The warning came not a moment too soon, for just as I had drawn my face into the shadow the stranger turned, and who do you think we saw?

His clothes were unlike any we had ever seen on him, and he was wearing neither a muffler, nor his usual grey beard, nevertheless, Peter and I had no difficulty in recognising our neighbour, Mr. Brown, in the strange visitor. His piercing blue eyes and narrow sharp nose, were unmistakable.

'Peter,' I began, whispering.

'Oh, hush, look,' Peter murmured back, and again I felt my eyes nearly jumping out of my head with surprise. For Brown was beginning to undo the packages, apparently to count and divide their contents, and the light of the fire revealed what they were to us.

They were jewels! Red, blue, green, and glistening white jewels set in gold and silver, the flames caught their colours, and reflected them in a thousand hues.

A sudden inspiration came to Peter. 'Dick,' he whispered, 'I believe Mr. Brown is a burglar, really. Look at that emerald necklace, it is just like the one that was stolen in the West End last week. One of us must go for the police, the other must wait here, in case he should get away.'

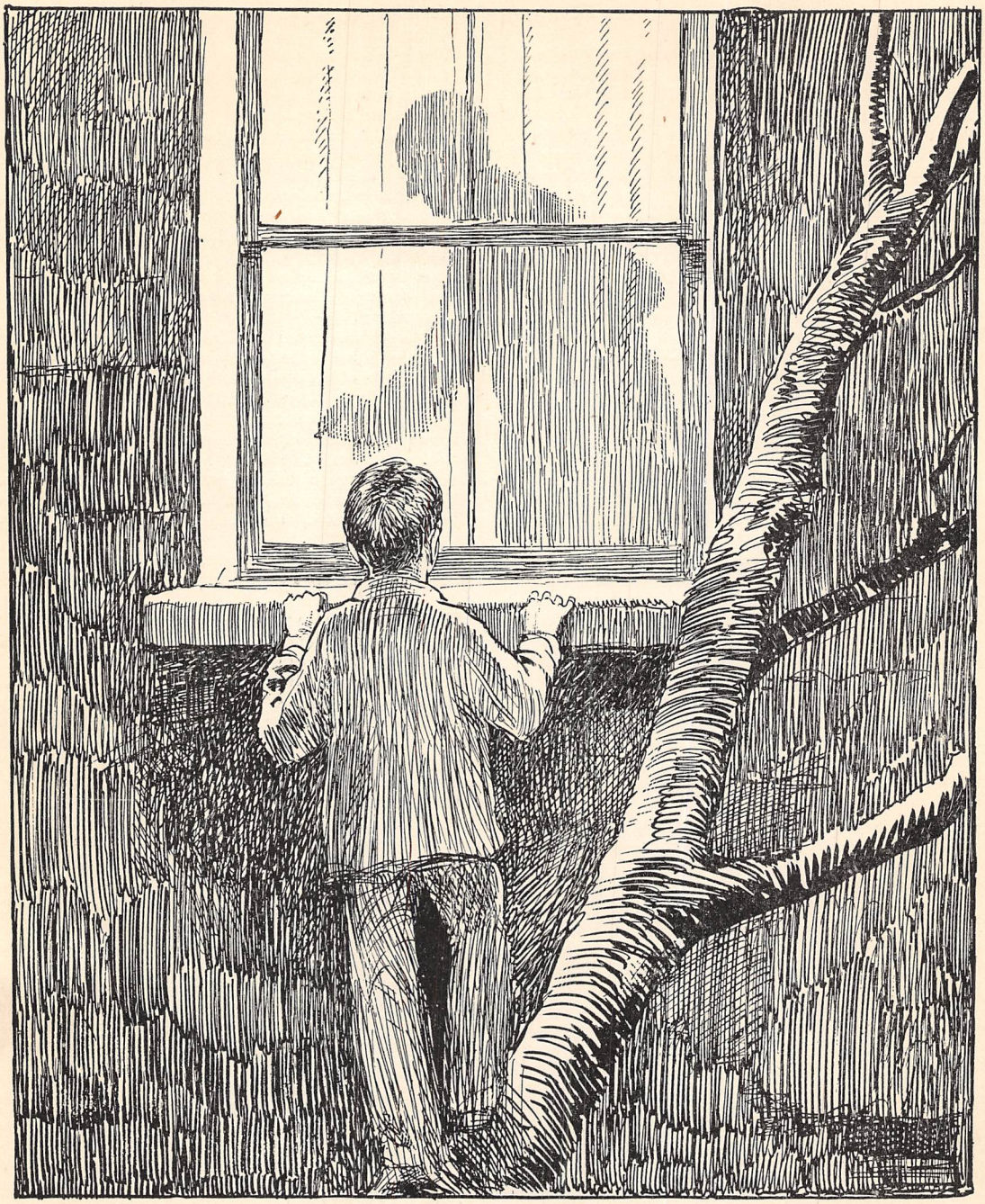
How I longed to be the one to go! It would be dreadful to be left alone with only a pane of glass dividing one from this new and terrible Mr. Brown; but I knew that Peter's legs were longer than mine, and that he would therefore reach the police station sooner.

'You go,' I said; and off he went.

'Don't you mind?' Peter hesitated.

'Just a bit, so be quick.' I did mind more than 'a bit,' for every time Mr. Brown turned to the window (forgetting that though he was visible to me, I was hidden from him by the darkness) I believed him to be looking at me.

Once he approached the window. Now I would be



"I believed him to be looking at me."

discovered! His action, however, was only on account of his having perceived for the first time that he had left the window uncurtained. Even the cleverest and most experienced burglars can make mistakes. But these mistakes often cost them their freedom. It was to be so in Mr. Brown's case.

After he had drawn the curtains, I could only see his shadow against the fast-dying fire. He was collecting

his packages and putting on his overcoat. Would they be in time?

They were. Just as Mr. Brown had turned towards the door, I heard the tramp of feet. Mr. Brown must have heard them also, for he made a rush for the window, causing me to leave hold of the sill and drop, but not for far.

'Is he still there, little 'un?' I heard a voice whisper, as two strong arms caught me. 'If we get him, it's thanks to you plucky little kids.'

And that is really the end of our adventure as far as Peter and I were concerned.

Mr. Brown, our neighbour—the man whom the whole street had liked and respected—was proved to be the leader of a band of dangerous burglars, whose daring robberies had struck terror into the jewellers of the West End for the last few months.

For the moment Peter and I were considered heroes: our pictures appeared in the papers, and we received quite a substantial sum of money (enough, indeed, to give ourselves and our widowed mother a holiday at the sea) from the police authorities, but neither of these facts quite consoled our mother for her disappointment in Mr. Brown's character.

'And he always appeared so kind, it is dreadful how one can be deceived in people,' she said.

Peter took quite another view of the case. 'It's wonderful how even the dullest people and places can turn out really exciting,' he said.

HELEN M. TURNER.

BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

YOU never need fear, little children, to meet
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;
Red Riding-hood's story is only a fable,
I'll give its moral as well as I'm able;
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet everywhere—
Beware of this wolf, little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,
If you tell him a fault, he gives saucy replies;
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—
Ah! Passion's the wolf with the very large eyes:
'Tis ready to snap and to trample and tear—
Beware of this wolf, little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn
About things with which she should have no concern;
Such mean curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the very large ears,
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—
Beware of this wolf, little children, beware!

And Greediness—that's like the wolf in the wood
With the very large mouth, ever prowling for food,
That eats so much more than for health can be good,
That would clear a whole pastry-cook's shop if it could;
That never a dainty to others will spare—
Beware of this wolf, little children, beware!

A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Find a Snail, a Rabbit, and a Duck among the Mushrooms.

WHO MINDS?

'WHO minds if I flower or not?'
Said a violet in a grot;
But two little eyes peeped through,
Saw the tender blossoms blue,
And a child said as she passed,
'Yes! Spring is here at last.'

'Who minds if I'm dumb or sing?'
Said a little feathered thing.
But a wee one 'neath the tree
Said, 'O birdie, sing to me!'
And the little birdie's song
Cheered that child the whole day long.

'Who minds if I smile or frown?'
Said two sad eyes looking down;
But a smile came dancing through
Like a beam down from the blue,
And a mother said, and smiled,
'Why, that's my own little child.'

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, 'There's danger;
Be careful where you go.'
'Nonsense,' said the other,
'I don't think you know.'
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Closed the trap together,
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
Because he didn't think!

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
But he longed to enter
And hop upon the floor.
'Oh, no,' said the mother,
'You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree.'
'I don't care,' said the robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
'I don't think the old folk
Know quite everything.'
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink;
'Oh,' he cried, 'I'm sorry,
But I didn't think!'

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 75.)

BILLY was nearly dropping with fatigue, and he was only too glad when they all got back to the tent again. Here he was provided with a waterproof sheet, and a blanket and pillow and in no time at all he was fast asleep. Martin soon followed his example, but Humphrey did not find that sleep came easily to him. For one thing, he was rather cold, having given his blanket to Billy, and for another the sound of that child's moaning still rang in his ears. Did he really hear it, or was it fancy? Twice he thought that he heard the weird sounds again, and a dozen times at least he got carefully to his feet and went and peeped out of the tent. It was almost as light as day now, for a moon, almost at the full, was riding high in the sky. It showed the clearing, with its long coarse grass, the caravan, with the lantern swung above the door, and the black masses of the wood, stretching away for miles on either side of the open space. The night was very still. Only now and again did sounds break the stillness, as when some owls hooted, or a fox, far in the distance, gave its sharp bark. Mascot slept deeply, yet with open ears, at the feet of the boys, and looking at him Humphrey decided that the noise of moaning which he seemed to have heard must have been only fancy. If there had really been such sounds, the dog would have barked at once.

'Anyhow,' he thought, as for the hundredth time he composed himself for sleep, 'I will go out first thing in the morning, and have a thorough look round.'

After this he must have dozed a little, for the next thing he knew was that Martin was whispering in his ear: 'Wake up, wake up! I have heard it again. Let's creep out, and see what it is.'

Humphrey was wide awake in an instant. Indeed, he almost thought that he had been awake all the time. 'Are you sure?' he whispered back.

Martin nodded his head. 'Dead certain. Don't let's wake the kid. He'll only be in the way, and be scared too, I expect.'

Very cautiously, the two boys crept out of the tent. Mascot stirred in his sleep, opened his eyes and then sprang after his two masters, only to be sent back with a stern injunction to keep guard over the camp.

'Now, where do you think it came from?' asked Humphrey, as they got clear of the tent.

'Right in front, I should say,' returned Martin. 'I say, it is almost half-past four. I had no idea it was so late, or rather so early. I thought I had only just dropped off to sleep.'

'I knew that the time was getting on. I had been awake for ages—but I must have dropped off just before you called me,' answered his brother. 'Have you got your torch?'

'Yes, but it's not much good. Wants re-charging I think. Where is yours?'

'That gave out just after we found the two kids this evening. We'd better get the lantern, though it is almost moonlight enough to see anything by.'

'Still,' argued Martin, 'it will be darker under the trees. I'll just get it.'

He was springing off in the direction of the caravan, when Humphrey laid a hand on his arm.

'Stop! we must not take that. If either of the girls was to wake, and open the door, they would be scared at finding it gone,' he said. 'We can manage. I have a box of matches.'

'All right. Come on then. I say, there it is again!'

The noise was certainly not unlike that which might be made by a child in pain. It seemed to come from somewhere quite close to where the boys stood. Half-a-

dozen yards in front of them was the edge of the wood. Whoever it was that was making these noises, he was doubtless hidden there in the undergrowth.

Martin shivered. He could not help it, much as he disliked showing signs of 'funk,' as he called it.

'We must go on; there may have been an accident, or something of the sort,' said Humphrey, who felt chills running all over him. He could not help feeling that there might have been something worse than an accident here in this lonely wood. Had some one been met by an enemy, and dreadfully injured? One heard of such things as this happening, and a wood, lonely as this seemed to be, was quite the right place for such a deed.

The two boys were not of the stuff that cowards are made of. Both were dreadfully frightened, it is true, but neither would admit as much, even to himself. Besides, if some one was hurt, they must find that person, and render what aid lay in their power.

They plunged into the undergrowth, taking care to keep well together. As Humphrey said, there was no sense in their getting separated. They went to and fro, carefully examining every part of the ground as well as they were able by the light of the moon, and penetrating further and further into the wood, but they found no one, and no sign of any one having been in that part recently.

'There are no footprints—at least we can see none,' said Martin at last, when they paused and straightened themselves, to rest their aching backs.

'It is a queer business, altogether,' said Humphrey. 'I can't for the life of me make it out. There is no animal, is there, which makes a noise like that?'

'I don't think so. Never heard of it, if there is,' returned the other.

'It was a moaning noise, wasn't it?' asked Humphrey, thoughtfully going over in his mind the cries of different woodland creatures with which he was familiar.

'Yes; a moaning, screaming sort of noise. Something between the two, I should say,' answered Martin, who was also trying to think of animal noises which might account for the alarm they had had.

'Well, whatever it was, it was beastly uncanny. It gave me shivers. I vote that our next camp is struck in the open,' said Humphrey, as they tried to find a path that would take them back to the clearing with the least loss of time.

'Oh, the wood is rather jolly,' said Martin. 'I don't think the girls will want to move on anywhere to-morrow. Besides, old Slow-sure may not be fit for travel again so soon.'

Humphrey grunted. 'Silly old fellow, going lame like that! Still, the man in the village said it was only the stone in his shoe, he thought. I'll go down there directly after breakfast, and see if he is better.'

The boys soon struck a path, and in a short time were back at their tent. It was getting light now, and Humphrey, looking at his watch, found that it was a little after six o'clock.

'No good turning in now,' he said. 'I think we may as well see to getting the fire ready for brekker. We can rouse the girls about seven, or even sooner. They won't mind.'

'I'm jolly hungry, I know that. Let's get something to be going on with,' said Martin.

'We can't. The food is all in the caravan. But what do you say to having hot rabbit for breakfast?' asked Humphrey suddenly.

Martin turned and looked at him, as if he thought that his brother had suddenly taken leave of his senses. 'Hot rabbit? First catch it,' he retorted.

'No need. I rather think we've got to the bottom of that noise. See there?' Humphrey pointed away to their right, where something brown could be seen lying on the grass, on the borders of the wood.

Martin stared at this object, and then looked at his brother inquiringly. 'What's the game?' he demanded, in a puzzled tone.

Humphrey only laughed. 'You aren't by any means the complete camper yet, old man,' he said. 'We are both of us fair-sized idiots. What we heard was a rabbit being attacked by a weasel. You know their method. They stalk the poor bunny and mesmerise it, so that it simply can't move. What the rabbit usually does, is to sit up on its hind legs and scream, or moan, or make some sort of awful noise. I have read about it lots of times, but I have never heard one doing it before. So, of course, we were taken in. But that's the victim, or one of them. There must have been others. This place simply swarms with rabbits, and there was a weasel out hunting last night. Let's go and bring the prize into camp, and see about cooking it.'

'But, Humph,' protested Martin as they went towards the rabbit, 'we can't eat weasel's leavings, can we?'

'It won't have eaten it—only sucked its blood, and as that is a part of the rabbit we don't want in any case, it ought to be all right. Ah, I thought so.' As he spoke Humphrey lifted up the limp brown body. It had not yet grown stiff, and the marks on the throat, showed where the cruel teeth of the weasel had done their deadly work.

'We will bake it in a clay case. That is quite a good way. I'll get it ready if you'll see to the fire,' said the older boy, as they returned to the camp with their booty.

'How about clay?' asked Martin.

'There is plenty down by the stream. I noticed it yesterday afternoon, and thought it might come in for something of this kind. Get a good fire going, for this needs plenty of heat. I'll not be long.'

Before Martin had got the fire well started on last night's embers, Billy came out of the tent towards him.

'Hullo, can I help you?' he called.

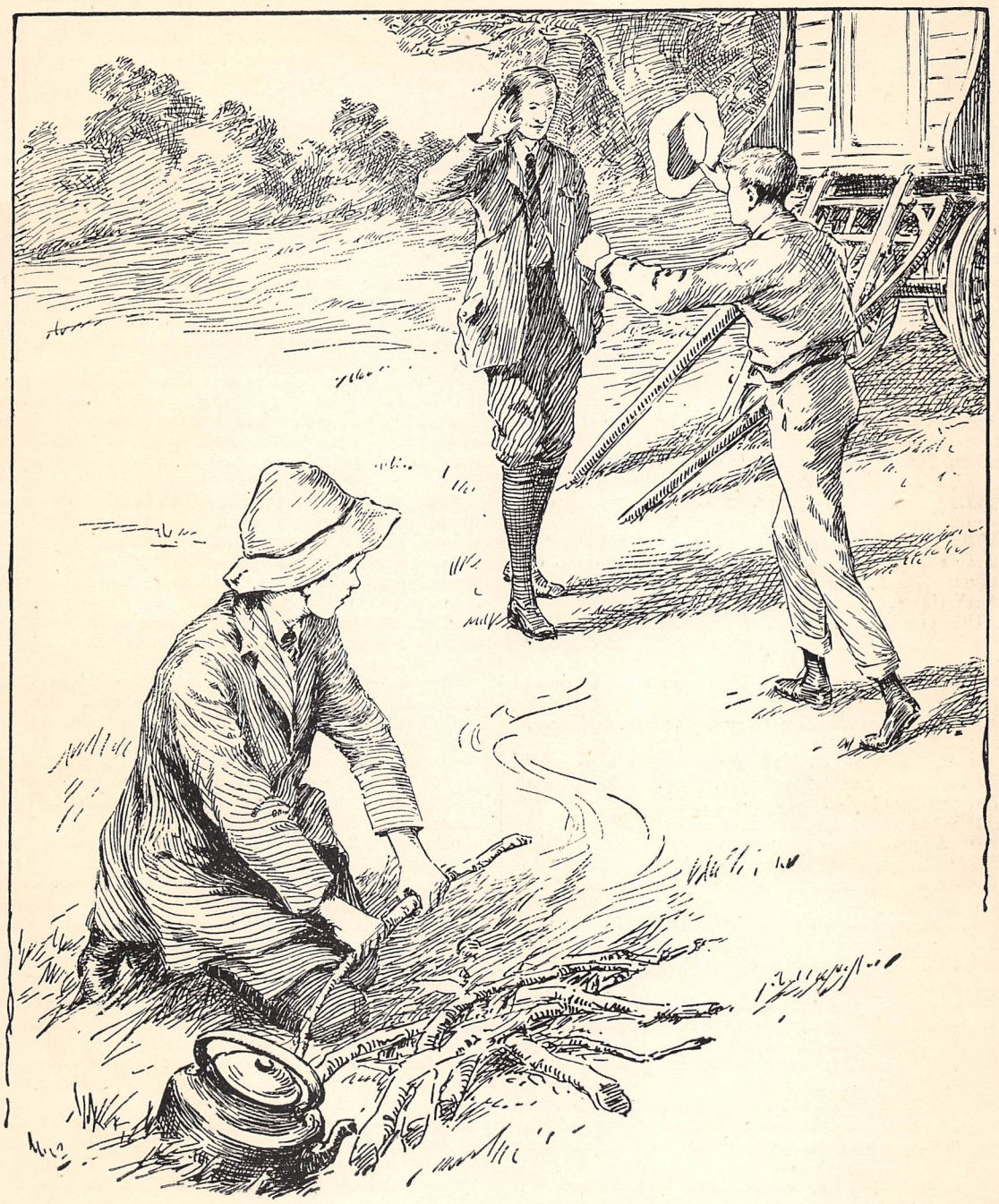
'Yes, get some more wood. Humphrey is getting a rabbit ready to cook in the fire. We cover them in clay without skinning them, you know, and bake them like that. They are jolly good. The fur and skin come off together, when the clay is well baked, and inside is the rabbit, done to a turn,' explained Martin.

'How jolly! I am awfully hungry. Did you hear that noise again last night?' asked Billy, helping busily to build up a roaring fire.

'Yes, we did. And now this morning we found the rabbit, so that's what made it, and not a child after all,' said Martin. 'We heard it again, and went out to see what it was, but—hullo! here comes Uncle. What luck,' he added, breaking off suddenly, as the figure of a tall man suddenly emerged from the wood, and came quickly towards them across the clearing.

(*Continued on page* 90.)

"'Wake up! Wake up! I have heard it again,'"



"Martin raced to meet the new-comer."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 87.)

CHAPTER V.

BILLY glanced at the tall man as he came towards them and saw that he had a pleasant face, bronzed with sun and wind. He wore a shabby suit of tweed and his head was bare. Across his back was slung a case which the boy guessed must contain a hand camera.

'Hullo, my son! Top of the morning to you! Where is the other sportsman, and who is this addition to the party?'

Martin raced to meet the new-comer.

'Hullo, Uncle! What luck your coming along just now,' he cried. 'We are going to have roast or rather baked rabbit for brekker, and here comes Humphrey with it, all ready to put into the fire.'

'Been out hunting early?' asked the tall man.

'No, a weasel killed it last night, or early this morning. So we are cooking it,' said Humphrey. 'Jolly glad to see you, Uncle. Where did you spring from?'

'Oh, I have been in the wood for the last few days. But tell me who this young man is, and how you came by him.'

Just at this moment, before the boys had time to answer the question, the door of the caravan burst open and out rushed the three girls.

'It's Uncle,' cried Janet.'

'Uncle Opportune again!' shouted Nora.

Tickato followed them in their wild rush at the new arrival.

'How ripping to see you! Have you come to spend the day?'

'You will stay to breakfast anyway, won't you, Uncle? How is Boanerges?'

The questions poured out in a volley. Tickato stood still and looked the stranger over, deciding after a brief survey that he looked very nice.

He in his turn looked at her and then at Billy.

'Brother and sister, and twins, I should think,' he said. 'Tell me, now, how you came by this addition to your party. I did not know that you were expecting visitors.'

'We were not—they happened along. We will tell all the story, but which do you want most—story or something to eat?' demanded Humphrey.

Uncle Opportune laughed.

'Oh, something to eat, of course. The story will be a sauce to season the breakfast, when it is ready,' he said. 'All hands to the fire. Too many cooks may spoil the broth, but many hands make light work. We'll believe the second and leave the first out of count. Now, Humphrey, as the eldest you had better give orders, we will carry them out. But if I may make a suggestion, I would put a little more fuel on the fire, first of all.'

Tickato felt that she had been silent far too long.

'I have never heard of any one called Opportune before,' she said. 'Is that really your name?'

There was a general laugh.

'Question time is not yet, young lady,' said the gentleman addressed. 'Save all inquiries till we are engaged upon discussing the rabbit.'

Tickato got rather red. Somehow till now people had always treated her queries with respect, and had never put her off in this way—except Aunt Agnes, perhaps, and of course Tickato had thought she was horrid. But this tall uncle, whom every one had seemed to welcome so gladly, was rather a different sort of person.

'I shall not ask you again,' she said huffily, as she turned away.

The tall man gave her one look out of his keen blue eyes—those eyes that were so direct, and seemed as if they could get right inside you as Billy thought when he noticed them for the first time. Whatever he may have thought of the rude speech, Uncle Opportune said nothing, but rushed about with the others, collecting wood for the fire, filling the kettle, and showing the boys how to hang it securely over the fire. The girls brought bread, coffee, condensed milk, sugar, and many plates from the caravan, and Martin struggled to open a tin containing marmalade.

'We are going to have a top-hole breakfast, I can see. What would you do if you were a poor tramp like me, with only odd mouthfuls of bread and cheese to stay the pangs of hunger?' asked Uncle Opportune, as he made himself useful in a dozen different ways.

'Oh, I don't know. We have bread and cheese sometimes. But you gave us a jolly good tuck-in that time we had lunch with you at the 'Bull and Arrow' in Penningstone. Do your remember it?' asked Martin, succeeding at last in getting a sufficiently large hole carved in the top of his marmalade tin.

'Yes, and I am going to propose another little outing,' said their uncle. 'It will not be a lunch this time, but tea. Will you come?'

'Try us,' said Humphrey, amidst a chorus of delighted exclamations that greeted this announcement.

'When is it to be, Uncle?' asked Martin, who liked everything settled offhand.

'I'll tell you, later on. We must talk a bit, first. By the way, the rabbit is beginning to smell rather appetising. I should say that it is about done. How about dishing it up?'

'I'm ready for that. The dish has been getting hot over here,' called out Janet from opposite, where she had arranged an enamelled dish in such a position as to catch the glow from the fire. It was almost too hot to hold now, as Humphrey fished out the clay case, containing what he termed 'the roast,' from the heart of the wood fire.

'Done to a turn. Is the coffee ready?' asked Uncle Opportune, looking on with approval while Humphrey and Janet between them got the rabbit out of its clay case. The skin and fur had become firmly attached to the clay, and came away with it, leaving the rabbit thoroughly cooked in its own juices. The twins drew near to watch this strange dishing up. They had never heard of cooking anything in this manner, and Tickato forgot her peevishness in interest at what was taking place.

'You must carve, please, Uncle,' said Humphrey, setting the dish before their visitor. The breakfast had been laid on a white cloth, spread on a flat piece of ground. The girls had put as a cent epiece a cream-pot filled with grasses and wild flowers that they had gathered while the cooking was in progress. The sun was shining brightly, and pieces of waterproof sheeting had been

spread for the company to sit upon, the grass being rather damp at that early hour.

That was a lively meal. The Warreners told the story of the twins' arrival the night before, supplemented by details supplied by the twins themselves. The rabbit was very tender, and very much enjoyed by every one. Indeed Uncle Opportune declared that he had never eaten a nicer breakfast. The keen morning air sharpened their appetites and at the end of the meal there was little left to put away in the shape of food.

'A loaf and a half, besides other things!' said Janet, laughing. 'It's a good thing we are not far from a village. We have to go down this morning, to see if the horse is fit for work again. He went lame yesterday, Uncle.'

'Ah, I was not on hand to help you out of that difficulty. What lamed him?'

'A stone in his shoe, the blacksmith said. We had to leave him with the farmer next to the blacksmith's. He said that he could doctor the foot, and we were to come in the morning, to see if he is fit for work,' exclaimed Martin.

'You haven't told us why you are called Uncle Opportune,' said Billy, remembering that Tickato had asked this question, and had been told to repeat it later on. He knew she would not do so, after what she had said.

'He is not a real uncle, but nicer than any real one you ever met,' said Nora, hastily. 'Aren't you, Uncle dear?' she added.

(*Continued on page* 98.)

THE POLLIWOG.

'THERE is the Polliwog again, Molly; isn't he the queerest-looking old crock?'

Molly ran to the tiny window of the sea-side cottage where they were staying for the holidays, and looked over her brother's shoulder, her eyes dancing with laughter.

'He's got another suit on to-day, Dennis, and looks more like a golliwog than ever,' she chuckled.

It was rather peculiar to see a middle-aged gentleman in gold spectacles, walking down the village street, dressed in a purple and green pyjama suit, a gaily striped bath towel round his shoulders, sandals on his feet, nothing on his head but his pale fluffy hair, which stood upright in a surprised fashion. He was really very like a golliwog, except that his face was not black, just burnt brown by the sun.

'Mother says he is dreadfully clever,' explained Molly; 'writes books about beetles and fossils and things. That's why Kitty christened him the Polliwog.'

'He is going to bathe, I expect,' said Dennis, 'and if he does, we can, because he never bathes when it is very rough. Let's ask Mother—I'll go and find her—she's in the village somewhere with Kitty—while you get the towels and tent.'

Dennis dashed off, while Molly fetched the towels and a dilapidated tent, rolled up ready for carrying.

Presently Dennis came running back, followed by a fair pretty girl about fourteen.

'Mother says we may if Kitty does, and the dear old thing *does* does.'

The sea had been rough during the night, but now that the tide had gone down it was quite calm, with just the faintest suspicion of white horses a little way out.

It was very lovely in the bay of the little fishing village, the sand was like a sheet of wet silver, with darling little pools of pale blue and white where the sky and fleecy clouds were reflected. There were purple mountains in the distance, and you could just see a faint silver streak on the horizon which people said was Ireland.

But the children were too busy to notice anything but that tiresome tent which *would* topple over directly they got it up. Dennis, being the man of the party, felt that it was his job to get the tent up, so though he was only eleven, and Kitty, his cousin, was fourteen, he told her she might read till the tent was ready, which lazy Kitty was quite willing to do.

So Dennis, loyally aided by Molly, tugged and hammered, till they got the tent to stay up. Then Dennis hurried off to a particular niche in the rocks that was his dressing-room, leaving the tent for the girls.

It was glorious in the water. Dennis could swim like a fish; ten-year-old Molly tried very hard, but as it seemed to take all her breath and time to keep in the same place, like Alice through the Looking-glass, she did not make rapid progress. Kitty never attempted to swim, but dabbled about contentedly, and kept an eye on the jelly-fish.

The Polliwog had finished his bathe, and retired to his tent, but presently Kitty saw him racing down to the sea, and waving his arms in quite a frantic manner.

'The Polliwog has gone stark, staring mad,' she remarked calmly to Dennis, who had been practising his famous torpedo dive.

'So he has,' said Dennis when he had got some breath. 'Perhaps he wants to be taken to an asylum. I'd better go and see.'

He swam towards the frantically gesticulating figure, with whom he held a brief conversation.

'It's all right,' he explained on his return. 'Not the asylum this time, but he has lost his valuable specs. in the sea, and his heart is apparently broken in consequence; wants us to hunt for them; nice job that—looking for a pair of spectacles in the Atlantic Ocean! What does he want to wear them for?'

However, as the children were good-natured souls, they did their best, but with no result, till Kitty suddenly remembered she had seen the Polliwog sitting on a rock, resting after his not very strenuous efforts.

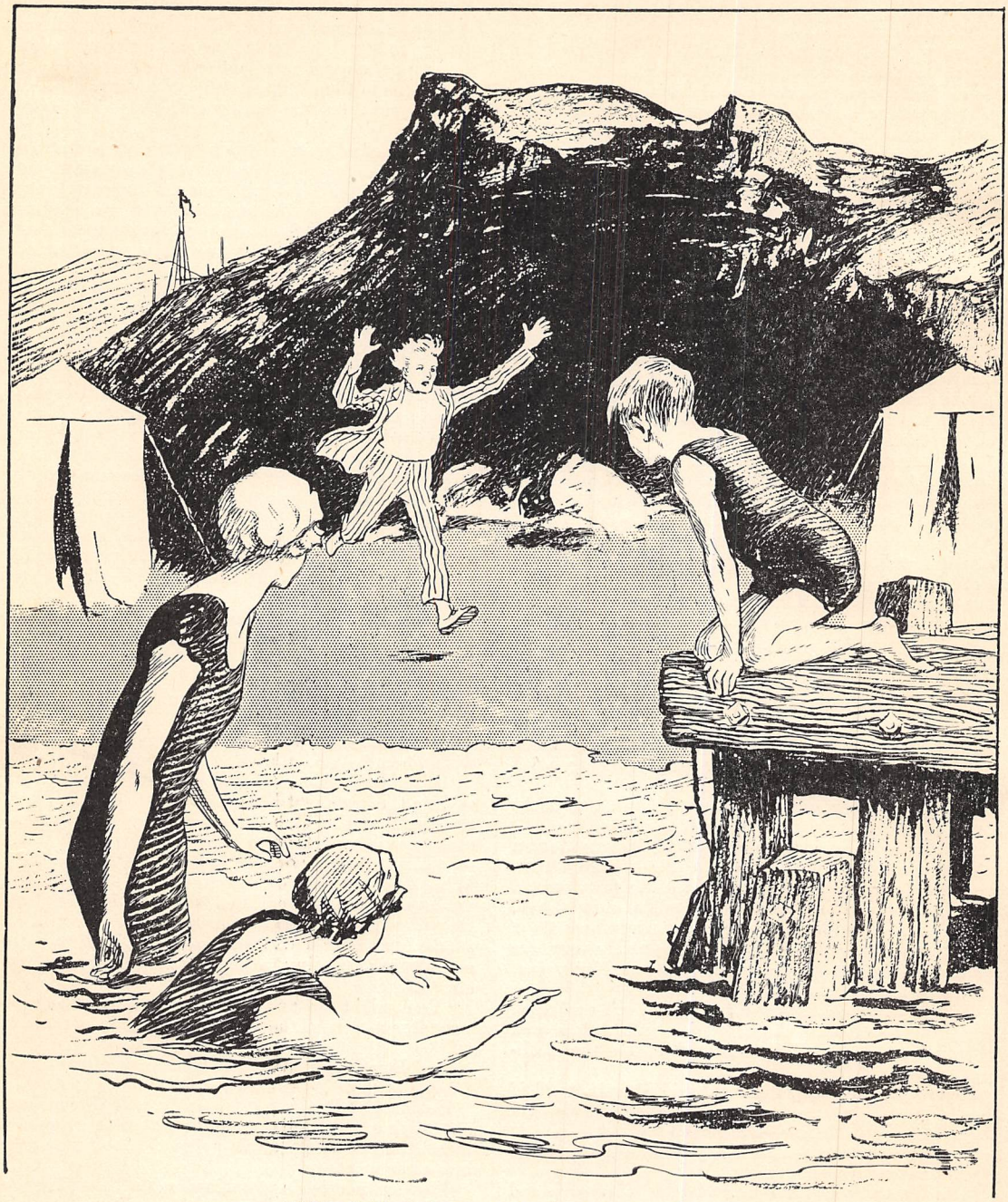
'You might go and see, Dennis. People say he is very absent-minded, he is quite likely to have taken them off.'

And Dennis actually did find them, carefully placed on a ledge by their learned owner.

He thanked Dennis most warmly, placed them on his nose with evident relief, and hurried off to complete his toilet, the tassel-cord of his pyjamas bobbing gaily after him as he went.

This little episode, combined with the difficulty in erecting the tent, made them rather late, and when they were dressed, they found to their consternation that it was nearly half-past one.

'Won't our old landlady be in a wax, if we keep dinner waiting?' groaned Molly. 'She hasn't forgiven us yet for using the window curtains for charades, and Mother is going out to lunch, so we shall be at her mercy.'



"The Polliwog has gone stark, staring mad."

The children looked resentfully at the tent. 'If we had not to cart that thing along,' said Dennis, 'we could just exactly do it.'

'The tide is only coming in very slowly,' said Kitty. 'If we are quick over dinner, we can be back in plenty of time to take it down.'

So off they ran, leaving shoes, bathing dresses, and so on, piled up inside the tent—and after all, when they reached home, dinner was not ready.

'If we *had* been late, we should have been in plenty of time,' grumbled Kitty, who had Irish blood in her.

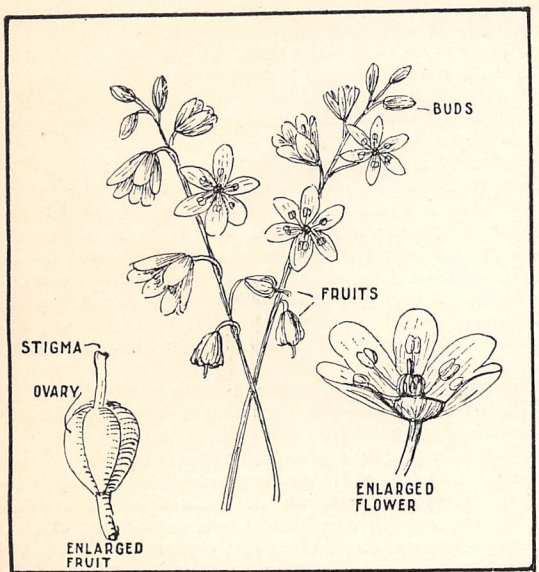
(*Continued on page* 101.)

A DISPUTED PASSAGE.

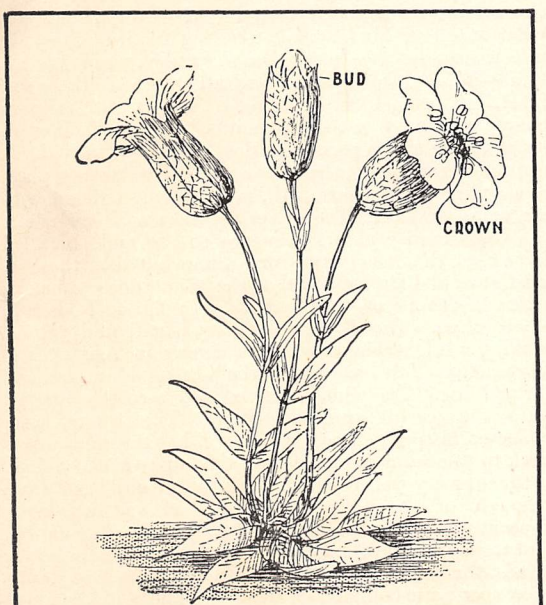
FLOWERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

II.—SQUILL, CAMPION, THRIFT, AND SAMPHIRE.

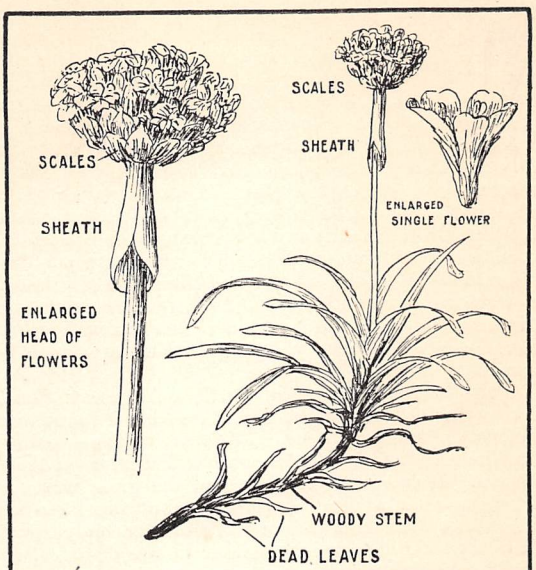
I HAVE just got out my book of dried flowers and turned over the leaves looking for specimens of sea-shore plants. As I did this, in my mind's eye I saw all the lovely scenery which once surrounded the homes of my many specimens. It is quite a long time since I collected, pressed, and mounted these flowers, but I have never regretted the trouble I took, for they are a constant joy to me. The very sight of them recalls



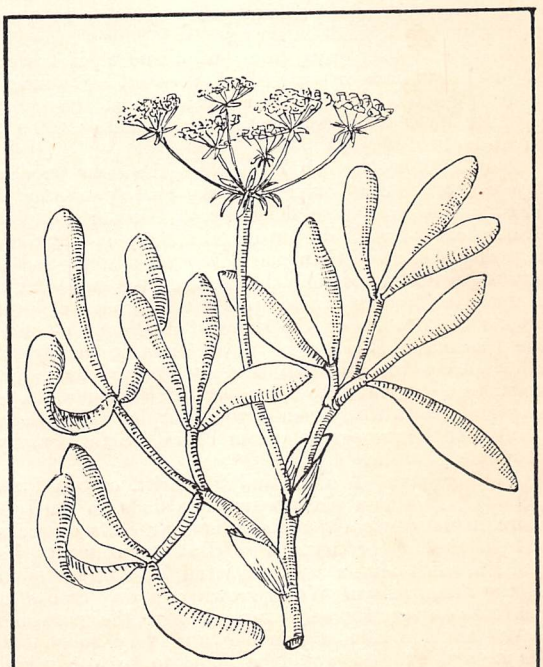
1. TWO SPIKES OF AUTUMNAL SQUILL & DETAILS



2. SEA CAMPION



3. THRIFT - WITH ENLARGED DETAILS



4. SPRIG OF SAMPHIRE

many a thrill when I found a new variety of wild flower—that is, new to me at that time. I strongly advise all true lovers of wild flowers to make such a collection, for in after years it will recall many a beautiful spot, and you will feel again the pleasure which you had when you collected those specimens. I made it a habit always to place against each sprig, the date of finding, the place, and any little details of interest concerning the plant or its surroundings. I also put its common name, its Latin name and its Natural Order, so that any one looking at my book, can always look up further particulars about the contents. I found to-day in my book some little heads of pale-blue flowers which recalled a visit to Devonshire years ago. Here, in fig. 1 I show you a sketch taken from my sketch-book, for I nearly always draw my specimens before I press them.

Now this little flower in fig. 1 is Autumnal Squill. I thought the flowers a great capture when I found them among the grass in a field quite close to the sea-shore, on the edge of Broad Sands near Paignton in South Devon. It was in September, and the grass was very dried up after a very hot summer, but that field was quite blue with thousands of these clusters of purplish-blue flowers. I saw the colour in the distance, and could not think what could cause it. It is a near relation of the garden Scilla we have in the spring-time, but it is not quite so beautiful. A peculiarity of this autumnal squill is that its flowers come up all alone, that is, without any leaves, these come up after the flowers have disappeared. As a matter of fact, our garden Scilla, the Vernal Scilla, grows wild in many parts near the sea, in Cornwall for instance, and a young friend of mine in Shetland sent me specimens some time ago, and she told me they are a most beautiful sight in the fields in spring.

Now these both grow from bulbs, and their flowers consist of six blue or purplish-blue leaves, six stamens and a pistil. This last (after the leaves of the flower and the stamens have fallen) swells up and contains a number of black seeds.

Another flower which I found on the same page of my book is the Sea Campion. I show it to you in fig. 2. It is, you see, very like the common Bladder Campion of our hedges and fields, but its peculiarity is that there is hardly ever more than one flower on a stem, and it grows quite low, not more than four or five inches high. I remember finding it once just above high-water level among the pebbles on the shore of Anglesey, close to the Suspension Bridge. I have found it in several other places too. Its petals are white and its calyx, which is blown out into a bladder-like arrangement, is grey-green beautifully veined with purple. The whole plant is of the grey-green colour characteristic of many maritime growths.

Another plant I often find is Thrift, or Sea Pink (fig. 3). This is a plant which one finds on the sea-shore, in the crevices of the overhanging cliffs or rocks and in the higher mountains. But according to its position, so its details vary. Thrift I have often found in the mountains of Wales growing in tiny cracks in the rocks on very exposed faces, and here the grass-like leaves are fine, almost hair-like and very short, but the roots if exposed would be found to be woody and tough. The flower heads in this position are carried on very short stems, and they sometimes almost sit on the tufts of leaves, having hardly any stems at all. But on the sea-shore, or near it, the tufts become large, and the leaves long and fleshy; the heads of flowers are carried on quite long stems. These clusters of rose-coloured (sometimes white) flowers are worth examining closely. The separate flowers each have five rosy petals, five slender sepals, five stamens, and a pistil from which rise five filaments. The flowers grow among a lot of dry, chaffy bracts, or scale leaves, and the group is surrounded by these scale leaves. But what always interests me is the scale leaf which is turned back over the upper part of the flower stem. This scale leaf clasps the rather woolly stem; examine the next cluster you meet and find that funny close-fitting scale. The fact of its being *turned back* (fig. 3A) is what interests me; it is very unusual.

Of course, thrift grows in our gardens; I have it in my rock garden, but I always think that it blossoms best near the sea. Here is a curious fact about thrift. When it grows near the sea, that is, in salt-laden air, it contains iodine and salts of soda, both very useful in medicine. But when it grows away from the sea, although it looks just the same, it only contains potash. Thrift is a very good example of how the same plant grown in different soil and position, will alter in many ways.

There is a rather common sea-shore plant of which I will now tell, which was highly valued years ago, but is now hardly known as of use. I refer to Sea Samphire. Many years ago, samphire-gatherers made quite a good living, but their work was very dangerous, for the plant grew mainly on the sides of the cliffs of chalk, and the gatherers were lowered on ropes to collect it. At Dover there was an accident many years ago when the gatherer was killed by the rope breaking. But this plant, since its use as a salad has gone out of fashion has often been found on the sea-shore. The fact is, in the old days people were so keen on it that it never had a chance to grow in get-at-able places! Now to tell you what it is like. It is one of that big family of plants, which most people class as Fools' Parsley, you know the kind—it has a head of flowers all at about the same level, an umbel it is called The plant is very characteristic of sea-shore plants, because it is very succulent in all its parts. It does not grow very high, not much more than a foot as a rule. The whole plant is very hairless, quite smooth, in fact, looks inflated with air, or blown out! The leaves are like small fingers and the veins hardly show, they are so fat and thick. I have read that the leaves are somewhat like those of mistletoe, and I must say that the plant does somehow make one think of that growth. In fig. 4, I show a small piece. The flowers are very small and yellow, making a bright show when in flower in August and September. The leaves were the part used for salad and for pickling. The whole plant is very strongly scented with a powerful aromatic scent. The leaves were collected in spring-time for pickling, but the great drawback to this form of pickle was that after a short time, it turned very yellow, and thus, as an old book says, 'though of excellent flavour, it had an unpleasing appearance.' If you look up old cookery books, you will find it mentioned often, and there are many recipes for salads, for boiling as a vegetable, and for pickles. It is even now quite common on the south and west coast of England, but not very far north, for it cannot stand cold. It is worth identifying, so look out for it.

E. M. Barlow.

IF WATER WERE INCOMPRESSIBLE.

AS a matter of fact, it is commonly stated that water is incompressible; but this is only relatively true. For all ordinary purposes, water may be considered to be incapable of being pressed into a smaller space. Really, it yields under pressure to an exceedingly slight extent. Thus, 1000 volumes of water become 999·95 volumes under an additional pressure of one atmosphere (about fifteen pounds to the square inch).

Small as this quantity is, it produces a surprising effect, for as the water at the bottom of the sea is compressed by the weight of a varying depth of water above it—sometimes as much as six miles—the surface is lower than it would be if water were absolutely incompressible. On an average, the level of the surface of the ocean is depressed 116 feet, and thus about two million square miles of land are now uncovered which would otherwise have been submerged.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By WILLIAM RAINEY,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 82.)

CHAPTER VII.

HOW it came about that Mr. Tallerman was regarded in our village as 'the Enemy,' in a general sense as being in league with our foes, and in a particular sense as the Upstart who had made himself obnoxious in local matters is now revealed, and the meaning which we Scouts read into Dicky's letter, stating that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy, will be understood. Dicky had taken no part in the demonstrations against Tallerman, being loyal to the leader in spirit and in letter. He had, however, shown the greatest vigilance in watching the movements of Tallerman, Sourcrout, and the visitors to Duncrag.

Had he been trapped in so doing, and was he held prisoner in Duncrag? That was the question that arose. Lawyer favoured the view that he was; in fact, we all took it for granted till Treagus reminded us that the Gyppo had come four miles with the letter according to his own account.

'He may have told us that as a blind' said Lawyer.

'I am inclined to think he spoke the truth,' said Treagus. 'He is an odd specimen, I must say. Remember, he has a conscience, as he said, and there's no denying that he proved the fact by refusing our money. That part of his anatomy worked rather stiffly at first, but second thoughts greased the spring and made it go. Yes! I'm inclined to think that fellow honest. What do you say, Corporal?'

'I think so too,' I replied. 'He certainly came from a distance. We've never before seen him in the neighbourhood, and we scour the country a good bit. I asked a few of the people up street, but they knew nothing of him. Gipsies don't come this way much. Polperro leads nowhere; they gen rally go from town to town where there are pleasure fairs, markets and horsy goings on.'

'Four miles the fellow said he came' Bully remarked.

'Along the high road' the Microbe added. 'He passed four mile-stones. Where would that bring one to?'

'That depends on whether he came by the Looe road or the Fowey road. I wish I had sent some one to keep an eye on him when he left us,' said Treagus, his finger going to the top of his head—his habitual gesture when vexed. 'I did not think of it at the time, I was so excited over the letter.'

'Funny thing I didn't think of it,' said the Microbe, whereat we all laughed.

'I don't see what you fellows are laughing at,' he said. 'I could have hopped on to my bike and kept him in sight—shows you how wide awake a fellow ought to be.'

'Let us see,' continued Treagus. 'It is three miles to Looe, then you cross the river. There's no main road on the other side. Four miles would bring you to nowhere in particular. You would have to go up the river or along the shore. Take the other road, four miles brings you to Fowey, at any rate to the ferry at Bodinnick opposite. He said it was a very uphill road, didn't he? The Fowey road answers that description better than the other. I think one of us had better go that way and see if he can pick up the scent; he may come across the Gyppo and learn something from him. What do you say, boys?'

'I'll go on my bike,' the Microbe volunteered.

'You're not the only one who's got a bike' said Bully. 'My old crock is good enough for that; there are some ripping runs down going this way; I'd be there in half-an-hour. The Gyppo would have to cross the ferry at Bodinnick. I could pick up some information from Nick Tubson who keeps the Ferry Inn, or Dave his man who takes the boat across. I know them well. When I used to go to school at Fowey, I used to cross the ferry most days.'

'You are too well known there,' Treagus declared. They know you are a Scout. If the gipsy cannot be found, or if he's found and nothing can be got out of him, a Scout inquiring for another Scout held prisoner gives the show away.'

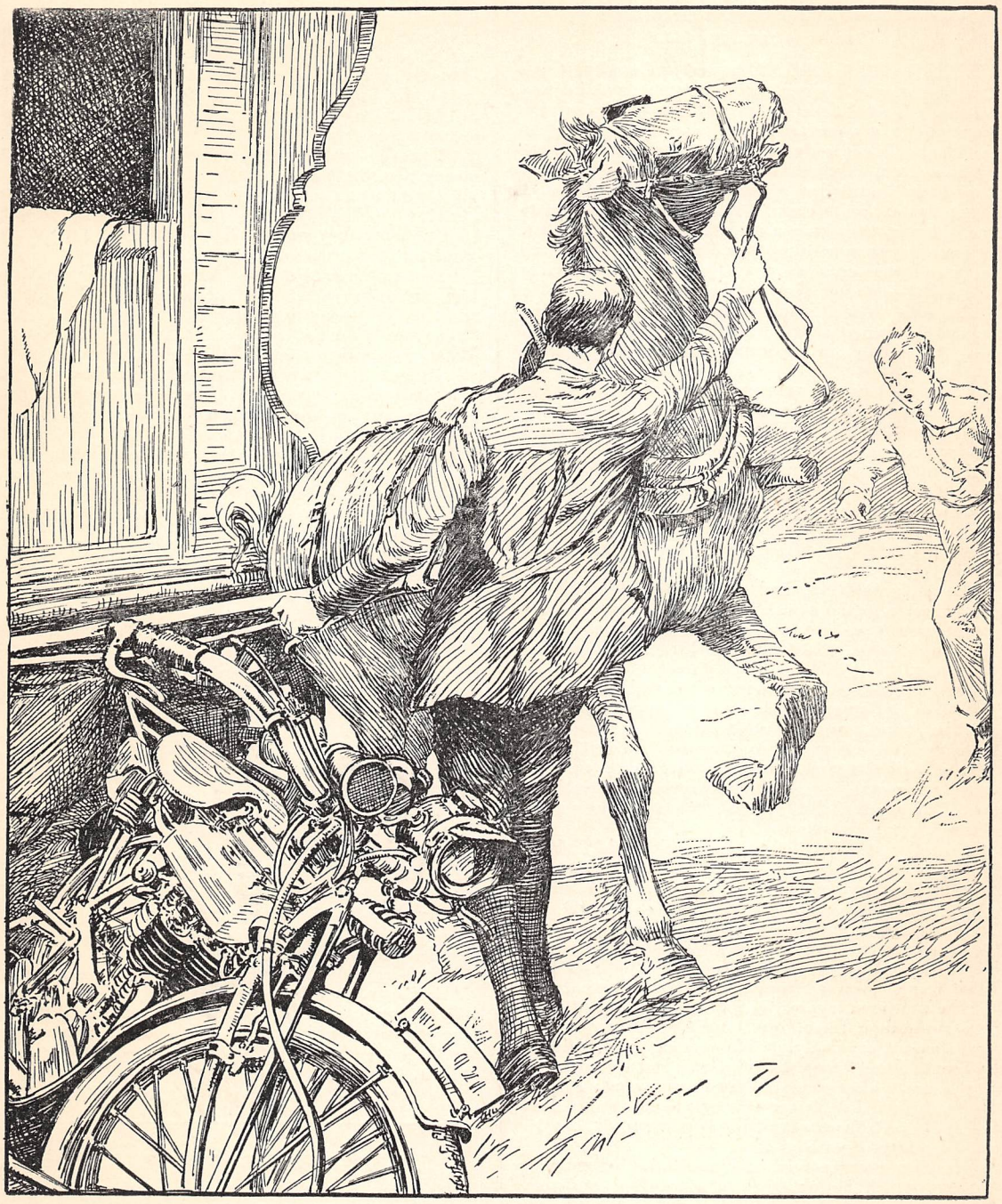
'I could disguise myself,' Bully protested.

'I think we are agreed that this is the work of Tallerman and his gang,' continued Treagus. 'Now, if they are really in the pay of the enemy, as I most certainly believe they are, they are playing a desperate game, and are men who will stick at nothing. I am inclined to think that Dicky must have found out something fatal to them—must have stumbled into their nest and obtained such information that they would have to shut his mouth at any cost. If this be true, why, man alive! they'd make away with Dicky rather than let his information come to light. We all know that sort of enemy by this time; they have not the slightest scruple in carrying out their plans—they would not let a boy, or forty boys, stand in their way. This is not playing at Scouts, this is a very serious business. We have got to match ourselves against desperate men. They may have agents at Fowey as well as here, for all we know. We have to go very carefully to work. The first thing is to find where Dicky is. I am not asking for volunteers, either the Corporal goes or I go.'

Naturally I offered to go. 'I may have to stay away the night' I said. 'I will go if the Pater gives his consent; he has been ready to trust me when we have gone into camp. He says, "If a boy is not quite a fool, a little liberty is good for him." I'll go like a shot if the Pater says yes.'

(*Continued on page* 102.)

"He had shown the greatest vigilance."



"'There was just going to be the most utterly awful smash-up.'"

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 91.)

UNCLE OPPORTUNE bowed profoundly. 'You do me great honour,' he said, with mock impressiveness. 'I am Uncle Opportune because I am so very opportune in my arrivals, you see. I happened to meet the noble company of caravaners when they were fast in a ditch. By means of a strong right arm, and some little knowledge of the power of a lever, I managed to extricate them. That was my first appearance. I was then known as Mr. Norbury, naturalist. My second appearance was coincident with—excuse the long words, they come so naturally to me at a time like the present—another slight accident——'

'Rather! When I took that header out of the caravan door when old Slowsure took it into his head to shy at a baby in a perambulater,' put in Martin, hastily.

'Exactly. Our young friend was somewhat shaken up, and sustained a sprained ankle, which I was happily able to treat,' went on Uncle Opportune. 'My third appearance was when the noble steed, Slowsure, mistook himself for the nursemaid in charge of a motor cycle left unattended by the roadside. He was in the act of wheeling it away, I believe, when I came on the scene.'

Again Uncle Opportune paused and looked at his giggling audience.

'The silly old thing had got one foot through the back wheel, and there was just going to be the most utterly awful smash-up, only you stopped him. Can't think, to this day, what made him bolt that time,' said Humphrey.

'Original sin and depravity of mind,' said Uncle Opportune. 'So you see,' he went on, again turning to the twins, to whom he had addressed all his remarks so far, 'my appearances were so very well timed that we felt some more intimate and illuminating name was needed for me than the Mr. Norbury of conventional life. As a result, I hit upon the "Uncle Opportune" by which you now hear me addressed.'

'You talk just like one of Father's books,' said Tickato, before any one else had time to say anything.

Again Mr. Norbury bowed. 'I have been led to believe that my diction is very polished, and my phraseology most cultivated,' he said, solemnly. 'But now to return to ordinary speech, what about these two foundlings? How do you propose to deal with them?'

The words were addressed to the Warreners, but Tickato answered again, feeling that this concerned them more than their hosts. 'We are going to stay here,' she said, decidedly. 'We were supposed to be on the way to Uncle Francis, you know. But I don't mean to go there. I am going to stay in the wood; I think it is lovely, and I don't care for great-aunts and uncles at all. I don't know what Billy is going to do, but he can please himself, of course.'

Uncle Opportune permitted himself the luxury of a cigarette, which he got well alight before replying. Then he spoke directly to Tickato. 'I think it will be very good for you to stay with the present company,' he said. 'You will learn a lot. Besides that, you need not think your Uncle Francis is worrying about you. I happen to know him very well, and I can assure you that he is away from home at present. I last heard from him when he was embarking for America, and that was just ten days ago.'

'Hurrah! That's really awfully jolly! Thanks so much for telling us,' said Billy.

'I am ever so glad, of course, but *I* did not mean to go to him anyway,' said Tickato. 'Aunt Agnes did not tell us to write to her, so she will not be at all worried about us.'

'You seem sort of stranded,' said Humphrey. 'Supposing that you had gone on in the train, as you ought, what would you have done when you got to Shenstone Hall?'

'Oh, I suppose there would have been some one there, wouldn't there?' asked Billy.

'Yes, servants, of course. But they would not have been expecting you,' said Mr. Norbury. 'Well, now, what are you going to do?'

The twins looked at one another in some dismay. What were they to do? They had hardly any money with them, and only the clothes they were wearing. And of course they could not expect that the Warreners would want them to continue to stay with them! Suddenly they felt very much alone.

However, this feeling did not last long. Almost at once Janet said, 'You can stay with us if you would like to. We shall be awfully glad to have you.'

'Of course you can stop with us,' added Humphrey.

'The more the merrier,' chanted Martin.

'We are going to be in the caravan at least another fortnight,' put in Nora. This brought a fresh trouble to light.

'After that—what shall we do?' asked Billy, in some dismay. They had not looked so far ahead.

'Oh, never mind about that now,' said Martin, easily. 'A lot may happen in a fortnight.'

'So that's settled,' said Uncle Opportune, finishing his cigarette. 'Now, my noble steed is waiting out there on the road, and I must bid you all farewell for a few hours. I want to go some miles further into the wood and try for a few more photographs. I will come back for a mouthful of something about half-past twelve, and then, if you are willing, we will leave the caravan in the care of Mascot here, and repair to the village. I know there is a train at about two-fifteen, and we will go on to Castlebury, have tea there, and go to the pictures, or do something equally giddy. How's that?'

Every one said that it was ripping, and they went in a body to the road, where Uncle Opportune's motor-bicycle stood waiting for its rider.

'Good-bye! Don't be late for dinner,' cried Janet.

'Good-bye, good-bye!'

With much shouting from the children, barking from Mascot, and groanings from the motor-bicycle, which seemed to be afflicted with a peculiarly trying form of asthma, Uncle Opportune rode off.

(*Continued on page* 110.)

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

III.—JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT.

ONE fine May morning in the year 1497 there was great excitement in the old city of Bristowe, for Master John Cabot, the wealthy Venetian merchant, was about to set out on a voyage of discovery, which, it was

expected, would rival that of the famous sailor, Christopher Columbus—another Italian—who five years earlier had sailed westward across the Atlantic and had found a New World.

John Cabot had been living in Bristol for many years, and was considered by the citizens to be quite one of themselves. It was, indeed, as an Englishman that he was now adventuring out into the unknown, for King Henry VII. was his patron—although he would not pay the expenses of the voyage—and it was understood that any new countries which might be discovered would come under English rule. Cabot was a clever, bold, and ambitious man, and he was determined to succeed in his enterprise. He had, however, none of the high ideals of his great countryman, Columbus, who, as we have seen, longed to spread the blessings of civilisation and Christianity among savage races, but was merely a prosperous merchant, far-seeing and businesslike, who hoped to find a short cut to the spice islands of the Far East, and thus to increase his own wealth, and to win renown for his family and for his adopted city.

A modern artist has painted a beautiful picture of Cabot's departure from Bristol, and it shows us what must have happened on that spring day, five hundred years ago, when the people of the city thronged down through the narrow streets to the quay-side to see the last of the travellers and to bid them 'God-speed.'

There is Cabot himself, a stalwart figure in his furred mantle and scarlet hose, and behind him stands his fair-haired son, Sebastian, ready to share in the perils and glory of the great adventure.

Around is a picturesque crowd of citizens, and we see the Mayor in his black robes and wearing his chain of office, the Bishop with crozier and mitre; priests and nuns and children and fine ladies, while as a background to the picture is spread the great painted sail of Cabot's ship, and beyond are the steeples and spires and pointed gables of the old city.

And so the last farewells were said, and the last ropes were cast off, and the good ship *Matthew* set out, down the rocky Avon gorge, where the fresh sea-breezes were mingled with the fragrance of the white hawthorns abloom on Clifton Down above; and out into the wide Severn Sea, where the distant hills of Wales showed blue to the northward. Then—steering clear of the pirate lairs of Lundy—the *Matthew* sailed away, 'down along' the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, past Instowe and Hartland and steep Clovelly, until the estuary opened out into the Irish Channel and led to the great, mysterious Atlantic Ocean beyond.

Like Columbus before him, Cabot was favoured with smooth seas and favourable winds on his outward voyage, and only a few weeks later, on the 14th of June, North America was discovered. The land was first sighted at five o'clock in the morning, and it seems to have been the coast of Nova Scotia. 'Terra Prima Vista,' Cabot called it, and to a large island, seen the same day, he gave the name of St. John. That island itself is now called Newfoundland, but its chief town still keeps the name of the saint on whose midsummer festival day it was first sighted.

John Cabot and his followers landed and took possession of the new country, setting up two flags on the seashore, one being the red cross banner of St. George of England, while the other—for the Venetian did not forget his birthplace—was the lion standard of St. Mark. Then the *Matthew* sailed again, and after coasting along the mainland of America for about three hundred leagues, started on the homeward voyage.

Once again the *Matthew* met with good weather, and in August—within three months of his May-day departure—Cabot was back again in Bristol, where the citizens gave him a splendid welcome and listened eagerly to his stories of skin-clad savages, of white bears, of stag as big as horses, and of enormous shoals of cod and other fish.

A Venetian traveller, who was in England at this time, sent home a description of Cabot's reception, and he tells of how the explorer was dressed in fine silk raiment and how lavish entertainments were given in his honour.

'The English run after him like mad,' this writer says, 'and the King has gained a great part of Asia without stroke of sword.'

Henry himself, however, always a niggardly monarch, does not seem to have been very generous to the explorer, for in his private accounts we find this entry: 'To him that found the New Island, 10*l*.'

John Cabot and his son were not content to rest on their laurels, but began at once to prepare for another voyage across the Atlantic, but the elder man did not live to carry out his purpose.

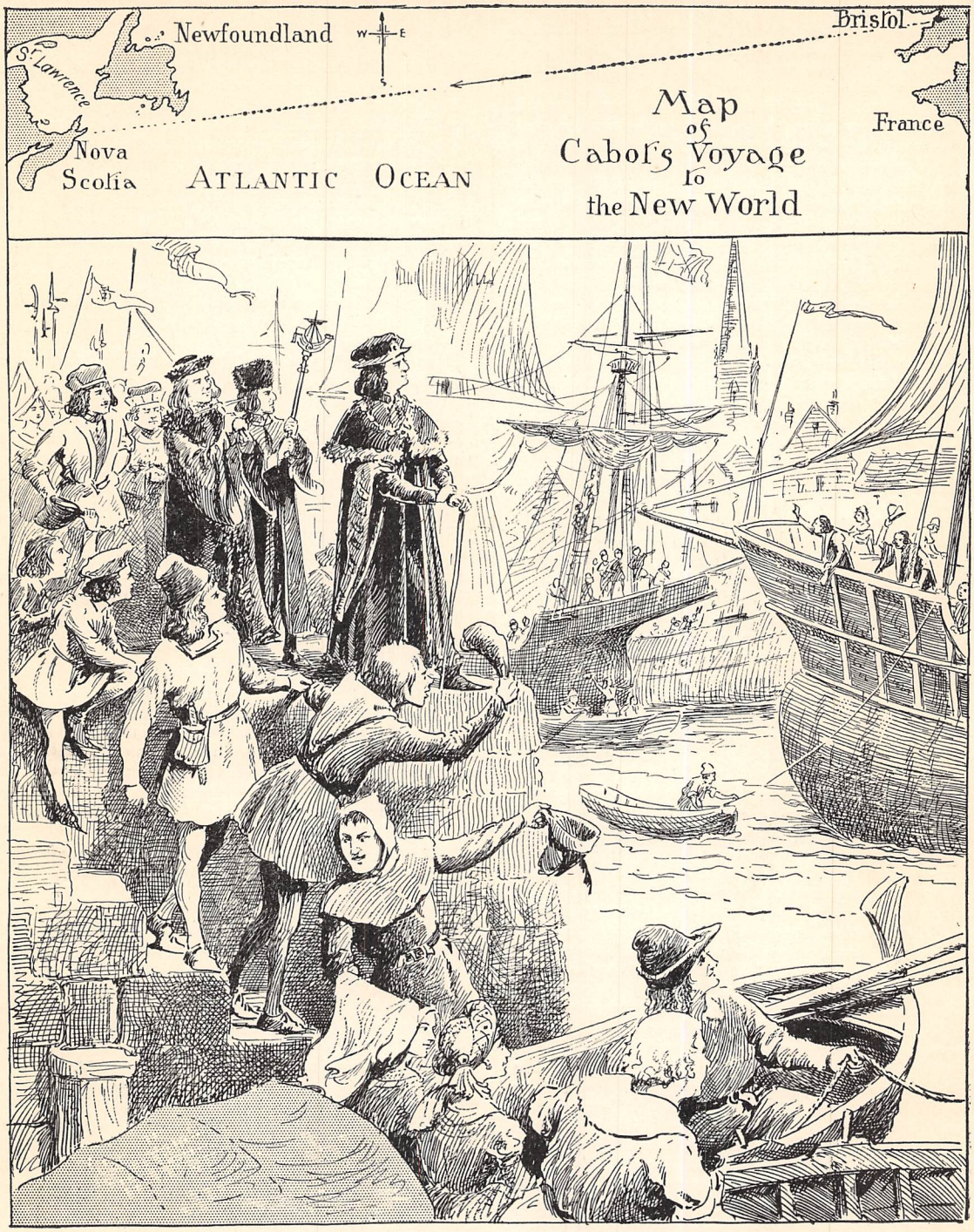
We do not know exactly when his death took place, but it is certain that Sebastian Cabot, and not John, was in command when, in the summer of 1498, the second expedition set out. This time there were two ships instead of only one, and three hundred emigrants were carried, besides cattle, agricultural implements, seeds, and everything necessary for the founding of a new colony.

Sebastian Cabot sailed further north on this voyage, and, after landing his passengers, went on as far as the great inlet now called Hudson's Bay, for he hoped in that direction to find the North-West route to the East Indies, of which his father had dreamed. In this he was unsuccessful, for the cold was so intense, even in July, and such enormous icebergs were encountered, that the crews of the little ships were terrified and forced their commander to abandon his project and sail southward. Cabot then explored the coast of America as far as Florida before returning to England.

This voyage was a disastrous one, although great discoveries were made, for the three hundred colonists who had been landed on the bleak shores of the new world all died, many of them being frozen to death in the bitter cold of those Arctic summer days. Cabot, however, carried other passengers with him when he sailed homeward, for, in an old record, we are told that 'There were brought to the King in 1498 three men taken in New Found Land. They were clothed in skins and ate raw flesh, and spoke such a language as no man could understand.'

On another occasion black hawks were brought to England from America, besides wild cats and popinjays, which were conveyed to the king's palace at Richmond.

Later on, Sebastian Cabot, who seems to have considered—and most likely with good reason—that he was badly treated by Henry VII., went to Spain, but he returned to England in the reign of Edward VI., and having been given a pension, lived for many years, and, besides founding the famous society of the 'Merchant Venturers,' did much to encourage commerce and to increase the prosperity of his adopted country. It is strange to find, however, that even in Bristol there are



"The last farewells were said, and the good ship *Matthew* set out."

few relics or memorials of the great explorer. The only 'souvenir' remaining of his first voyage, indeed, is a rib of a whale which was brought back by the navigators of the *Matthew* in 1497 from the wonderful New Found Land, and which is still preserved—the 'Horn of the Dun Cow' it is called—in the old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, where long ago John Cabot and his son Sebastian used to worship.

A. A. METHLEY.

"Jam tarts, which he was vaguely trying to stuff into his capacious pockets."

THE POLLIWOG.

(*Continued from page* 92.)

HOWEVER dinner arrived at last, and directly it was finished, they ran back to the shore, which was only just down the road and across a strip of grass.

But alas! when they reached the beach, a sad sight met their eyes, or rather did not meet them. No little red and white tent was to be seen cheerfully wobbling in breeze; only the green, sparkling sea, that seemed to have hurried up on purpose, and was now curling and foaming over the very spot where they had left their tent, and various valuable possessions.

'There's not a sign of it,' wailed Kitty. 'Whatever will Auntie say?'

'All our bathing dresses,' said Molly, 'and Mother said she really could not get us any more this year; she was so worried when we dropped the others out of the boat, and the towels—they were the big bath ones and towels are a hideous price!'

The three sat down on the grass, and moodily watched the tide as it came rippling in. I am afraid they hated the tide!

'It was my fault,' said Kitty. I'll take all the blame. I ought to have known better.'

'Rot,' said Dennis. 'We *all* did know better, we knew it was risky, only poor old Mater will be sure to worry; she does have rather a job, getting things now, I know.'

A still deeper gloom settled upon them, till they were startled by a sudden shout.

'It's that Polliwog again,' muttered Dennis, 'but I am not going to look for any more of his old rubbish. It's partly his fault we were late.'

But what was the Polliwog wildly waving? A pair of brown stockings in one hand, a blue and white bathing dress in the other.

'Why, it's my bathing dress,' gasped Kitty. 'He must have found it.'

The children ran up, and found the Polliwog beaming benevolently through his recovered glasses, a small heap of towels and garments at his feet, and the lost tent neatly rolled up by his side.

'The sea was washing it away,' he said pleasantly; 'so I thought I'd better rescue it. Hope your things are all right?'

Anxiously the children counted them.

'Every single thing,' said Kitty gratefully. 'You *are* a brick; we should have got into—well—not exactly a row, but it would have been horrid, and I don't suppose we should have been able to bathe any more these hols., we have unfortunately lost rather a lot of articles already one way and another; we're so careless, Auntie says.'

'So am I,' rejoined their new friend with a burst of confidence. 'I am always losing things.'

Dennis grinned. 'We've noticed that,' he said.

So the children and the Polliwog walked home together in a most friendly manner. Kitty shyly invited him in to tea: Mother had not returned, but the three youngsters were quite capable of doing the honours.

He told them that his name was Leonidas Fitzgould, and he disliked it intensely. The children sympathised with him very much, and explained the name they had given him, which he said he much preferred to his own; it was eventually changed by general consent to 'Uncle Pol.'

'Talking of polliwogs,' he said, 'I am going to the chalk-pit to-morrow to hunt for stone polliwogs—fossils, you know—how would you like to come too, and turn it into a picnic?'

'Oh, lovely!' cried Molly; 'and we know *all* about fossils: we used to look for them last year, with Uncle Ben, and break them out of the rock with the coal hammer, only they got rather smashed.'

So the next day they started very early, calling for the Polliwog at his lodgings, by request.

They found him standing before quite a mountain of cake and jam tarts, which he was vaguely trying to stuff into the capacious pockets of his Norfolk jacket.

'All among the tobacco and snails,' Molly told Mother afterwards.

He seemed very relieved to let the children manage the packing, which they did in a most workmanlike fashion.

(*Concluded on page* 115.)

'IF YOU WERE THE WIND?'

BOY.

'IF you were the wind, oh, say, where would you blow to?'

GIRL.

'Where those I love best are, you know I would go to.'

BOY.

'If they didn't like buffeting, what would you do?'

GIRL.

'I should steal to them gently, and whisper adieu.
Then I'd weep o'er the flowers, and bend each bright head,
Till the air should be sweet with the fragrance they shed.
Then back to my loved one I'd hasten, and say,
"Oh! is not poor Zephyr more welcome to-day?"'

BOY.

'If I were the wind, to the desert I'd rush,
Where only my voice could disturb the deep hush:
I would whirl up the sand till it darkened the sun,
I would howl to myself, and then laugh at the fun.'

GIRL.

'If I were the wind, to the sea I would fly,
And would sweep the dark clouds from the face of the sky;
Then strongly and steadily on I would blow,
Speeding navies and fleets on the way they would go.
A good, useful "Trade-wind" I then should be called,
And gladly they'd welcome me all round the world.'

'BOTANY BAY.'

THERE is in Oxford a 'Botany Bay.' This is a nickname formerly given by undergraduates to Worcester College, the most remote of Oxford's colleges. A curious old custom used to prevail here. Every morning the college porter awakened the residents by hammering on the doorways of every staircase with a wooden mallet.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

BY WILLIAM RAINEY,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 95.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Pater did not raise any objections, so, soon after eleven o'clock I was on the road. Of course I was not in Scout's uniform. I intended to pose as a working boy, and had put on an old coat and pair of trousers and a golf cap that had been kicking about for I don't know how long. With the cap pulled down over my

eyes, my rations done up in a bundle and carried over my shoulder on a hedge stick, I was quite transformed, especially when I stuck the free hand deep into my pocket and slouched along in a hang-dog manner.

I was quite unknown in Fowey, having been there scarcely more than half-a-dozen times — my school lying in the opposite direction; and when we were out scouting we seldom got as far as Fowey. I did not pass through the village, but cut across the fields at the back of our house. Should it fall out that I met any one acquainted with me either on the road or at Fowey, they would not recognise me, I felt perfectly sure—such confidence had I in my disguise. I went along at Scout's pace, except when I sighted any one on the road ahead, then I dropped into my slouching gait; and about half-past twelve I reached the ferry at Bodinnick—Fowey lying before me on the opposite bank of the river.

In case Fowey is unknown to you, I must state that it is a fairly large place at the mouth of the river that runs up to Lostwithiel: it is something of a pleasure resort, a good deal of yachting going on there in the summer-time—that is to say in peace-times. It is the terminus of a branch railway from Plymouth, and there is a fair amount of trade. Ships are moored alongside the quays, taking in cargoes of China-clay, though where the clay goes I do not know—probably to the Pottery districts in Staffordshire. The ground rises from the river, the houses being in tiers one above the other as in Polperro; but they are better houses, many being gentlemen's residences of some pretensions. There are wharves and a good quay beside the river, which is of considerable breadth just here. A ferry-boat plies between Fowey and Bodinnick, and carts, waggons, and cattle are brought over in a 'horse-boat'—a rough construction like a large barge with a platform to it. The horse-boat is pulled over by two men with great sweeps, and a tough bit of rowing it is at times, when the tide is ebbing fast and the water in the middle of the channel going out to sea almost at railway speed. Bodinnick, on our side of the river, is a place of no importance beyond its ferry. The rather steep road from Polperro and Looe makes a curve and descends to the slipway where the boat awaits passengers.

On higher ground, at the corner of a small street, stands the 'Ferry Inn,' owned by Nicholas Tubson, inn-keeper, ferry-man, and boat-builder. The inn is entered at the side, stone steps with an iron rail leading to the door. Opposite is the boat-builder's yard, with its sawpit and litter of timber and a substantial store-house built on brick piers, the space beneath forming a shelter for two or three pleasure-boats and one in course of construction. In a far corner are two or three heaps of coal and piles of logs for firewood, showing that Nick Tubson, as he is called, has still more strings to his bow. Beyond these and a row of cottages in the side-street, Bodinnick has nothing to show.

I stood leaning on the low stone wall that borders the road where it makes its curve and descends to the ferry slipway; there was no one moving but an old fisherman below, who was tarring an upturned boat. There was no one at work in the boat-building yard; if any were engaged there I guessed they were at dinner, for it was about the hour.

I stood cogitating—should I cross the ferry, or should I commence making inquiries for the Gyppo on the Bodinnick side? If he had come this way he would of necessity have to cross the ferry, so my best plan was to wait till the ferry-man appeared and get into conversation with him. The small boat for passengers was at the slipway empty; the horse-boat had left just as I rounded the corner and was now nearing the opposite shore with a horse and cart, a truck, and two or three men. I watched it let down its fore-board and disembark its load when it reached the other side, and presently it began the return journey, curving up stream, for the tide was ebbing: two men stood at the oars, the one swung to it as though well accustomed to the work, the other pawed the water tamely. As they neared me I started: the bungler at the oar was none other than the Gyppo.

I decided not to speak to him when he landed, but to watch him. The boat grounded on the slip, and, being turned away a short distance from the small ferry-boat, was made fast by the man whom I took to be the ordinary ferry-man. The Gyppo, examining the blisters on the palms of his hands unaccustomed to the toil, walked slowly up the slipway in the direction of the boat-building yard.

I changed my position, keeping him in view, as he entered the yard and went to the corner where the logs were stacked, and, seating himself on an upturned basket, selected a chump of wood from the pile and commenced chopping on a block set before him.

I was highly pleased at the ease with which I had found my man, and debated within myself the best way to approach him without arousing suspicion. I was so sure of my disguise that I had not the least fear that he might recognise me; he had seen me but once before, and then only for a few minutes, and I had not taken a prominent part in the transaction of the letter. No, I had no fear of being recognised, but I would wait and watch awhile.

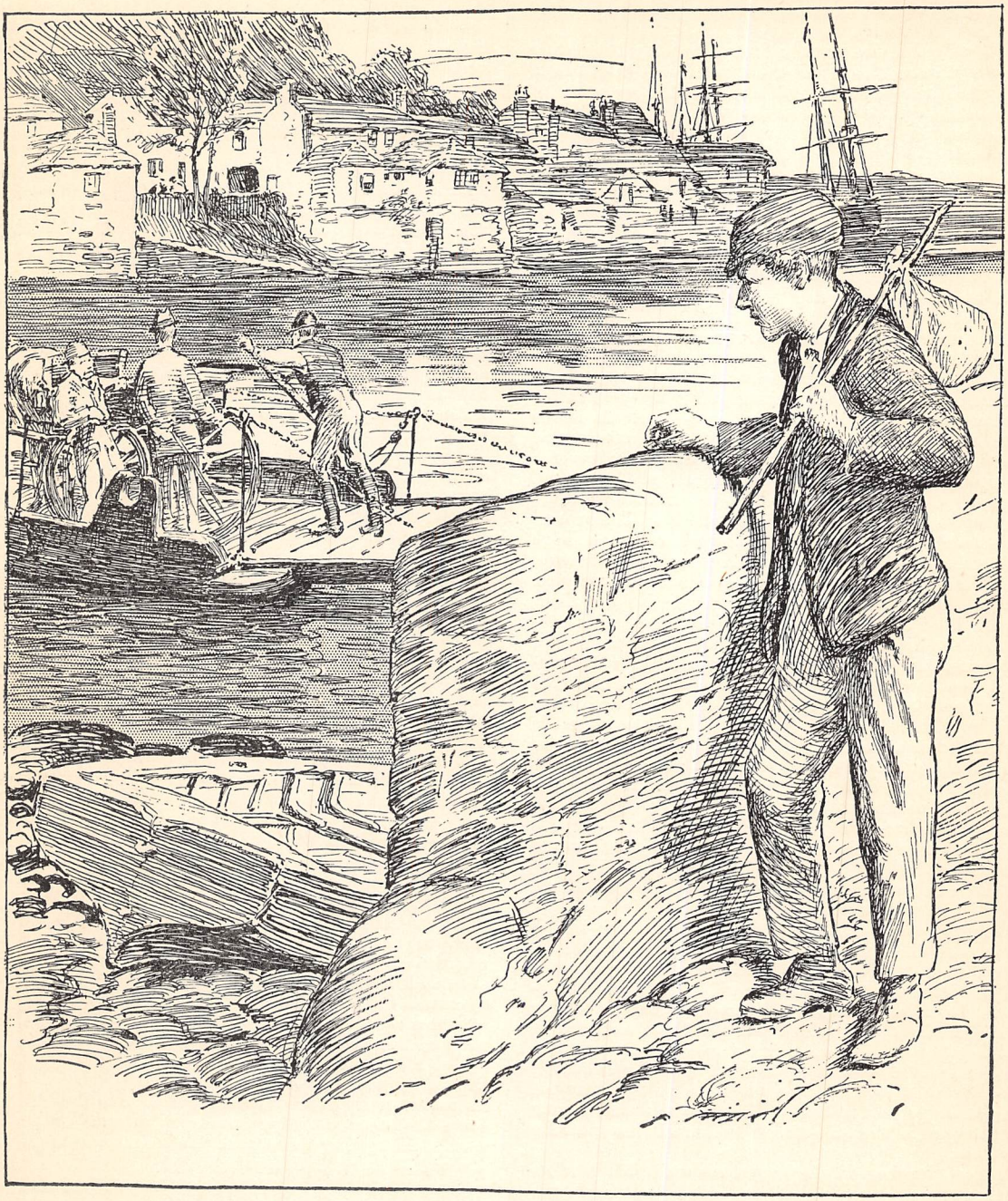
He was scarcely warmed to his work when a butcher's cart came rattling down the hill. A shrill whistle sounded from the water-side. He laid aside his chopper and returned to the slip in the same dawdling manner that we had first noticed at the 'Fish Scales' in Polperro. Almost at the same moment a man made his appearance at the inn door, and slamming it behind him with unnecessary violence, stood on the step looking at the departing horse-boat.

I knew him at once, from Bully Watson's description, to be Nick Tubson, landlord of the inn and proprietor of the ferry. 'Middle-aged man, mutton-chop whiskers, jerky in his movements, and a bit deaf.' Such was Bully's description. It was the mutton-chop whiskers worn rather long that decided me, as they are unusual in these days. He stood on the top step, pulled a short clay pipe out of his waistcoat pocket, lit it, drew at it two or three times, then replaced it in his pocket as if the stem were blocked. He then came down the steps whistling and made toward the ship-yard. Altogether he struck me as rather a good-tempered-looking individual.

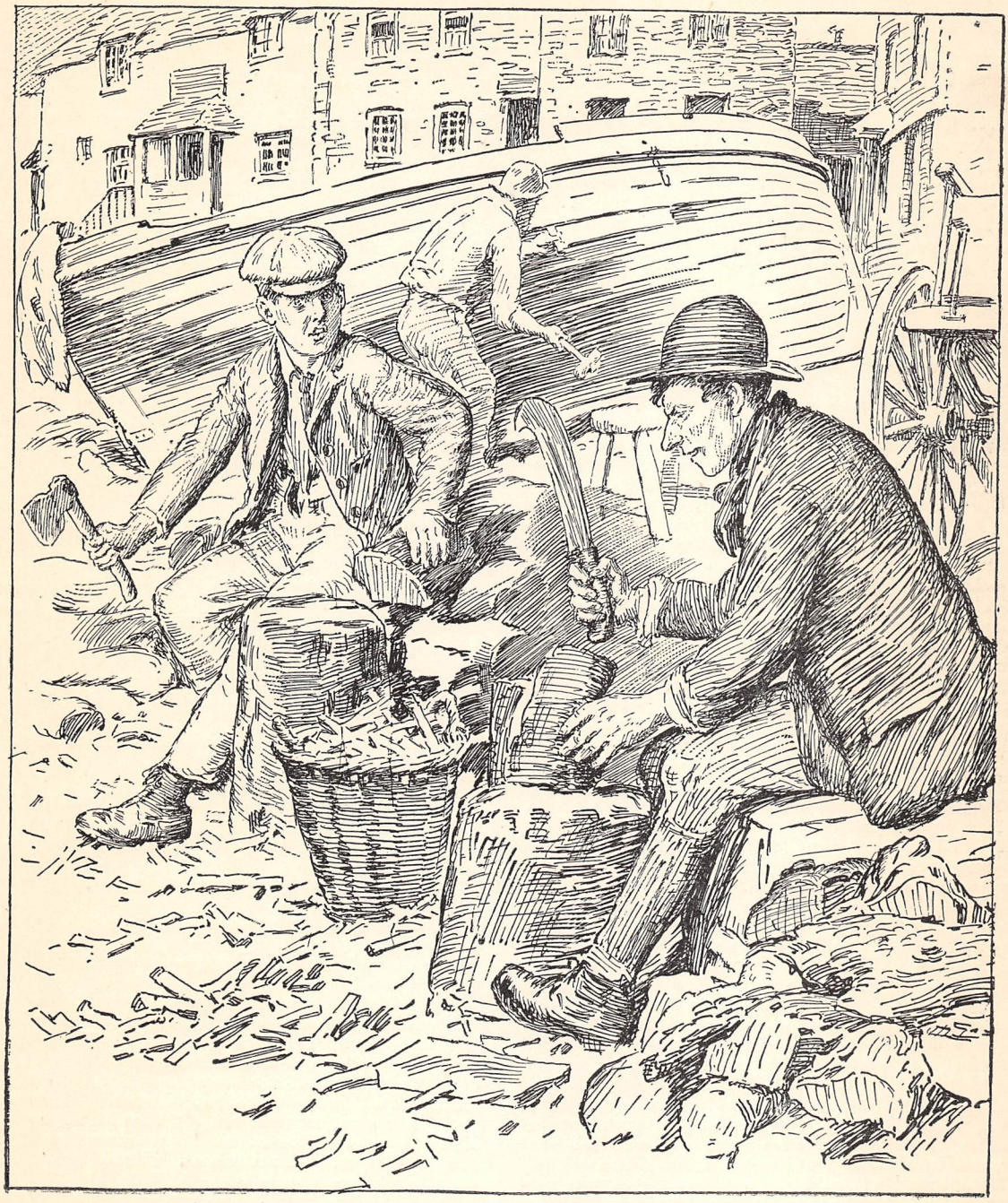
I at once made up my mind on the course I should pursue. I crossed the road and followed him into the yard. He had taken from his trouser pocket a foot-rule and was running it along a plank, making a rough measurement.

'Have you got a job you can give me?' I said.

(*Continued on page* 106.)



"I stood cogitating—should I cross the ferry?"



"I was never so astonished in my life."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 103.)

THERE was no answer; Nick's back remained bent over the plank. I repeated the words more loudly, but he did not hear. It was not till he straightened his back that he became aware of my presence.

'Bless me!' he exclaimed, 'you did give me a start. What do you want? Speak up!'

This I did almost at the top of my voice, repeating the words for the third time.

'Job?' he said. 'What can you do? Are you used to a ship-yard?'

'No,' I replied.

'Well,' said he, 'it's all the same if you were. There's nothing doing in boat-building in these times. You'd better get on to munition work somewhere.'

'I can saw and do a bit of carpentering or any odd jobs. I'm pretty strong and handy,' I shouted.

'Boat-building has gone to the dogs and timber's a thing of the past. Can you chop firewood? Can you pull an oar in a boat?'

'Yes, I can row; I'm used to it.'

'What do you call rowing?—a dinghy, I suppose?—he! he! Could you pull an oar in the horse-boat yonder? I can't always be on the spot when the horse-boat's wanted. I've got a fellow to help my regular man, and a pretty article he is—no more use in a boat than a kangaroo. You look a decent young chap, you could get a place in a shop on the other side—boys are wanted now. Anyhow, you can take a hand at that wood-chopping if you like. Here! make a start on this pile—the other chap is doing that. See how many bushel you can do between now and sundown.'

I seated myself on a grocer's box before a chopping-block, caught up a chopper, and went at it with a will, chuckling to myself at the success of my plan, whilst Nick Tubson moved off to the other side of the yard whistling and occasionally talking to himself—a habit which I suppose arose from his deafness.

It was not long before the Gyppo returned to his wood-pile. I kept my head bent over my work, neither looking up nor speaking, and he, on his part, took no notice of me. This went on for about an hour, with no sound between us but a grunt now and again from the Gyppo when he got hold of a particularly obstinate chump of wood. I had adopted a rather knowing device picked up from an artist who occasionally visited Polperro: it was simply two small holes cut in my cap, or better still in a slouch hat, through which I could observe everything before me without raising my head. Thus I appeared to be engrossed in my work, but was in reality taking sly glances round. I found this very useful in making notes and sketches. The old cap I was wearing pulled down over my eyes was perforated in this manner, so I was able to keep Mr. Nick Tubson and the Gyppo under observation.

The former had turned his attention to an old boat that lay near the store. It was propped on one side so as to allow of his getting at its sides and bottom; the thwarts had already been repaired, and he was now patching the bottom in two or three places and caulking the seams. He squatted beneath the boat in a very uncomfortable position, which made it necessary for him to rise and stretch his back from time to time. On these occasions, when the tap—tap—tap of the mallet ceased, we heard him whistling or addressing the boat in uncomplimentary terms, and I noticed that he invariably craned his neck to get a glimpse over the wall at the landing slip on the far side of the river, then turned his head and glanced at the store, pushing his cap from his forehead, frowning, and scratching his head.

This was repeated so many times that I came to the conclusion that he was on the look-out for some one from Fowey, the store having some connection with the expected visitor.

So we went on, as I say, for about an hour. Chop, chop, chop and a grunt from the Gyppo. Tap, tap, tap from Nick Tubson's mallet; a few notes of whistling that had no relation to any tune; an exclamation and muttered remarks 'rotten old tub—not worth troubling about—now then!' Then the whistle from the water-side which I had before heard, was repeated, the Gyppo put down his chopper, rose and slouched out of the yard and down to the slips to lend a hand with the horse-boat. When he returned and resumed work on the wood-pile without showing any disposition to open a conversation, I thought it time I made a start if I was ever to learn anything from him.

'Pretty tough chumps of wood,' said I.

'Fairish,' he replied, without lifting his head.

'Jolly tough, I think.'

'All right if you take 'em with the grain.'

'Some of them are all knots, and these rooty ones are precious tough.'

'Umph,' he grunted, and said nothing more.

It appeared that my attempt was a failure. After a few moments I tried again.

'How much does the Boss give a bushel for chopping the wood?'

'Tuppence,' he replied.

'We shan't get fat on that,' I said. There was no reply.

'Nice sort of man the Boss?'

'Fairish.'

'Are you on piece-work or time?

'Time.'

I was becoming desperate at not being able to find an opening.

'Nice sort of place this Fowey—I think I shall like working here.'

'Better than scouting at Polperro?' he said.

I was never so astounded in my life. I looked at him, he had not so much as raised an eyelid. He had recognised me in spite of my dress and my slangy way of talking; I must say I was mortified as well as astonished at the failure of my disguise. There was not a smile, not a wink, not a flicker of the eyelid. He continued chopping in his listless manner as if he had made the most casual remark. It took the breath out of me for some minutes.

'You knew me, then!' I said at last.

'First squint,' he replied. 'Saw you coming down the road before the horse-boat started.'

'You've got tolerably sharp eyes, then.'

'Fairish. Not such a fool as I look. Can pretty well guess what you're up to.'

Seeing there was no good in trying to hide things, I thought it best to tell everything concerning Dicky, but said as little as possible about Tallerman & Co. He did not require much telling, he had guessed it all.

'It's no business of mine,' he said 'I don't want to be mixed up with no kidnapping job, I've got my living to get.'

'No, I shouldn't think you did, it's a serious matter, but you have already mixed yourself up in it. The best thing you can do is to help me find him and get him back to his friends without any fuss with the police.'

'Can't,' he replied, 'he's too well watched.'

'Do you know where he is?' I asked.

'Perhaps I do and perhaps I don't,' he said. 'Perhaps he's in that store yonder!'

I gave a violent start, looking round at the store. Dicky in that store, within a stone's throw of me! Could it be possible?

'Double-locked,' continued the Gyppo, 'two doors, one inside the other. You watch: about five o'clock they'll take him some food.'

'What do they intend doing with him?'

'Can't say for certain. "There's many a slip," you know. But I don't want to be mixed up in it. See that ship yonder, on the other side, the one with two masts: they're getting the cargo aboard and it'll sail in a couple of days; perhaps he will go in it as cabin-boy, or apprentice, or passenger, but he won't get a return ticket. I'm not so stupid as folk think. Mr. Nick Tubson is deaf, and people have to speak too loud; besides he talks too much to himself to be a safe man. If it's something special they want to say, they write it on a piece of paper. I can read writing as well as print—see?'

'This Nick Tubson must be a thorough scoundrel,' I said.

'Pretty fairish—perhaps he can't help himself. He's got in with a bad lot and they're too much for him.'

(*Continued on page* 118.)

BELAUDED BETONY.

FLOWERS, like the rest of us, have their several characters—good, bad, and indifferent.

Betony is a much-praised wild flower. Our ancestors used to say, 'Sell your coat and buy betony'; and a Spanish proverb says, 'He has as many virtues as betony.' The plant was praised also by the 'hermit'—old 'Doctor' Bell, who was turned out of Hainault Forest—and it is still used in medicine.

What an excellent thing it is to bear a good character!

THANKS TO EDMONDSON.

THOMAS EDMONDSON deserves our thanks. It is not very amusing to stand in a queue at the railway booking office waiting for your ticket, but your wait would be far longer had not Edmondson invented the ticket printing machine.

Previous to this invention, a paper ticket had to be filled up by hand for each passenger; in still earlier times the name and address of every traveller was entered in a book. What a slow process it must have been!

It is pleasant to be able to record that, unlike some other inventors, Edmondson profited fairly well by his discovery. For a licence to use his patent he charged yearly ten shillings per mile of railway. Thus he did not, as people say, 'do badly.'

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

'TIS a very sad story I have to relate,
Of a quarrel that happened beside our own grate,
And really it grieves me such things should transpire
In a well-ordered mansion, and near a bright fire.
Well, as I was sitting quite silent and mute,
I first heard the Poker begin the dispute;
And he said to the Tongs (who was close by his side),
'It is time you abandon your folly and pride,
And, really, I think you must candidly own
How very absurd and conceited you've grown,
That you venture to say you're more needed than I,
When for days quite unheeded and useless you lie.
Then all that you do is to make a great racket,
And elbow me out of my place on the bracket;
And Mary the housemaid said, only this morning,
She really did think she must give Mistress warning:
You gained her no credit, but only a scold;
You were always so tiresome, rusty, and old.'
'As to *old*,' said the Tongs, 'I'm the same age as you,
The Fender and Shovel, the same ages too;
We were bought all together—I'd thank you to be
A bit more respectful in manner to me;
For *I* have a mission *you* could not fulfil,
While stupid and helpless you have to lie still.
You can stick your black nose into many a hole,
But when could you ever pick up a live coal?
I grant that you often can stir up a flame,
But you're no sort of use to extinguish the same;
While only last week I took hold of a cinder,
And saved the best rug being burnt into tinder.
I care not for Mary, that impudent wench,
Who tries my unfortunate hinges to wrench;
It is she who my beauty and brightness will spoil,
By her folly in using sand-paper and oil.
'Tis her idleness only, and no fault of mine;
If I only were burnished, I *know* I could shine!'
The Shovel joined in here—'What fools you two are,
Not to know that I'm really more needed by far!
You, Poker! have only one thing you can do;
You, Tongs! can but pick up a cinder or two;
While I can replenish the whole of the fire.
'Tis my business to see that it does not expire;
I scrape up the ashes, I put on the coal—
Indeed, 'tis my place to attend to the whole.'

Some wood that was burning, now gave a loud pop,
And said, 'Fire-irons! I beg you will stop,
For I have one word just to say to you all,
Before into dust and to ashes I fall:
Would it not be far wiser to work, than to boast
About which one among you is doing the most?
You each have your duties for which you were made,
And should all be contented alike with your trade.
Let each mind the business that to him belongs,
And be useful as Poker, or Shovel, or Tongs.'

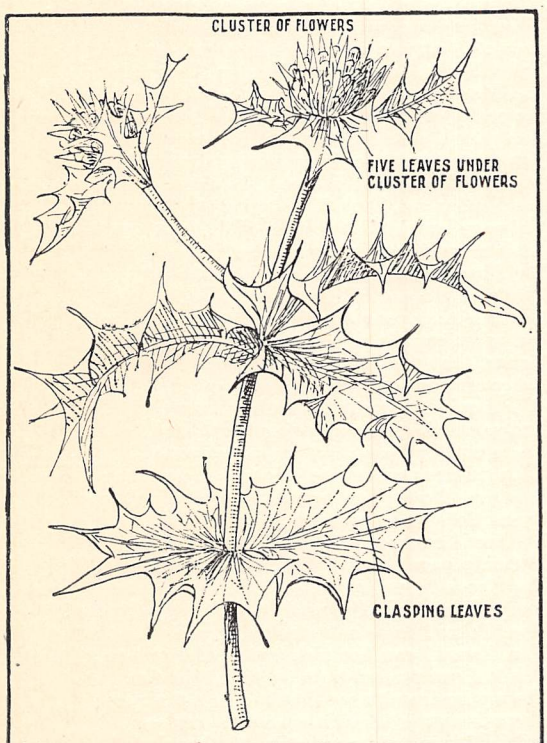
These were the last words of the sensible Spark,
As he fell into ashes, and left the room dark;

While I thought, this same warning us mortals will
suit,
There is work for us all, and no need to dispute.
If each did his duty and none tried to shirk,
The division of labour would save half the work;
The useful among us have no time to spare,
So let *Deeds*, and not *Words*, be the motto we bear.

FLOWERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

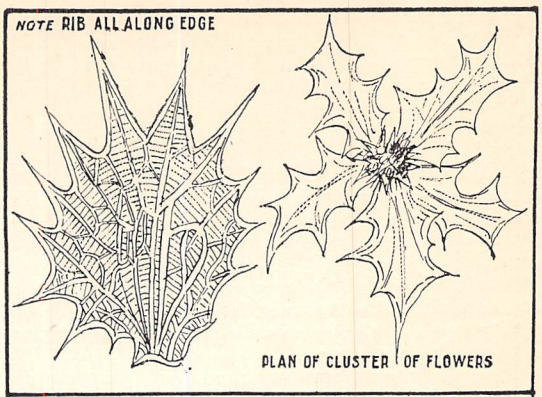
III.—SEA HOLLY, ASPARAGUS, SANDWORT, AND PURSLANE.

I PROPOSE to start this article with a description of one of the very best-known and prettiest of sea-shore flowers, viz., Sea Holly, or Sea Eryngo. This beautiful plant is found on many sandy shores, and is a most noticeable feature when it does take up its abode



1. SPRIG OF SEA HOLLY

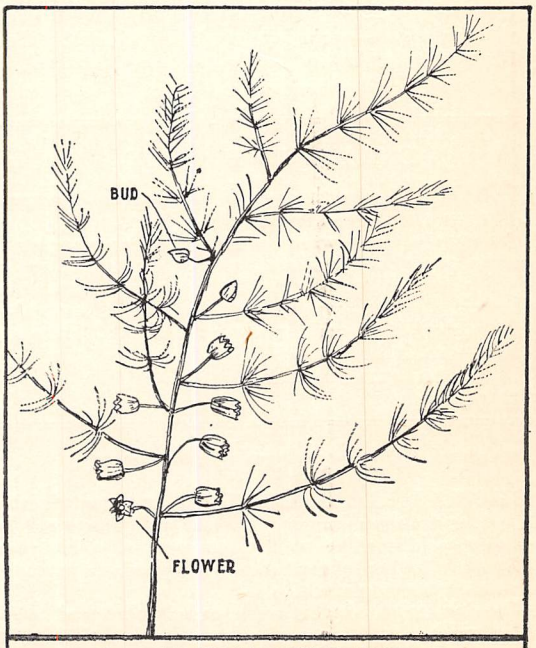
anywhere. It is a stout plant growing to be about a foot to eighteen inches in height. The whole plant has a blue-grey colour, very little real green being about it at all. It is a well-armoured plant, for it is prickly in every part—real hard pricks too, which make it difficult to gather. It is supposed that these prickles are for a protection to prevent animals from eating the plants. The roots of this plant are very large and deep-seated; they are succulent, and in olden times they were cut up into sections, candied, and eaten as a tonic. This pre-



2. DETAILS OF LEAF OF SEA HOLLY & PLAN OF CLUSTER OF FLOWERS

paration was of considerable value and fetched a high price. I see it mentioned in old herbals and other old books on Botany, but I don't think this preparation is made in these days.

The roots throw up stiff round stems of a grey-blue colour, sometimes tinged with crimson. Where these branch, which they do frequently, clasping, stalkless leaves develop. These are roughly in three lobes, and they are fringed with sharp spikes. There are other leaves which are stalked and rise from the ground; these are very like the other, and quite as spiky. These leaves are of a grey-blue colour, sometimes nearly green (say sea-green), and they are most beautifully veined

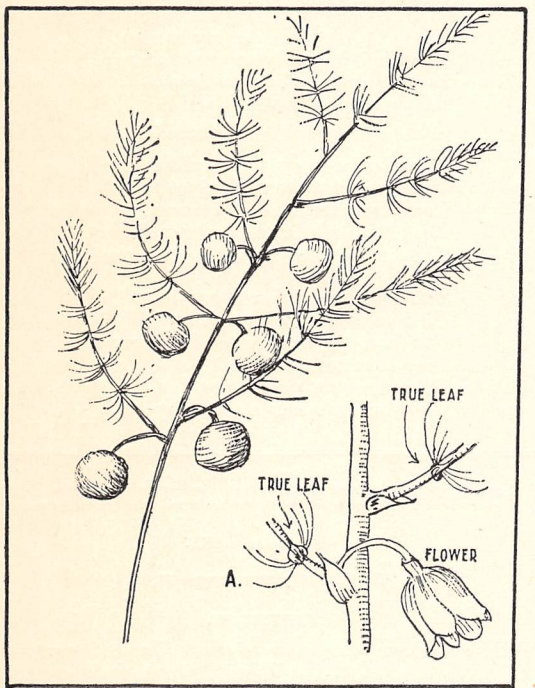


3. SPRIG OF ASPARAGUS IN FLOWER

with white veins which are very clearly seen on the backs of the leaves.

In fig. 1 is a sprig of Sea Holly in which you can see most of the details. The flowers are arranged in a head almost ball-shaped, though this plant belongs to the family which has flat heads of flowers, like Fool's Parsley and similar flowers. In this case, a casual observer would say it must belong to the family of Thistles, but he would be wrong.

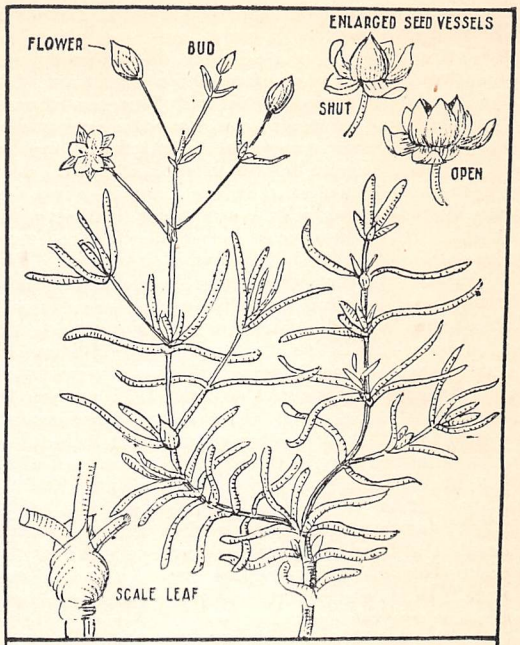
This head of blue flowers is surrounded by a set of five prickly leaves; this I show in fig. 2, where I have drawn the view of a head one gets when looking down on it, so that you can see the five distinct leaves. The



4. SPRIG OF ASPARAGUS IN BERRY

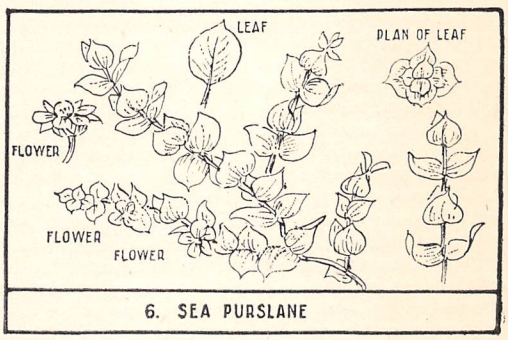
flowers themselves are very small and are set among a lot of scales. This plant is generally in bloom from about the end of June to the end of August. It is always worth gathering a bunch, for if you keep it in a dry place, it will keep all the winter without water, its only change being that it becomes rather whiter. I have read that in Sweden the young shoots are eaten instead of asparagus. Look out for this interesting plant, and you will be sure to find it sooner or later.

Speaking of asparagus reminds me that this is a sea-shore plant, or was at one time. It is still found sometimes, but only in a few places in England. Around the shores of Cornwall and up the coast of Wales it is occasionally found. It is just like our garden plant, but it is a little smaller, which is easy to understand because when we grow asparagus we generally *feed* it well! Have you ever examined a piece of the fluffy green tops of this plant? You know we eat the undeveloped shoots; they are cut down below the ground as soon



5. SEA SANDWORT

as they begin to show. The green tops which are so much used at harvest festivals for decoration are the developed shoots which were left. Here, in fig. 3, I show a tiny bit in *flower:* did you know it flowered? I doubt it, although I expect you have seen the bright red berries, and you know you cannot have berries without flowers. This plant belongs to the same family



6. SEA PURSLANE

as our lilies and bluebells, and you will find these flowers are like tiny bells and they are cream-colour. Another thing which I want to point out is that the green tufts on the stems are not true leaves, they are really branches, and if you examine the next piece of asparagus-top you meet, you will find that there are tiny scale leaves at the bases of those tufts, and *they* are the true leaves. At fig. 4, I show you a piece in berry, in case you do not know it. These berries are of a bright red colour. I also show a tiny piece enlarged to show distinctly the scale true leaves (A).

To-day, I have had sent to me from Devonshire (Ilfracombe, to be exact) a box of sea-shore plants, and my next specimen is one of them. Here in fig. 5, I give a drawing of a small piece of Sea Sandwort. This tiny little flower grows on the sandy beaches of many shores. Its slender stems spread over the sand in quite large patches from a root which bores quite a long way into the sand. I have before me a plant which would cover a square foot of sand and in the middle is a long stem-like root which has no rootlets for quite six inches but is smooth and brown, so I conclude it had to burrow some way down before it found what it wanted. From the top of this root about twenty slender branches spread in all directions and from them spread slender leaves which are cylindrical in section but quite fine, no thicker than a thick darning-needle. From the point where these leaves spring, there is a very distinct but scaly leaf which clasps the stem. This I show enlarged in my illustration. The leaves proper occur in opposite pairs, but more often than not there is quite a tuft of smaller leaves in the angle between the leaf and the stem; this is a peculiarity of this plant. The tiny mauvy-pink flowers are carried on slender stalks and the pinky petals are often shorter than the green sepals surrounding them. The stamens are yellow and their anthers (the tops, you know) are large for such a small flower. When the flower decays, the green sepals close round the central seed-vessel which becomes quite fat, so that the ripening seed-vessel looks like a rather large flower-bud. If you open out the sepals, you find that the seed-vessel is a capsule which will eventually open by splitting into three; the cracks can be seen in the young seed-vessels. The seeds are brown and flat and numerous. I show enlarged details of the seed-vessels. Sea Sandwort belongs to the same natural order as the stitchworts of the inland hedges in early spring and it certainly has a strong likeness to them, but of course is very small.

There is yet another near relation to this plant which is quite common and is often found in close companionship with the Sandwort; this is the Sea Purslane. It is even smaller than the last and becomes quite a tangle when it grows on the shore. It spreads into big patches like the last-named, but its leaves are egg-shaped and fleshy and occur in opposite pairs in such a way that they form four rows of leaves right along the stems. I have tried to show this in my illustration in fig. 6. The flowers are very small and easily overlooked, because they never open except in the sunshine. They are white and are carried in the axils of the leaves on rather short stalks. Like the last, the seed-vessels are rather large. It blooms rather early in the summer. The four rows of leaves is the detail by which the plant can most easily be recognised, because there is no other plant which grows on the sea-shore carries its leaves at all in this way, so be on the look-out for this peculiarity.

E. M. Barlow.

THE FIRST GAS-LAMP.

We owe the gaslight of London to a Mr. Winsor, who, in spite of opposition, succeeded in forming a company. London's first gas-lamp appeared in 1809, when it was set up in Pall Mall, which for some years continued to be the only thoroughfare so illuminated. In Pall Mall, too, it was that the more modern electric light was first used for street purposes.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER PUZZLED.

I've a garden of my own;
In my garden is a mound,
On the mound there daisies are
In a pattern like a star,
And gravel walks all round.

All my garden has a border,
All the border is of shells;
The shells are put all round the beds
Where little flowers lift up their heads,
Or hang their pretty bells.

Lots of things grow in my garden,
Heaps of things I've planted there;
Best of all there is some cress,
That grows in letters E and S
So I should know it anywhere.

I wonder how my garden did it!
What could make it think of S?
I wonder how it came to know.
That E's for Edward, and not O,
That it should come up in the cress!

Smith perhaps will come up next!
I'll go and watch it every day;
For though the other seedlings grow
Only in a great round O,
I'll go and watch it every day,
For wonders never cease, they say.

J. E. C. F.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 98.)

CHAPTER VI.

The children stood and watched Uncle Opportune till a bend in the road hid him from their view.

'Funny for a naturalist to ride a motor-bike. I always thought they went about on tip-toe, and all that sort of thing,' observed Billy, as they turned to go back to the camping-ground.

'Well, so he does, part of the time,' said Humphrey. 'You see, he goes ever so far, to other woods than this, and of course it is jolly useful to him—the bike, I mean—in getting from place to place. But I wonder we did not hear him coming this morning.'

'I know how that was,' put in Nora. 'He said that he had left the bike where we found it just now, very late last night. He had been in the woods for a tramp before he came into our camp.'

'Well now, what is the programme for this morning?' asked Martin, as they reached the caravan once more.

'Making the camp tidy, first of all. Our beds aren't made, and you have left the tent up,' said Janet briskly. 'Then we must go down to the village about Slowsure.'

'I suppose that's your horse, isn't it?' asked Tickato.

'Yes; he is jolly slow, but sure as a rule,' answered Martin. 'I say, now, you and Billy must be our cousins for the future.'

The twins stared at him in surprise.

'But we haven't any cousins. Mother told us that before we left India,' said Tickato.

'We've lots of great-aunts and uncles, and that's about all,' supplemented her brother.

'Oh! I did not mean real relations, but the same sort that Uncle Opportune is to us,' explained Martin. The children had all seated themselves about the camp fire for what Humphrey called a council of war.

'Yes, I think it would be nice if we were cousins. It makes us all feel more at home with one another,' said Janet thoughtfully.

'We don't mind. In fact, I think it is rather jolly of you to suggest it. Can we call Uncle Opportune that too?' asked Billy.

'What, call him "uncle" do you mean? Of course you can. He's very fond of being uncle, or at least he says he is. That's settled then,' said Martin. 'Now we shall have to get busy, I suppose. Heigho! I don't feel very energetic at present.'

'No wonder, after last night,' said Humphrey; and they sat for a few minutes longer, talking over their alarm of the night and early morning, and of its end.

'You ought to have told us,' said Janet; but the boys only laughed, and said a few crushing things about people who screamed at the sight of a mouse.

Then all fell to work at tidying the camping-ground. Humphrey and Janet were the directors of labour, and Billy and Tickato had to take their share in the toil. Billy was delighted to do this, and so was his sister for a short time, but Tickato's energy never lasted long. She was rather delicate, and very much spoiled, and she always had done exactly as she wished when at home in India with her parents. Now, after the breakfast crockery—which was mostly of the enamelled sort—was washed up and stored away in the little cupboard reserved for it at one end of the caravan, she said, quite frankly, that she did not mean to do any more.

'Oh, but Tickato, you must do your share! We have each to make our own part of the caravan tidy, and your bunk is not put straight, or anything,' protested Nora.

'I don't care! I hate work like that. I shall leave it as it is. It will be all ready for to-night,' said Tickato, looking with an expression of great unconcern at the untidy muddle of blankets that adorned her sleeping-place. In the caravan were three bunks—just like shelves the little girl thought them—which let down at night and made quite comfortable resting-places. They were shut up close against the wall in the day-time, and the blankets were folded neatly and put away in a large locker.

'I will do yours this time, but you will have to do it if you are to stay here and be a really good camping cousin,' said Janet, not without a hint of severity in her tone.

Tickato glanced at this tall girl, with her grave face and long brown pigtail. She was nice, of course, and when she smiled there was a lot of real sunny light in her brown eyes. But she could look rather fierce at times, and just for a moment the little girl felt slightly awed. Janet was so much older than she was—she must be almost grown up. 'I'll do it. I'm sorry I said that,' she said, in a strangely meek tone which would have astonished Billy had he been there to hear.

'That's right, then! I think it is lots nicer if we each do our bit,' said Janet approvingly, as she helped Tickato to fold blankets and put everything straight. 'You see, it is not fair if one or two have all the work, and so we always try to do our own particular jobs, and to share the other things, like getting meals, between us.'

Janet had seen from the first that, though Billy might be a pleasant addition to their party, Tickato would in all probability prove a 'handful.' It was so clear that the young lady liked, and expected to have, her own way in everything. Uncle Opportune had seen this too, and it was this that had caused him to make that remark about it being good for the little girl to stay with the caravanners for a time.

'Now we must go down to the village; it is only about a mile and a half from here,' said Humphrey, when at last all the work was done. The boys had taken up their tent and stowed it away in the caravan, they had brought a good supply of water from the stream, and had made up the camp fire. They had also washed a number of large potatoes, ready for baking in the camp fire later on.

'I have to go to get some things from the grocer's,' said Janet. 'We can go there while you boys go to get Slowsure—if he is better.'

'We shall have to go and see how he is, in any case. But I think we had better not bring him back to the camp, as Uncle is going to take us out this afternoon. You see, it wouldn't do to leave him alone here, would it?' said Humphrey.

'Oh, no, of course not.' Janet frowned a little and glanced about her, as she made this reply. 'I wonder if we are wise to leave the caravan quite alone?' she added; 'it is really very lonely.'

'Oh, there is no danger,' said Martin.

'I don't want to go for a walk. I will stay here and look after it,' said Tickato, suddenly.

'You? Why, you are only a——' began Martin; but Humphrey interrupted him by saying:

'If you and Billy would both stay, with Mascot to keep you company, it would be a good thing. You see, you could keep the fire going, and put the potatoes in to bake at the right time, in case we happened to be hindered.'

'Righto! I should like to stay. Anything else you want done?' asked Billy.

'No, there isn't anything else, except to put the kettle on, perhaps. It is filled. Uncle likes coffee after dinner,' said Janet; and with that the four Warreners bade the twins good-bye, and with one or two cautions about setting themselves alight, and going into the wood and getting lost again, they went off.

'Now, this is jolly, isn't it?' asked Billy, as he stretched himself out beside the camp fire, with a book that Humphrey had brought from the caravan for him to read.

'Ripping!' agreed Tickato, already deep in a fairy story lent her by Nora.

'Better than going to stay with Uncle Francis,' added Billy, as he munched an apple given him by Janet.

'I always said I should stay here. It only shows I was right,' said Tickato, who had conveniently forgotten how she had longed, when they were lost yesterday, to be safely with Uncle Francis, however cross he turned out to be.

(*Continued on page* 114.)

"'Tickato, you must do your share!'"

"Digging frantically."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 111.)

FOR a time there was silence. Mascot sat in the sun and kept one eye on the twins, with whom he had already become good friends. The other eye he kept on the look-out for rabbits. Evidently he felt that another for dinner would be welcome. The twins were tired with all the tramping that they had had yesterday, and were really glad to keep still with nothing to do.

The morning wore on. They ate the apples and slabs of gingerbread given out by Janet just before she left, and at last Tickato's story was finished and she felt sufficiently rested to begin to long for something to do. 'Have you put the potatoes on, Billy?' she asked.

'No; yes, I have. I did it ages ago,' mumbled Billy, who was deep in the most thrilling chapter of his book.

It was obvious that the kettle was on, since it hung there in front of her eyes, so Tickato looked round wondering what there was that she could do. 'What are we having for dinner, Billy?'

'I don't know. Do shut up, there's a good girl.'

'I shall not shut up. We haven't said anything for ages and ages. I want to do something now. What shall we do?'

'I'm going to finish this tale,' said Billy, very decidedly. 'You can do whatever you like.'

As a rule her twin was ready to amuse her, but Tickato knew that when Billy had got his head right into a story it was hopeless to try to drag him away. She got to her feet slowly and looked around. It was beautifully bright and sunny, and the light falling on a clump of brambles not far away put an idea into her head. 'I know! Blackberries! Mummy says they are lovely. I will go and look for some.'

Of course, it was too early to find ripe berries—they were only green, or just turning red—but Tickato did not know this. She wanted something to do, and she had an idea that she might get enough of the fruit for Janet to make into a fruit tart. The children had a little oil cooking-stove for use when the weather was wet, and this had a tiny oven in which, so Nora said, they sometimes baked tarts and cakes.

Off went Tickato, followed closely by Mascot, who had also grown tired of inaction. Billy did not notice his sister's departure, so absorbed was he in the doings of his hero.

Tickato, in her search, wandered into the wood along a narrow, winding path, that must, she thought, be the one they had arrived by the night before. 'There aren't any berries, are there, Mascot? But it is holly, isn't it, old fellow?'

The terrier wagged his tail. He quite approved of what Tickato was doing. He grew tired often of keeping watch over the caravan. Now he darted in and out amongst the trees, digging frantically every little while in the dried leaves, pretending that he was about to turn out a rabbit.

'What have you got? It it anything nice?' called out Tickato at last, when the dog was unusually reluctant to leave one of his holes. He had thrown up a tremendous mound of earth, and was scratching and sniffing and digging with frantic haste.

Mascot paused to glance at her. In his doggy eyes was the answer, 'Come and see.' Then he went on with his digging. Tickato's curiosity was aroused. They had had dogs at home, and she loved them, and understood their ways. She saw that Mascot wanted her to come to help him, so she left the path and pushed her way towards him through the undergrowth, which was unusually thick in that spot.

'Hello, what have you got? It really is something; but it isn't a rabbit or a rat,' said Tickato, kneeling down on the ground and peering into the hole that the dog had made. She could just see that he had unearthed a corner of some package wrapped in dark oilskin. Evidently some one had buried something there. What could it be? With fingers that trembled with excitement the little girl scraped away at the earth, helped vigorously by Mascot's strong fore paws. Between them they soon brought to view the entire package, measuring about a foot and a half square and a foot deep. Tickato lifted it in her earth-stained hands, and was astonished to feel how light it was. She had read stories of hidden treasure, and the things hidden had always been wonderful jewels, quite priceless, of course, and tremendously heavy. But this was almost as light as a feather! How disappointing! The little girl shook it gently to and fro, while Mascot watched her, his ears cocked at an intelligent angle and his eyes bright with curiosity.

'It's nothing that rattles,' Tickato told him. 'The question is, what can it be?'

CHAPTER VII.

Tickato stood for a moment, the package in her hands, pondering deeply. It was treasure of some kind—she was sure of that. Why else should it have been buried there in the wood? Some one wanted to put their valuables in a safe place.

A safe place! Tickato wondered, for the first time, whether she had any right to take what she had found. She had been on the point of going away back to the caravan with her find, but now she hesitated. It belonged to some one. Ought she not to put it back into the ground, and cover it up, so that its owner might find it when he returned for it?

'But it may be something that's been stolen, or lost, or something like that,' said the little girl to herself; 'and of course, if it is, I should be doing quite right to take it away. We might get to know whose it was, and give it back to them.'

All this time Mascot sat watching the little girl intently. He had found the package, and now Tickato became suddenly conscious of a fishy smell. She sniffed daintily at the oilskin wrappings of the parcel, and then screwed her nose up into a grimace.

'Ugh! It does smell fishy and horrid,' she told Mascot. 'I know now why you found it, old man. You smelt the fishiness, and that's what excited you so. But I *do* wonder what it has got inside it.'

Mascot drummed on the ground with his stump of a tail. He said, as plainly as he could speak, 'Why don't you open it, or else take it back to the camp? What are you waiting for?' His doggy intelligence told him that if a thing smelt of fish outside, it ought to taste of fish inside, and once or twice he sprang at Tickato, placing his fore paws on her arms, and sniffing at the package, or licking it.

'Well, let's take it to camp and talk to Billy about it,' said Tickato at last, making up her mind that it would be foolish to leave the parcel where she had

found it. 'For who knows that it is not something that's been lost for ages and ages—somebody's hidden treasure for want of which they are starving in a garret,' said she, as she turned and began walking back to the path.

Mascot bounded along with her, pleased enough to be on the move once more. He led the way back to the camp. Had it not been for his guidance, Tickato might have missed her way, for so many other paths crossed hers that she might easily have turned into one of these, by mistake, and so been completely lost once moro. Mascot, however, was in no doubt at all as to the direction in which lay their camping-ground, and Tickato left it all to him.

'Because you will be sure to go the shortest way,' she told him. 'It must be almost dinner-time, for I am ever so hungry.'

(*Continued on page* 126.)

MAY SONG.

MAY is here: the world rejoices;
Earth puts on her smiles to greet her,
Grove and field lift up their voices,
Leaf and flower come forth to meet her.
Happy May—blithesome May!
Winter's reign has passed away.

Birds through every thicket calling,
Wake the woods to sounds of gladness:
Hark! the long-drawn notes are falling,
Sad, but pleasant in their sadness.
Happy May—blithesome May!
Winter's reign has passed away.

Earth to heaven lifts up her voices;
Sky and field and wood and river;
With their heart our heart rejoices;
For this gift we praise the Giver.
Happy May—blithesome May!
Winter's reign has passed away.

'GETTING INTO A SCRAPE.'

WE are constantly using expressions in our English language without knowing their meaning or origin.

This phrase of 'getting into a scrape,' although for a considerable time in the north used with knowledge of its sourse, is still a little mysterious, and some light seems to be thrown on it now that the game of golf is such a world-wide amusement, and not confined to Scotland, its original home.

Some years ago a law was passed that rabbits were to be prevented from burrowing (or making 'scrapes,' as their holes were called) on the golfing links of St. Andrew's.

That law, however, does not seem to have been carried out, and the rabbits seem still to have gone on making their 'scrapes.'

If a golfer's ball got into one, it was such a serious hindrance to him, that a new rule was made, which helped him getting his ball out again, and without seriously affecting his play. So, apparently, this phrase of 'getting into a scrape' began with the golf players of the north, and so passed to the general public as an expression.

THE EASTER FLOWER.

THE Easter Flower does not receive the notice it deserves. It is the Pasque anemone, whose name, some say, owes its origin to the fact that the green juice of its leaves was once used to stain Easter eggs. This, however, is not the case. Old John Gerarde himself tells us that he was 'moved to name' this plant the Pasque (that is, the Easter) flower, from the season of its appearance. It is an exquisite flower, which blooms on downs.

THE POLLIWOG.

(*Concluded from page* 102.)

THE Polliwog proved a delightful companion, he knew such interesting things about wild beasts and cannibals: some of the latter, he said, were really quite decent people, only with mistaken ideas about diet.

The lunch was very successful. They built two fires, one to warm the coffee on, the other they used for toasting jam tarts. It was the Polliwog's idea; he cut forked sticks, and they toasted three-cornered jam tarts and ate them hot, and they were lovely.

After which, they set to work seriously to find fossils.

It was a splendid place for them, a chalk-pit hollowed out of the side of a hill, with crab-apple trees and rowan bushes growing here and there.

The children got frightfully excited; Dennis rolled from the top of the chalk cliff to the bottom, and wasn't hurt a bit, and in less than ten minutes they were all white with chalk from head to foot. It was a priceless time!

Fossils—well, not many; they found a few, mostly imperfect, and the Polliwog very much wanted a trilobite.

'Sorry,' said Dennis, when at last it was reluctantly decided to return home. 'We've hunted high and we've hunted low, but not a "tril" can be found. There's just one little crag I have not explored, that boulder up there by the blackberry bush; if you'll all pack up, I'll just give it a look, and be down in two shakes.'

He was down in less than that, for the boulder, apparently annoyed at being disturbed, instantly flung itself to the ground, bearing Dennis with it.

'Look out!' he cried to the startled children, who darted aside, as Dennis and the rock came down with a dreadful thud.

It all happened so quickly that they had not time to be frightened; for one terrible minute they thought Dennis was killed, 'but I take a lot of killing,' as Dennis himself remarked, after the Polliwog had frantically examined him for broken bones.

There was really not much the matter, except a strained ankle, which would not let him walk. So after binding it up with the handkerchiefs of the whole party, the Polliwog set off to find a conveyance to take the wounded hero home.

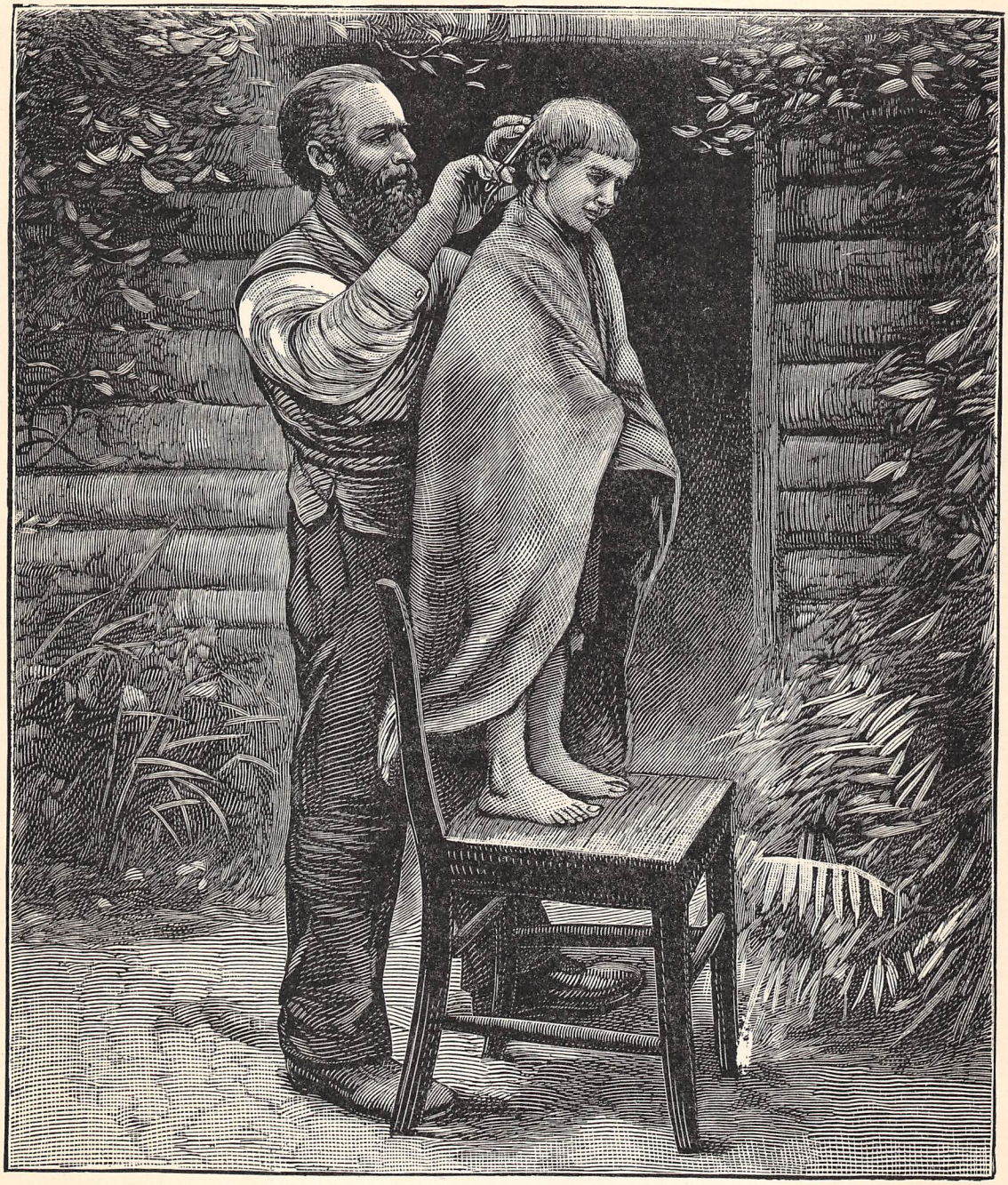
'Does it hurt much?' Kitty asked with sympathy.

'It's not my ankle, it's being bored I object to,' said Dennis. 'Just you all push that old rock here, and let's see if we can't smash it up.'

"Dennis rolled from the top to the bottom."

And with such good-will did they smash, that when the distracted Polliwog returned with an ancient vehicle that he had commandeered from a neighbouring farm, he found the children placidly consuming the remains of the feast, Dennis reclining in the middle, a jam tart in one dirty hand, the other clutching a complete specimen of a trilobite—so making, as Kitty explained, 'a perfect end to a perfect day.'

CECIL DIXON.



"He clipped off the offending locks.'

UNCLE DAN TO THE RESCUE.

'IT is no good, Master David. I can't take you in to Rushby this evening, and go to the Show you shall not with your hair like that!'

'But, Sarah, Mother said you could take me,' grumbled David, ruffling his shaggy locks with an impatient hand. It was too bad, when the famous Wild West Show was actually coming to the village, for just one day, on the

morrow, that Sarah should declare that he could not go to see it!

'Your mother never meant you to go out looking such a sight, so there's no more to be said about it. Make haste and go down to Mr. Pym's for that pound of butter, as I asked you, and then it'll be your bed-time.'

Sarah was clearly in a bad temper. It was too bad that Mother should have had to go off to Grannie's just now, and leave him—David—to Sarah. And it was his holiday, too, and they were staying at Cobden for a whole three weeks. The little boy hoped that Grannie would not want Mother long. Fancy having to stay alone with Sarah, in one of her cross moods, all the time!

'If my hair is too long to go to the Show in, it is too long to go to the grocer's in,' said David, but without much spirit. It really never paid to try to 'cheek' Sarah.

'None of that, Master David,' came the ready retort from the scullery, where Sarah was washing up the tea-things. 'Go along and get that butter, as I told you, and don't let me have to send your mother word what a naughty boy you've been since she went away.'

David got the little shopping basket and went off on his errand. He liked to go to the grocer's. Daniel Pym, who kept the little general shop, was a friend of his already, as he was a friend of all the village children. 'Uncle Dan,' they called him, and he had already invited David to call him by this name.

'Because I'm a sort of all-round uncle to all the boys and girls, bless 'em,' he had said; and David was only too glad to adopt this new relative.

'Now, laddie, what's that long face for?' he asked this evening, as David made his request for a pound of fresh butter.

'Sarah says I can't go to the Show to-morrow,' said David promptly.

'Dear, dear! have you been as naughty as all that?' Uncle Dan whacked the butter into a shapely pat as he put the question,

'Oh, no, it's not badness—it's my hair. Sarah says it is a disgrace, and all sorts of things like that. She was to have taken me in to town to get it cut, but she hadn't time, and so she says I can't go.' David's voice took on a mournful note as he made this explanation.

Uncle Dan's face brightened. 'Is that all that's wrong? Well, I can cut hair just as well as any hair-dresser, and I'll come up to the cottage and cut yours for you after I have shut up shop for the night. How will that do?'

David was already capering about the little shop with delight. 'You are a ripping uncle!' he cried. 'How lovely! I shall be able to go then, after all, in spite of Sarah!'

'Of course you will. But I may be a little late. What's your bedtime?'

'Half-past seven, usually,' answered David.

'Well, I don't close till eight this evening, but I'll be along about half-past. You tell your maid that I'm coming, and she'll let you sit up.'

David danced off home with a light heart. But Sarah looked grim when he told his news.

'I don't know how Mr. Pym will do it. Put a basin on your head, as likely as not, and cut all round it. And keeping you up to that hour, too. I've half a mind to say it can't be done.'

But David coaxed so well that at last Sarah consented to his remaining up. By the time that half-past eight came he had been already on the watch for his friend for at least ten minutes. The time went on—oh, so quickly!—and a dreadful fear began to creep into David's heart that his friend was going to fail him. Supposing he could not come, after all! He might have been hindered in some way. A quarter to nine, and still no Uncle Dan!

Sarah bustled into the little sitting-room where sat David, peering out into the dusk. 'It's no good—you'll have to go to bed. Mr. Pym's forgotten all about your hair,' she said, and carried David off to his bedroom, in spite of protests.

But he had only got half-undressed when there came a knocking at the front door, and Sarah, hurrying down, found the grocer standing there.

'Very sorry to be late. Hope the little lad isn't asleep?' he said.

By that time David was downstairs. 'Oh, you have come, after all; I knew you would,' he cried.

'I always try to keep my promises, but I got hindered this evening,' said Uncle Dan. 'Still, better late than never,' and he soon had David perched on a chair, with a large towel wrapped about him, while he clipped off the offending locks. 'There, you'll be all right now,' he said at last, when his task was at an end. 'I shut my shop up in the afternoon to-morrow, so you can come with me to the Show, if you like.'

'That will be ripping,' said David warmly. 'Thank you ever so much. Sarah hates Shows and jolly things like that. It is funny, isn't it?'

But Uncle Dan only said that different people had different ideas of pleasure, which David thought was very queer indeed.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 107.)

At this moment we heard a shrill whistle from the water-side twice repeated.

'That's not for me,' said the Gyppo, 'that's for Nick Tubson—its Dave down at the ferry.'

'Can he hear it?' I asked.

'Oh, yes, he can hear a whistle all right.'

This proved correct, for Nick Tubson dropped his tools, and, putting on his jacket, left the yard.

When Nick Tubson had gone I stood up and stretched myself, and looking across the water to the landing-place on the other side, I saw the ferryman bringing his boat alongside the slip where a gentleman awaited him. I watched him step aboard and take his seat in the stern. As the boat drew nearer I saw that the passenger wore a straw hat and grey summer suit and that he carried a hand-bag, and on his arm a light rain-coat, and something about the portly well-dressed figure struck me as familiar.

From the spot where I stood both boat and passenger disappeared from view as they neared the Bodinnick shore, but some few minutes after I had a good look at the gentleman as he passed the yard gate on his way to the inn, accompanied by Nick Tubson carrying his bag. To my surprise I saw that he was Mr. Taller-

man. He mounted the steps and entered the inn, followed by Nick Tubson.

'The plot thickens,' I said to myself. 'Here's Dicky a prisoner in the store, Nick Tubson his jailor, and Tallerman the villain of the piece all in a bunch together. What shall I do?'

I uttered the last words aloud, I suppose, for the Gyppo, who was looking over my shoulder, said, 'You can't do anything'; then nodding his head in the direction of the inn door, he added, 'He's a nice gentleman, I don't think, a nice smile he's got on his face—hasn't he?—so's a tiger-cat.'

The words were scarce out of the Gyppo's mouth when the door of the inn again opened and the landlord reappeared carrying a basket and tin can; he came across the yard to the store, ascended the ladder, unlocked the door and entered.

'What did I tell you?' said the Gyppo.

Of course, by this time he and I were hard at work again, but my eyes were fixed on the open door Here was a chance. I started up, dropping my chopper, and cried breathlessly, 'I've half a mind to dash up the steps and go for him and let Dicky out.'

'It's no good,' said the Gyppo. 'I've thought of that more'n once, you'd make a mess of it. Nick Tubson's a strong man I can tell you—he handles the big oar of that horse-boat like a feather—you'd make a mess of it and then they'd move the young chap to another place or ship him off at once.'

'You're not going to stand by and see them ship him off or make away with him, are you? Goodness knows what the wretches will do. Dicky knows too much for them. They're in the pay of the enemy, and they'd shove him overboard or stick a knife in him as soon as look at him,' I cried hotly. 'You call yourself an Englishman, I suppose, and you're going to stand by and say it's no business of yours, and, like as not, give them a hand?'

Excited as I had become, the Gyppo was quite unmoved; he looked at me out of his sleepy eyes and said in a calculating tone of voice, 'Look here, I could make a five-pound note out of this business if I played my cards right—yes, that I could. But it's no go. I got an old mother up to Lostwithiel, and a five-pound note would get a sight of comforts for her, but it's no go. I couldn't look her in the face again if I did such a thing as that. She'd say, "Darby, you're a sneaking hound"—well, she wouldn't say those words exact, but she'd look 'em, she'd make me crawl. D'ye understand that? Well, what I say is, don't you be in such a hurry, we'll do it yet. I don't mind if we have a go at it to-night. Nick Tubson only owes me two and four, I'll make him a present of that, for I shall have to make a bolt of it, you see. I've got a pretty fair notion how it can be done. Your chum's in the far end left-hand corner of the store. After dark you can worm in underneath, where the boats are and have a little talk to him through the cracks of the flooring boards—they're pretty wide apart; that's how I got the letter I brought to your chaps. Tell him what we're going to do. The flooring's no end thick, but the sides are only one inch weather-boarding. There's plenty of tools about, we could make a hole with a brace and bit, and saw out a couple of boards—plenty of tallow and the saw would work quiet enough. What do you think? Course it's no business of mine. There's no moon to-night and it's a bit squally; if the wind gets up it'll be all the better for the job.'

I could have taken that Gyppo to my arms, but I contented myself by saying, 'I don't know what your name is—Darby, I think you said—but you're a brick, a downright out-and-out brick, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live.'

'Oh, that's all right,' said the Gyppo.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a dark night, with gusts of wind and spurts of rain which, though not lasting long, were enough to wet one through. The Gyppo and I were warm and dry, as snug as dormice. Where were we? We were in a hole scooped out on the lee-side of a hayrick. This was Darby's device: I thought it prime, but I don't know what the farmer would have said to it. We watched the darkening river and saw the lights in Fowey go out one by one; not that there were many lights in Fowey in those days, or, for the matter of that, in any part of the country. There were none on the side facing the sea, and the few lamps in the streets were blackened three parts down. At the 'Ferry Inn' a streak of light that had issued from a crack where the blind did not fit the parlour window had vanished, and a solitary candle flickering above-stairs for a while had been extinguished.

It was a weird night, but I rather enjoyed it. As we snuggled there in the hay, Darby the Gyppo grew quite confidential. They were hard times for his people, he told me—no pleasure fairs and no business doing in horses: his people were fixed up in a field at Lostwithiel, and there they would have to remain and scrape along as best they could till the war was over. He had twice tried to enlist, but each time was refused.

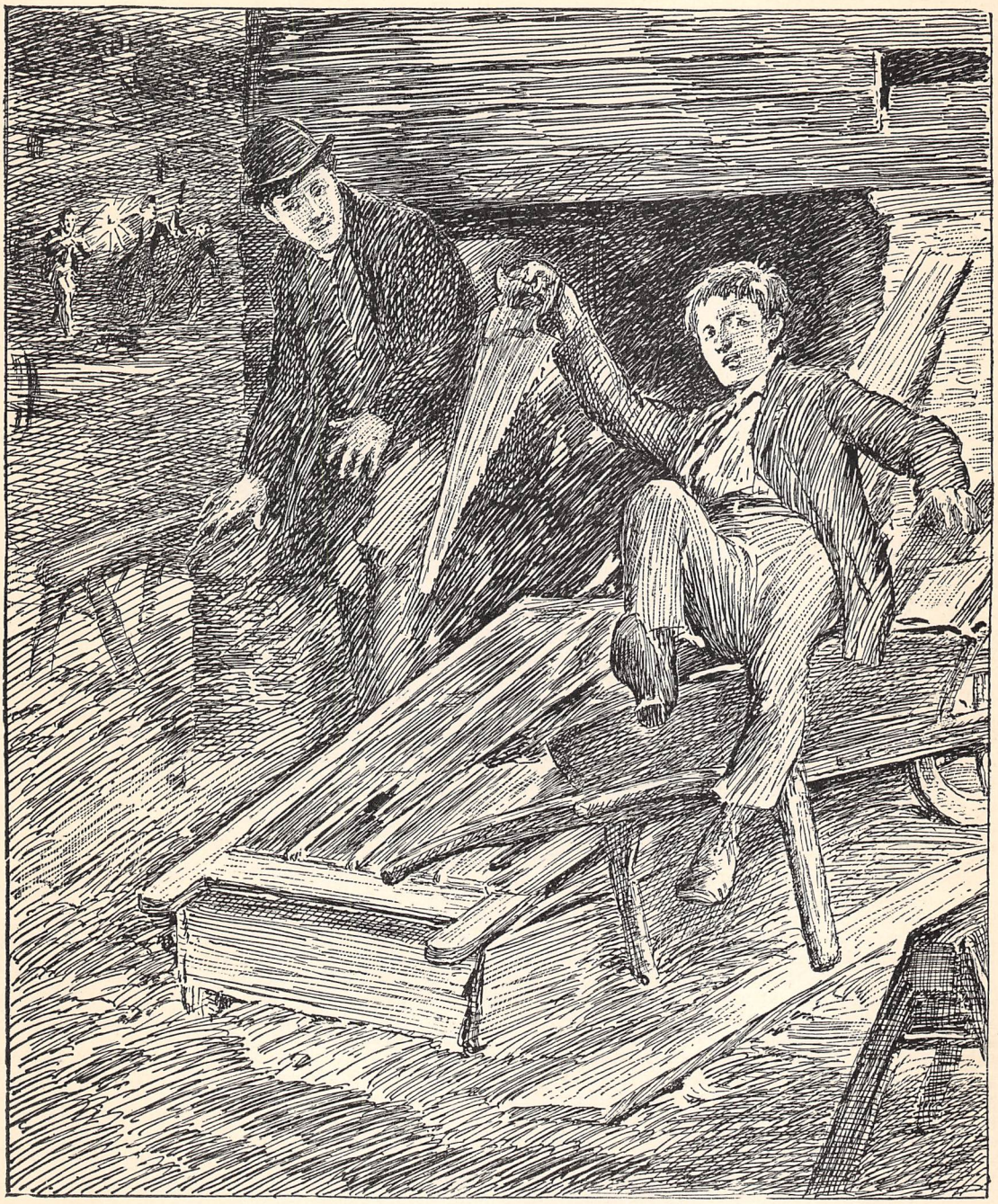
'There'd a-been regular pay and a bit for the old mother as a dependant,' he said. 'Something wrong with me inside, they told me; but that's all gammon—I can digest anything when I get the chance, from beef to raw turnips. I did pretty well at fruit-picking and potatoes, and made a nice little bit at the harvest, but that's soon over down here. I should have worked me way up north—you can go from place to place getting further north, where the harvest is later, and keep going pretty well into October, you see—but I didn't want to leave the old mother. She's all I've got and I'm all she's got. Then I took on this job, but suppose I shall have to chuck it if our little affair comes off all right to-night. It's no use fretting and it's no use grumbling. I'm awfully keen on getting a bit o' money, as I told you, but there's always something gets in the way. I can do a'most anything with horses—that's where I come in. Bless you, they'd no more think o' kicking me than kicking theirselves. I just gives 'em a pat and talks to 'em like a fellow-creature, and they'll do anything for me. I want to get into a stables, but they're doing pretty bad now motors have come in fashion. It's about time we were moving,' he added after a pause. 'I reckon it's nigh two o'clock. You've had a cheap lodging to-night.'

I roused myself, for in fact I was almost asleep; the Gyppo's droning voice had seemed to be receding into the distance. We scrambled out of the hay, shook ourselves, and made our way to the ship-yard.

'Now,' said Darby as we entered, 'you go and have a little talk with your chum—up in the corner, left-hand side, you know; I'll go and look out the tools.'

(*Continued on page* 122.)

"We watched the darkening river,



"I went sideways with an awful smash right into the cucumber frame."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 119.)

I HAD with me my electric torch, but was afraid to use it, as the store on this side was within view of the inn; so groping my way in the pitchy darkness among the boats beneath I gave our Patrol call very softly, then repeated it a little louder, 'Kar-kaw'—the raven, you know. I fancied I could hear sounds of moving. Again I repeated the call; it was answered through a crack in the flooring above my head, 'Kar-kaw.'

'Is that you, Treagus?' came in a whisper through the crack.

'No,' I replied, 'it's me—Penwarden. We're going to get you out, I and another chap—the one you sent with the letter. We shall be cutting a hole in the side in a few minutes—he's gone for the tools. Can't stop now, must go and help him. So long, Dicky—keep your pecker up.'

'Here, wait a minute,' cried Dicky, hastily; 'wait a minute, Penwarden—I've something particular to say. Listen, I'm all right here—I mean what I say, I'm all right here. You get back again as quick as you can, and tell Treagus that there are desperate doings on the shore under the West Cliff. Mark what I say now: there's only one way to reach the spot—are you listening? There's only one way to reach the spot, and that is through Willie Wimple's Cave. Do you hear?—through Willie Wimple's Cave. There is a way through to Lantwitt: Willie Wimple was right, after all. Tell Treagus not to go poking about at the far end of the cave, but when he is inside he must turn his face to the opening and then poke about. Now, tell me, do you understand or don't you? Give him that message word for word, and don't you make any mistake.'

'Yes, I understand perfectly,' I replied. 'Willie Wimple was right—don't poke about at far end of cave, but when inside turn face to opening and poke about—I'll deliver the message all right, old fellow, or you shall deliver it yourself, for we're going to get you out, make no mistake about that.'

I waited to hear no more, but groping my way from under the store found Darby rigging up a sort of platform on a wheelbarrow, so that we might be able to get at the wood-work of the store, which was about five feet from the ground. It was very dark in the corner behind the store, and the ground was far from level; we fumbled about so much that I had to use my torch, thinking that it could not be seen from the house on this side.

We now found that the unevenness of the ground was owing to the fact of its being a potato patch earthed up in ridges. Contrary to what I expected, there was quite a big plot of ground behind the store, which was planted with vegetables; evidently Nick Tubson, like many another at this time of scarcity, had turned a bit of waste ground into a kitchen garden. There were cabbages, a row of scarlet runners, and beside the supporting piers of the store a heap of manure and a cucumber frame. We made the platform quite secure as we thought, for the ground, though ridgy, was soft, allowing the legs of the wheelbarrow to be set well into the soil.

Being used to a bit of carpentering I mounted, Darby steadying the platform, and got to work with the brace and bit, and had a hole through big enough to allow the saw to work in no time. How it all happened I don't know. I was getting to work finely with the saw, when there was a shout, the platform wobbled, and I went sideways with an awful smash into the cucumber frame. It sounded terrific in the silence of night. Men were shouting, and a lantern was dancing about at the entrance to the yard. I was out of the frame as quick y as I went in and made a dash for the low wall. What became of the Gyppo I do not know. Then came the loud report of a gun and the rattle of small shot among the cabbages. I felt a sting in the calf of my leg as over the wall I went into a muddy ditch. Crawling along, I found myself in the field where stood the haystack in which Darby and I had made our bed—limping and stumbling, I crossed another field.

I paused to consider what had best be done after this burst-up of our plans. I was fit to cry with vexation—everything had gone so well to the moment of final victory; then to have it all dashed to the ground was heart-breaking.

I was out of ear-shot of the yard, and, aided by darkness, safe from pursuit. What had become of the Gyppo I scarcely troubled to guess. Whether he had escaped or had been captured, at that moment I cared little; that I had messed up the whole affair, and Dicky would be worse off than ever, made me utterly miserable.

And now what was to be done? Get back to Polperro and bring the whole Patrol to the rescue, or must I deliver Dicky's message bidding Treagus find the way through Willie Wimple's Cave and get on the track of the enemy, and in so doing leave Dicky to his fate? Treagus must decide. In either case I must return to Polperro as quickly as possible; but the night was so dark that I might wander about the fields for hours without striking the high road, beside which I was dog-tired and my leg was painful. I must rest awhile, making a fair start as soon as there was a glimmer of daylight.

Selecting the dryest place I could find, I curled myself up under the hedge, tucked up my coat-collar about my ears, stuck my hands deep into my pockets, and fell into a state that was neither waking nor sleeping. However, sleep got the better of me toward dawn, when by rights I should have been stirring.

The sun was high in the sky when I awoke. I should have slept till midday, I verily believe, had it not been for the wound in my leg, which hurt horribly. Rolling over on my side, I managed to get upon my feet, but staggered and flopped down again. How in the world was I to get back to Polperro?

I now examined my leg with the idea that should I be able to extract the shot I should do better. I found to my relief that the shot had not buried itself in the calf of my leg, as I had supposed, but had simply chiselled a furrow on the outside.

I bound the leg with my handkerchief and made another attempt at walking, and was delighted to find that I got on famously, the fact being that it was not so much the wound that was troubling me as the horrible cramp from the position in which I had been

lying, and this was now beginning to wear off. I was soon hobbling along the road to Polperro, not at Scout's pace, you may be sure, but, with an occasional rest, getting over the ground fairly well.

Having had neither supper nor breakfast, I felt desperately hungry, till, the sun coming out like a burning-glass, hunger was forgotten in the extremity of thirst. There are no houses on the road from Bodinnick to Polperro, but espying a couple of labourers' cottages in the fields at some distance, I went thither and obtained refreshment of a sort. A bottle of ginger-beer and some windfall apples do not make a satisfying meal, but I was glad of them.

'If they're not filling they're squenching,' said the woman at the cottage.

So I found, and should have esteemed them cheap at the sixpence I paid, had it not been for the pain that followed.

(*Continued on page* 135).

'STARS AND STRIPES.'

'I HAVE decided,' said Mr. Wallace, the Scout-master of the Badlington Scout Force in an address to the Scouts, 'to give you boys "Stars and Stripes." The stars will be given for good behaviour, an extremely kind deed, or an act of self-sacrifice; the stripes for bad behaviour, selfishness, or non-control of temper. At the end of the year I intend to give a prize to the boy who has the largest number of stars, and any boy who receives a stripe will have to forfeit two stars. Now, boys, you can dismiss, and begin earning your stars.'

As soon as he had finished speaking he descended from the platform, and left the drill-room.

Immediately the door closed behind him the boys clustered together, talking excitedly about the new scheme.

'I wonder what the prize will be,' said Eric Forrestor, one of the keenest of the Scouts.

'Something decent if Mr. Wallace is giving it,' answered Jack Compton.

'Rather,' chorused a dozen voices.

'At any rate, I'm having a go at it,' said Eric.

'Same here,' returned several voices.

'Hands up any one who isn't,' called Jack, but all the hands were kept down.

Then the boys went home to tell their parents of the stars and stripes.

Eric Forrestor ran all the way home, so eager was he to tell his father and mother. 'I'm going to win it,' he added, after he had told them all Mr. Wallace had said.

'Ah!' said his father, 'I wonder, Eric, how many of the other boys are equally determined to win the prize.'

Eric laughed. 'Well, we are all having a good try for it; but *I'm* going to win it.'

'We will wait and see, but if you do get the prize, Eric, I will give you ten shillings.'

'Will you really, Father?' asked Eric, eagerly; 'why, I shall be trying for two prizes now.'

When Eric went to the Scouts' gymnasium class the following night he was surprised to learn how many of the boys had had a sum of money promised by their fathers, as an encouragement.

Very soon the Scouts realised that the stars were not so easy to procure as they had at first imagined, nor to keep when procured. By the end of January only four stars had been awarded, and neither Eric Forrestor nor Jack Compton had been fortunate enough to win one.

Quickly the weeks sped by, and soon August was in. By that time no boy had more than seven stars. A boy named Fred Mason had seven, Eric and Jack followed on with six each, whilst several of the boys had five.

With August came a fortnight at Camp, during which time there were no stars earned; but one of the boys, Tom Fraser, got a stripe for deliberately tripping Fred Mason during a game of football, resulting in a strained ankle for Fred.

When they came back from camp, Mr. Wallace informed them that any one who did not miss the Thursday night's Gymnasium Class until the end of the year would receive a star—'and to be above ten minutes late will count a "miss,"' he added. All the Scouts considered this an easy way of procuring a star, as they were all very keen on the Gym., and would not, under ordinary circumstances, have missed it, if it were at all possible to attend.

Then quickly followed September, October, and November, and at last came December — only one more month in which they could get the stars.

Mr. Wallace had announced his intention of giving the prize on Christmas Eve.

Eric and Jack headed the list with ten stars each, the next boy, Fred Mason, having nine. Neither Eric nor Jack had missed a drill class, so counted upon having at least eleven stars by December 24th.

At last came the last Gym. Class before Christmas. Eric left home for the class in high spirits. Unless something unforeseen and unexpected happened, Jack or he would have the prize. Eric wondered, as he walked along, what would be done if on December 24th they still held the same number of stars. Perhaps Mr. Wallace would buy another prize. So he mused as he walked to the drill-room; but suddenly he was startled out of his reverie by hearing a scream somewhere near. He judged it to come from the side street that he had just passed, and he ran back to ascertain the cause of the cry.

As soon as he turned the corner he found he had surmised right when he thought the scream came from this street. A crowd was already gathering in the middle of the road. Eric pushed his way through the crowd, and was horrified to see Jack Compton lying on the stones, his face ashen; he was stunned from a blow on the head.

'What has happened?' Eric asked of a man who stood next to him.

The man turned to see who had spoken to him.

'Do you know this lad?' he asked Eric.

'Yes, it's Jack Compton.'

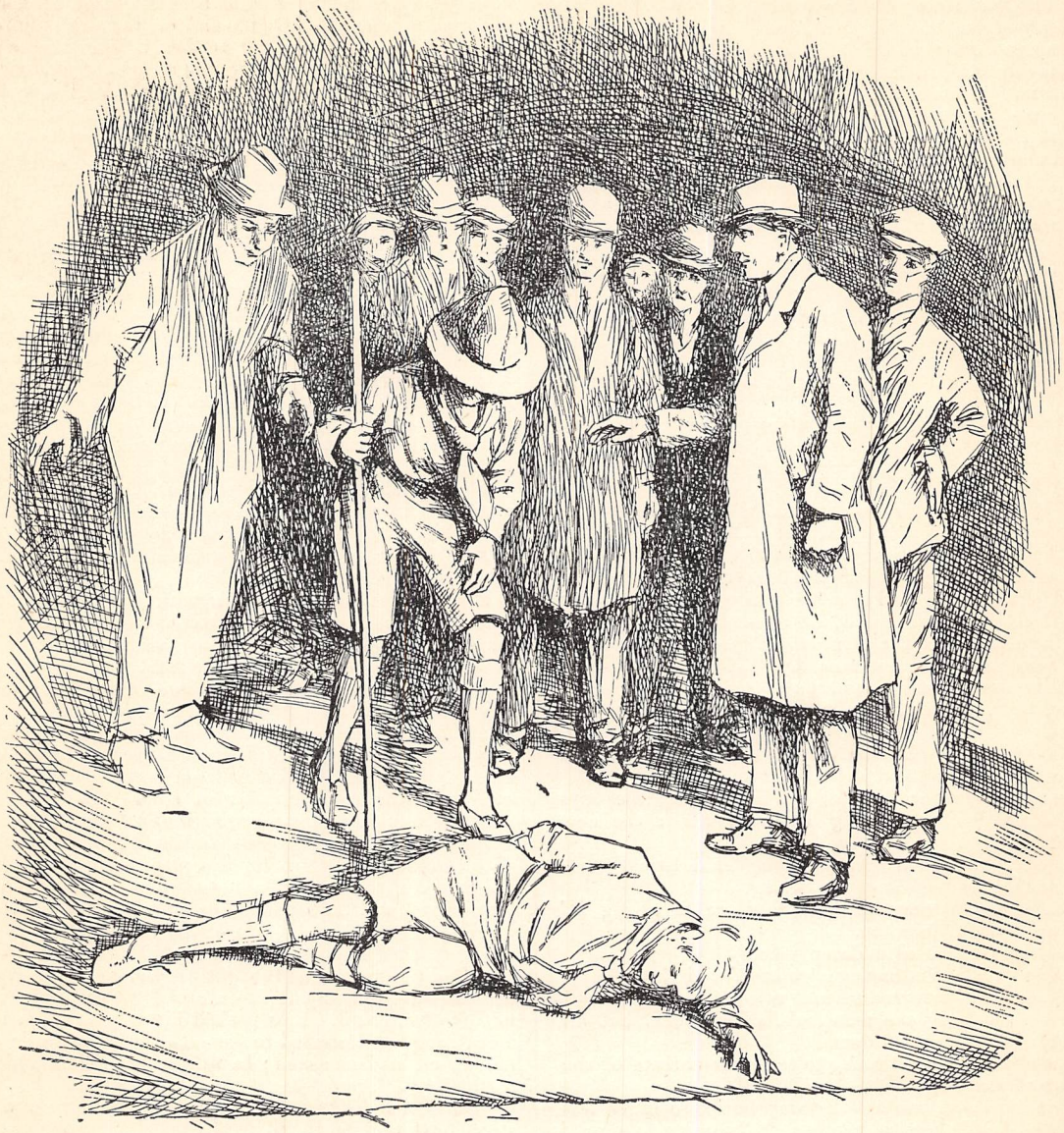
'Know where he lives?'

'In Hilden Road, number forty-eight.'

'Well, laddie, just you skip along to 48 Hilden Road, and tell this boy's mother that he's had a bit of an accident—some of us will carry him home.'

Not for a moment did Eric hesitate, although he knew he would be late for the class. 'Perhaps if I run all the way,' he thought, 'I might be able to get back to the Gym. before the ten minutes' grace is up.'

He ran very quickly, and arrived at Jack's home in four minutes.



"He was stunned."

Breathlessly he told his tale. Jack's mother was horrified: 'Whatever shall I do?' she asked; then—'Eric, will you go to Dr. Brown's, it's only just round the corner, and ask him to come?'

Away Eric sped to the doctor's, who, unfortunately, was out visiting. 'Do you know where he has gone?' he asked the maid who answered the door.

'Yes; he's gone to see Mrs. Partington in Keswick Street, and from there he goes to Malton Grove.'

Eric knew where Keswick Street was, and he knew he couldn't possibly get there under ten minutes, and even then he wasn't *sure* to catch the doctor. 'Shall I leave a message here, or shall I go to Keswick Street? If I leave a message I can just about get to the drill-room in time, but if I go to find the doctor I'm done for altogether.' These were the thoughts passing through Eric's mind. The winning of the attendance star meant a great deal to him.

'Well,' he said to the maid, who was still at the door, will you ask the doctor to come to 48 Hilden Road as soon as ever he gets back?'

'Certainly,' was the answer.

'What time do you expect him back?' asked Eric.

'I don't think he will be back before surgery time—eight o'clock.'

That settled it; Jack couldn't lie at home unattended and perhaps unconscious for another hour. 'I'll go to Keswick Street and try to catch him.'

'Very well, and if he does come back before he has seen you, I will give him your message.'

'Thanks,' called Eric, who was already at the gate.

(*Concluded on page* 149.)

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

IV.—CAPTURING OUTLAWS.

NOT far from Japan lies a group of islands, the Philippines, that once belonged to Spain, but which after the Spanish-American War were occupied by the United States troops. The country was, as it had for a long time been, in a state of disorder. Roving bands of native outlaws lived in the dense forests, or in forts on inaccessible hills, from which they would swoop down and harry the towns and villages of the lowlands. A widespread insurrection, under a native named Aguinaldo, was in full swing, and it was a long time before the backbone of this revolt was broken.

The Filipino criminal is a most superstitious individual. He is a great believer in charms and talismans, believing that by carrying a talisman, or mascot, such as a crocodile's tooth, the dried tail of a viper, a dead scorpion, or some such pleasing trifle, he becomes invulnerable to rifle bullets. He also believes that by muttering a few words of a charm, he not only becomes invulnerable, but invisible as well, a belief that is rudely shattered when he falls foul of the armed police, but

"They would carry off a farmer's cattle."

one which leads him to attack and fight like a wild cat, so strongly implanted is his faith.

The American troops had numerous skirmishes with the outlaws, but were never able to deal them a smashing blow, as immediately after a raid they would promptly retire to the mountains, before pursuit could be organized.

By 1901 the country was more or less pacified, and the constabulary, consisting of natives with a few white officers, was organized to serve as a rural police, who carried on an endless warfare with the remaining elusive outlaws, who were very well armed, with Mausers and Remington rifles, and with the assistance of numerous spies; also by so terrorising the population that they dared not assist the Government's forces, they managed to give the police the slip time and again.

In 1902 the police constabulary consisted of some five thousand men and three hundred American officers, though now there are only some twenty white officers in a force of over six thousand. This was the force that was given the task of clearing the mountains and jungles of the outlaw bands which were the terror of the countryside, besides having to keep an eye on

"They would have to ford rock-strewn streams."

ordinary malefactors, such as cattle thieves, who would carry off a farmer's cattle, and then coolly offer them back to the unfortunate owner, providing he paid well for them. Numbers of hold-ups occurred, even in the towns, merchants were killed and robbed, and citizens held up and beaten, apparently for the mere sport of the thing.

An officer taking charge of a punitive expedition had a difficult and dangerous undertaking before him. To begin with, he usually had to rely on a guide who himself was an ex-bandit, who had probably left his companions in crime after a quarrel with the chief, and who

"The outlaws hurl down a shower of stones."

may, very possibly, have not the slightest intention of guiding the party where they wished to go, who may even be in league with the enemy and ready to lead his employers into an ambush.

In order to reach the outlaws' stronghold, the constabulary would have to hack their way through the

thick jungle, ford rock-strewn streams, often with the swift swirling water right up to their necks, march for hours, even days, through the thick forests, gloomy and damp, and swarming with leeches, horrible little brutes that drop from the trees, or get a grip on the passer-by from any branch or twig he may touch in passing. The mould and leaves underfoot are full of them. They squirm their way through clothing, get even into one's shoes. Every little while a halt has to be made in order to scrape these pests off with light canes.

At night a camp is made, the men cut bamboo, or branches of trees, and erect inadequate sleeping shelters, and at dawn all arise, stiff and damp, after a most unpleasant and unrefreshing night, to spend another day tramping up one mountain, down another, across rushing streams, cutting a way through dark thickets, often in semi-darkness for hours at a time, for the trees are so tall, and the leaves so thick, that the sun rarely penetrates.

At last the mountain stronghold comes in sight, and the weary and footsore little column rests awhile before orders are given to prepare for the attack. When all is in readiness, the little force advances, the officer in front with the guide, the armed constables next, and the porters, or *cargadores*, bringing up the rear. Probably the mountain rises, steep and forbidding, the summit reached only by a narrow path, in which sharp-pointed bamboos are buried, to cut the feet of the unwary; often enough the path suddenly ceases, and the only way up is by ladders made of creepers and fibre. On the top of the hill, the village, with the outlaws, or *babaylanes*, as they are called, waiting, ready to roll large stones down on the attackers. Fortunately, the bandits, though well-armed, are very poor shots, or the end of the story might be one of disaster to the forces of law and order, as sometimes was, unfortunately, the case, but usually the trained men, well led, would eventually win the day. As soon as the constables are near enough, the outlaws hurl down a shower of stones and jagged pieces of rock, which the police dodge as well as they can, behind tree trunks or rocks, picking off with rifle fire those that incautiously show themselves on the brink of the hill, finally making a desperate assault, and carrying the village with a rush.

When all is over, the prisoners are rounded up, the wounded tended, and after a well-earned rest, the long homeward march commences.

Thus, one by one, the Filipino outlaw bands were gradually suppressed.

(*Concluded on page* 139.)

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

WITH cocked hat all of paper,
And broad-sword all of wood,
Charlie marched to battle
As he thought a soldier should.
He had drawn the damask curtains,
He had darkened all the room,
For the cannon smoke, as he said,
Would make just such a gloom!
Long he fought the sofa cushion,
And at last cut off its head,
Sitting fiercely down upon it
To make sure that it was dead.

Then, as no more enemies
Seemed inclined to come,
He strutted back to 'quarters,'
To the rattle of his drum.
There the tired little soldier
First stood, then sat 'at ease,'
With one hand on his curly head,
And the other on his knees;
And soon he slept the happy sleep
That only children can,
And dreamt the dreams of what he'd do
When he should be a man.

Oh! when in the great life struggle
Charlie has his foes to meet,
May his battles be as easy,
May his sleep be half as sweet.

J. E. C.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 115.)

AS a matter of fact, it was rather past dinner-time when the two reached the camp. The Warreners had all got back from their visit to the village, and Uncle Opportune had arrived also. Every one was looking about for Tickato, and Billy was in a great worry thinking that his sister must have wandered off and got lost. However, the others told him that Mascot had evidently gone with her, and would bring her safely home again.

'I have found something,' said Tickato, when the first greetings were over, and every one was asking what she was carrying in that old piece of oilskin.

'What do you mean?'

'Where did you find it?'

'What is it?'

These were some of the questions that were poured out, as the Warreners and Billy clustered round the returned wanderer. Uncle Opportune stood close, looking over their shoulders, but not saying anything.

'I don't know what is inside it, because I have not opened it yet,' explained Tickato, and then she told how Mascot had unearthed the package because it smelt so strongly of fish.

'There is no harm in undoing it' said Uncle Opportune at last. 'Only, if I may make a suggestion, the time is getting on, and we have a train to catch. How would it be if you put this thing into the caravan till later on? There will be time to look it over this evening, when we get back. It is certainly very light, Tickato. I don't think that you have happened upon any one's priceless family plate or jewels.'

Tickato did not quite like having her find treated in this off-hand manner, as if it were of no worth. She had made up her mind that her discovery was of great importance, and valuable beyond the dreams of avarice, as she made haste to tell the rest. 'It need not be heavy to be worth lots and lots. Think how light five-pound notes are,' she said.

At her words a look of amusement crossed Uncle Opportune's face. This quickly changed to one of anxiety, as Humphrey was not slow to notice. 'Do

you think we ought to put it into the caravan, Uncle?' he asked.

'Yes, I think it will be better to do so—at least, till we can see what it is. When we do that we shall know better whether to keep it or return it to the place where Tickato found it,' was the reply. Every one was busily eating dinner at the moment, for there was certainly no time to be lost if they were to catch their train.

Dinner over, every one hastily cleared away and washed up. The boys put the package safely away in the caravan, and after every one had given a final wash to their hands and brush to their hair, a start was made, Mascot being left in charge of the caravan during their absence, tied to one of the shafts.

'We ought to lock up, but I can't find the key,' said Humphrey, after a frantic search in all his pockets.

Uncle Opportune looked grave. 'That's rather a pity,' he said. 'Still, I don't know that any one would venture near with Mascot on guard. He is jolly fierce. Every one ready? Right, then. Quick march!'

They crossed the clearing, and gained the road that led through the wood. Along this road they went for about a quarter of a mile, turning off, then, to follow a little path that led away into the wood once more.

Uncle Opportune led, followed by Janet, then came the twins and Nora, and the two boys brought up the rear.

'This is a near way to the station. We cross some meadows when we get out of the wood, and I think we ought to be in good time,' said their leader, as he slackened the pace a little. 'Tired, any one?'

There was a chorus of 'Oh, no, thanks,' and then silence, for you cannot talk much if you are really stepping out, and Uncle Opportune was a quick walker. Tickato was beginning to feel very tired when they reached the edge of the wood, and climbing over a stile entered a large meadow. Beyond this lay another, and then another, and after that Uncle Opportune said they would be close to the station.

'And we have a quarter of an hour left, so it will be all right,' he finished cheerfully. 'If any one is tired, please say so, but don't all speak at once.'

'I am,' said Tickato. 'My legs feel ever so queer and stiff.'

Uncle Opportune swung round, lifted the little girl as if she had been a feather, and put her on his shoulder.

'Now then, any one for the other seat?' he inquired, but only laughter greeted the query.

'We could carry her in a chair made with our hands, Uncle,' said Martin. 'You will get awfully tired carrying her like that.'

But Uncle Opportune only laughed at this, and said that Tickato did not seem to him to weigh anything at all.

They got to the station in lots of time for their train, and reached Castlebury early in the afternoon. There was a general vote for the 'Pictures,' when Uncle Opportune asked the children what they would like best to do, so the first part of the afternoon was spent in looking at the film showing Captain Scott's adventures at the South Pole. After this was over tea was suggested, and Uncle Opportune took the party, not to some café where they would have had to wait for ages before being served, but to a jolly hotel where the people seemed to be expecting him. They were all shown into a large, pleasant room, where a truly gorgeous tea was awaiting them. If you like to picture the tea-table, imagine it loaded with all the things that you like best to eat, and there you have Uncle Opportune's tea.

'It is simply ripping,' was the general verdict, and the food disappeared in a magic way—just as if it had been wafted from the table.

'Feel better?' asked their uncle, when every one had eaten till he or she could not pretend to feel the slightest pang of hunger.

'It was lovely,' said Janet. 'You are a fairy sort of Uncle, truly you are. Caravan meals are splendid, but a tea like this now and then is a jolly sort of change.'

'What would you like to do next?' asked their host, looking round at the smiling faces of his guests.

'We don't mind in the least,' said Humphrey.

'Anything you suggest will be jolly,' said Nora.

Uncle Opportune thought for a moment or two. Then he said, 'In my own unregenerate youth I thought a circus jolly good fun. Are boys and girls above that sort of thing nowadays?'

'Rather not, Uncle,' said Martin, with emphasis.

'I have never been to a circus, and I'd love to go,' said Billy, and all the rest were equally enthusiastic over Mr. Norbury's proposal.

'The circus has it, then,' he said, and they were just preparing to leave the hotel when a maid rushed up to them with a telegram on a salver.

'For you, I think, sir,' she said, handing it to Uncle Opportune.

He took it, and opened it hastily, watched by the eyes of the entire party, for, as Martin said afterwards, when they were on their way back to the camp, 'Telegrams always mean something beastly.'

This one did, at all events, for Uncle Opportune's face got quite grave all in an instant. He screwed the piece of dirty white paper into a ball in his right hand, saying to the waiting-maid, 'No answer, thank you.' She went away then, and he turned to the six children, saying, 'I'm no end sorry, kiddies, but that telegram alters the programme a lot. It is from a friend of mine who is very ill. He wants me to go off to him at once. Indeed, his doctor has sent the wire, and I must leave as soon as there is a train. So I am afraid that our visit to the circus will have to be put off, and that you will all have to return to the camping ground alone. I think it will be better—as you are going alone—if you go at once, don't you?'

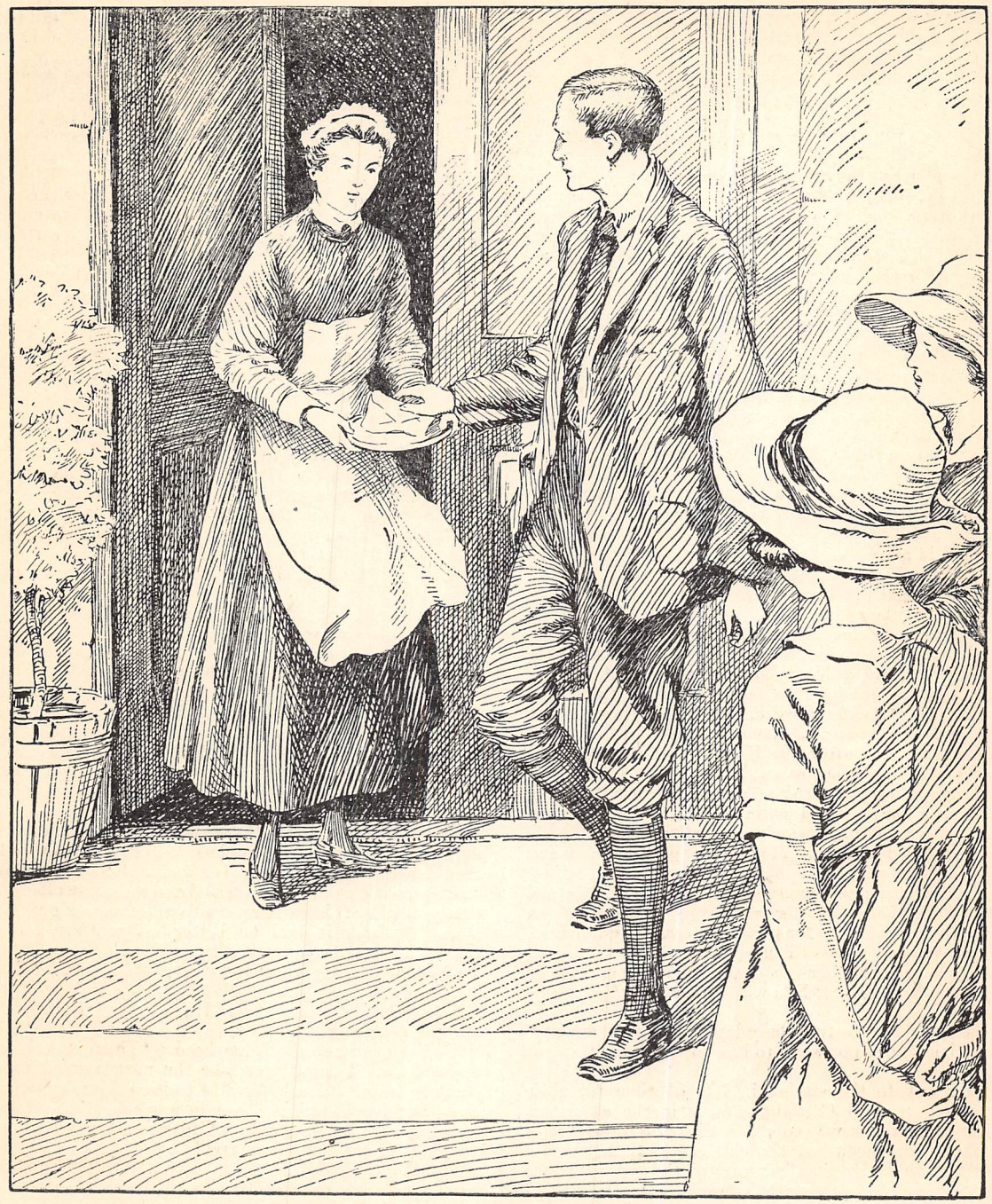
'Yes, of course; we are so sorry,' said Janet. 'Can we do anything for you, Uncle?'

'Awfully rough luck!' said Humphrey. 'Can we do anything, Uncle?'

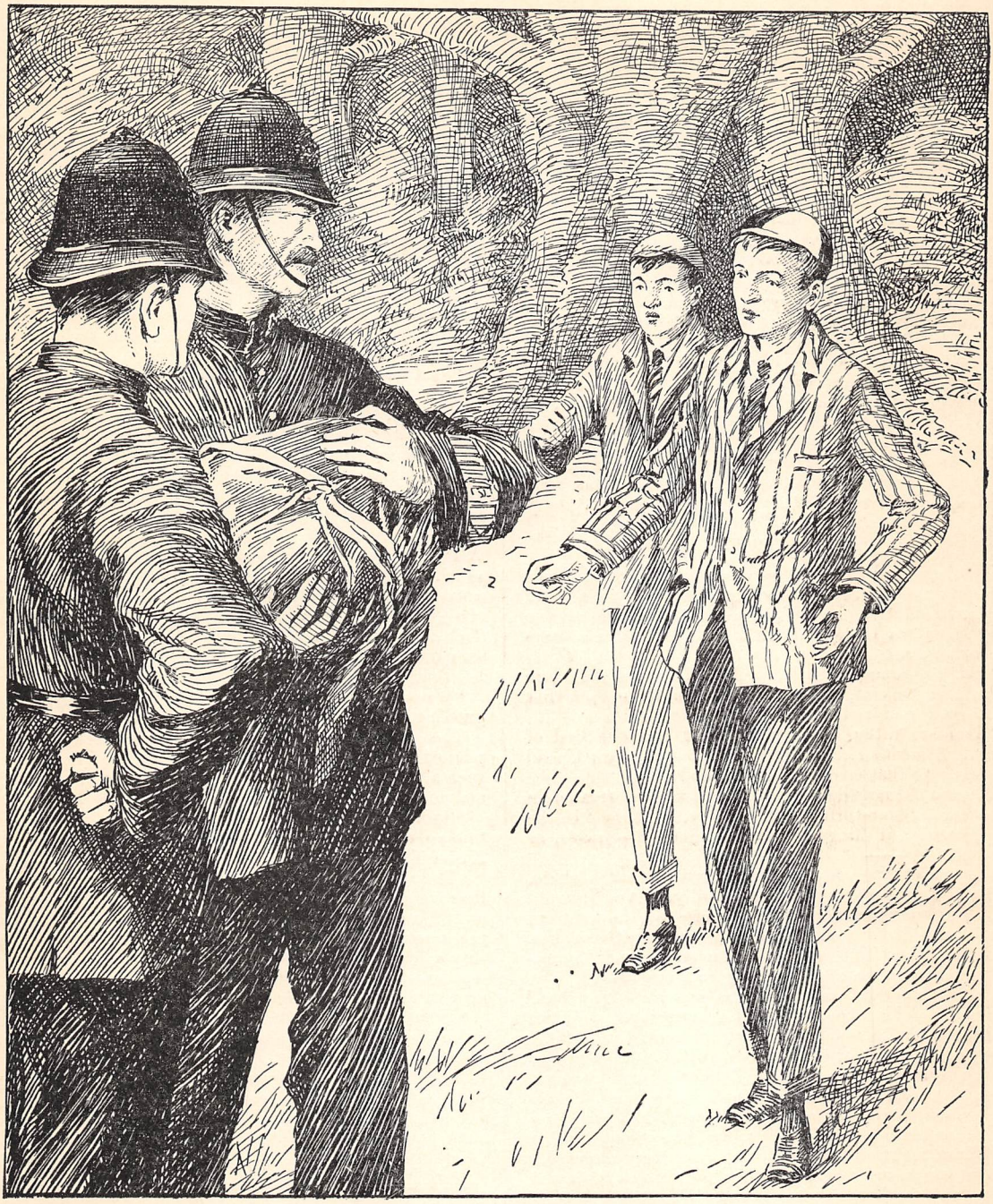
Uncle Opportune shook his head. 'There is nothing to be done. I must just take the next train to London,' he said. 'I may be able to leave again in a few days, but I will write to you in any case at the Post-office at Cowley. And I will look you up as soon as possible. Now, there is a train back at six minutes to six, and you can catch that easily. I think you had better go off to the station at once, though, so as to be on the safe side.'

The children saw that they could help best by making themselves scarce, so with many thanks for their outing, and repeated good-byes, they left Uncle Opportune, and went off to catch their train.

(*Continued on page* 130.)



"A telegram on a salver."



"'What is wrong?' asked Humphrey."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 127.)

THE twins were in plenty of time, and it was just as well they were, for the train, when it came, was packed, and they had some difficulty to find places in it.

'Mind, no getting out,' said Humphrey to the twins, as he found them a corner in one compartment, and dashed off to get into another himself. 'Get out at Cowley, that's our stop,' he called back over his shoulder.

It was an uncomfortable journey, though it did not last very long, and all the party were glad to meet again on the country station platform, where the air was sweet and fresh after the crowded train.

'Now we will go the same way as we came. It is the nearest,' said Humphrey. 'I will lead and the twins had better come next, and then Nora. We don't want any accidents on the way back.'

'We are going to undo my find when we get back. I am glad we had to come early,' said Tickato, as they set off at a good pace.

'I am sorry Uncle Opportune could not come with us, though,' said Janet, little dreaming how sorry they were to be about this before many minutes had passed.

CHAPTER VIII.

The children found that the walk back to their camping-ground seemed shorter this evening than it did earlier in the day. Humphrey said that this was because they knew it a little. When a path is fresh it always seems longer.

'But I am most awfully tired. I hope we get there soon,' said Tickato, adding, 'we are going to open that package I found then, aren't we?'

'You are rather fussy about that precious find of yours. I don't suppose it is really anything grand,' said Martin. 'What could it be, anyway?'

Tickato did not like to have her discovery treated in this way. She retorted quite sharply, 'It might be the most wonderful things you ever dreamed of—jewels, or gold plate or——'

'It couldn't possibly be anything like that, Tickato. It is very light, remember,' put in Billy. 'And I would not think too much about it, if I were you,' he went on. 'It is quite likely that there is nothing inside the oilskin. It is so light that I don't see how there can be anything, do you?' he asked, turning to Humphrey.

'No, I shouldn't wonder if it is just an empty box,' replied the older boy. 'But whatever it is, we shall soon be at the bottom of the mystery now, for see, the trees are getting thinner. We shall soon be at our camping-ground. And then I vote we have a little supper and turn in early,' and Humphrey finished up his sentence with a mighty yawn. His disturbed night had left him very sleepy, and the thought of a good long night of undisturbed rest was very pleasant.

Alas for their plans! Humphrey's were not destined to be fulfilled that night, as it happened.

The trees were certainly thinning, and in a few minutes the children were once more out on the clearing. There stood their caravan, safe and sound, and there smouldered the camp fire. But what was that, over on the far side of the caravan? Humphrey strained his eyes to see more clearly. But it was Martin whose keener eyesight enabled him to say at once what it was that Humphrey saw.

'Why, there are a couple of bobbies there. What do they want, I wonder?'

'Policemen!'

'By our caravan!'

'What *can* they want?'

'Are they waiting for us?'

These were some of the exclamations that broke from the lips of the children as they quickened their pace, and with rather strange feelings of dismay hurried towards the caravan. Even the twins felt a little bit of concern, although they could not have told why. After all, they had none of them done anything wrong, so why should the presence of the policemen there worry them?

Humphrey, as the eldest of the party, made a bee-line for the representatives of law and order. He felt that if anything unpleasant was to be gone through, he would be the one to attend to it.

'Just stay there while I speak to them, and see what they want,' he said to the rest of the party, but Martin announced, 'I'm coming, anyway, old fellow,' and went forward with his brother.

The two policemen were evidently waiting for them. Humphrey saw in a quick glance, that one of them held in his hand Tickato's wonderful find. So that was what they were there for! That was the root of the trouble—if trouble it was that had brought them there. All sorts of ideas had time to come into Humphrey's mind, and to leave it again, before he reached the two men. Martin, equally quick in observing things, noticed the package in its worn oilskin wrappings, and felt that Tickato's treasure was possibly going to get them into a scrape of some kind, for the men did not look in the least pleasant.

'What is wrong?' asked Humphrey, by way of greeting.

The policemen were looking very grim, but a trifle pleased, underneath the grimness, if you can understand such a mixture of expressions. They seemed annoyed, and yet satisfied, at one and the same time.

'So here you come, do you?' said one of them, the taller of the two. Martin decided that he would call them X and Y, not knowing their names. X was the taller.

'They are like one of those beastly equation things that we get at school,' he told himself. 'They are X and Y, and goodness knows what they equal. They are not here about the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as they might be if we had worked old Slowsure when he was lame. It must be that beastly little box, or whatever it is, that that silly kid dug up this morning.'

'What do you want?' asked Humphrey, trying to make his voice sound quite casual, and not in the least alarmed.

'What do we want, young sir? Well, I rather guess that we want you and your pals,' said the tall man. 'You will have to come a little journey with me and my mate, to answer a few questions.'

(*Continued on page* 142.)

BALSA.

THIS is the wood which is lightest in weight. Cork is three times as heavy as balsa, which can be indented with the finger-nail. This light wood, treated with paraffin, is used for making life-rafts and floats of life-preservers.

FOUND BY FIRE.

'IT'S no good, Ralph; we are lost, and that's the truth!'

A thick mist had covered the face of the moorland, and the October day was quickly drawing to a close. Ralph Stapleton and Tom Benson had been tramping across the moors since early morning, going from Carnthwaite to Selby, but somehow they had missed their way. Then the mist had come up, and blotted out any landmarks that might have helped them. After wandering about for another hour, always hoping they would come on the right track, or meet some one who would direct them, the two boys had to admit that they were in for a night of it.

'Only I wish that we could find some shelter,' said Tom, trying in vain to pierce the mist.

'No houses about in this part. Why, it is ages since we saw even the smallest cottage,' said Ralph.

'Yes, I know that. Still, one does come across a lonely house now and then, and why shouldn't we now?'

'Well, no reason why we should not—only we shan't, I'm pretty sure of that,' said Ralph, who was rather in the blues. 'I wish we hadn't eaten all the grub, though. I'm jolly hungry, aren't you?'

'Rather!' agreed his companion, as they stumbled on, hoping against hope that the next few steps would bring them to some shelter, or to some well-defined track that they might follow.

'And my people will be looking out for us this evening, with no end of a ripping spread for tea,' went on Tom. 'Of course, when we don't turn up they will only think that I stayed a day longer at your place. That's one consolation.'

'Rather! If they were worried about us it would make it lots worse,' agreed Ralph; then he exclaimed suddenly, 'Tom, there is something over there! Can't you see a sort of shadow through the mist?'

They both broke into a run, for there certainly was a dwelling of some kind not far away. Even the rudest sort of lodge would be welcome. But when the boys reached the shadow it turned out to be a grey-stone cottage, set in a little walled-in garden. Hastily unfastening the front gate, which had been tied up with a piece of string, Ralph knocked at the door. There was no response, and Tom added his blows to those of Ralph, remarking that the owner might be upstairs, and as there was no bell or knocker, they had better make a good noise. But it become clear in a moment or two that there was no one in the house. There was no smoke coming from the chimney, either.

'Bother! What shall we do?' asked Ralph.

'Do? Why, force an entrance. There is no shed we can shelter in. Besides, I don't see that it will matter. We can pay for a night's lodging, when the owner returns. We have got money enough on us. Let's try the windows.' The first they tried was fastened. The second—one at the side of the cottage—was open a little way at the bottom. Tom soon threw it up, and scrambled inside. 'Come on, Ralph—or I'll undo the door and let you in. if you prefer it.'

'Not a bit. Hullo! Cosy little place, eh? Only a kitchen and a living-room downstairs, and two bedrooms up, I should say. Let's explore first.'

Very hastily the two boys examined every nook and corner of the little dwelling. There was no one there. Though one window had been open a little way, the place smelt musty and close, as if it had been long shut up.

'A fire is what we want. Where shall we light it?' asked Ralph.

'In here,' said Tom, who had been inspecting the range in the kitchen. 'I say, Ralph,' he went on, 'it's my belief this place hasn't been inhabited for quite a time. See, this stove is red with rust!'

This was true. The stoves in both rooms had not been used for a long time, judging by their appearance. And if no fires had been lit, it was only safe to assume that the cottage had not been lived in.

'Somebody's week-end place, that they haven't been to for ages,' said Tom, as he busied himself in collecting sticks to light a fire. Wood was stored in a cupboard in the kitchen, and also old newspapers. These the boys brought and used to lay a fire.

'One thing I can do successfully is fire-making,' said Ralph, going down on his knees before the grate. You nip along and get some coal or some more wood, and I'll get a blaze going.'

Off went Tom, and Ralph arranged sticks in a scientific manner in the grate, lighting the paper with a match from the box which luckily he had in his pocket. The flames licked round the dry sticks, and these caught well enough. The trouble was that the smoke seemed to have a rooted objection to going up the chimney. Instead, it poured out into the room, blinding the fire-maker and forcing him at last to call to Tom.

'I say, come and see what is wrong. This fire smokes no end,' he shouted.

'There's something in the chimney, I should say,' said Tom, coming to his aid. 'Phew! I say, it's a bit too thick! Here, let's rake out the fire and see what is wrong.'

Together they draw out the light embers, and then Tom got a broom-handle and poked about in the wide chimney.

'Hullo, here is the cause of the trouble. Something's got lodged up here. Look out! Here we come!'

Both boys sprang to their feet as a cloud of soot flew out into the room, this being followed by a bang, crash, and a rattle of metal as a black sack, tied tightly at its mouth, plumped into the grate.

'Goodness! No wonder the smoke wouldn't go up the chimney. What's in it?' cried Ralph, but Tom was already untying the string with which the sack was tied up. Very sooty he got, but neither boy cared for this. Pulling open the mouth of the sack, a clatter of metal objects knocking together told what its contents were.

'Silver! Plates and goblets and things!' cried Tom. 'Just what I thought,' he added, 'stolen stuff.' My word, Ralph, our fire has done the trick and no mistake! These are the things that were stolen from Sir John Feltham, months ago, and never traced. Don't you remember?'

'Course I do. How did they get here, though?'

'They were hidden here, silly. Now we shall have to wait till morning, of course, and then we shall have to take this along with us and give word to the police. I say, we ought to get the twenty-pound reward, too. How splendid!'

The boys soon got their fire going again, and this time the smoke went up the chimney. They found some stale biscuits in a tin, and also some cocoa and sugar, so they were able to have a supper of sorts, after

"The smoke poured out into the room."

which they slept soundly on the rug before the fire till morning. Fortunately by this time the mist had cleared away, and they were soon able to find the right track to Selby, which they reached before noon. Their first business was to take their booty to the police station, and you may be sure they were delighted when a few days later they received the twenty-pounds reward that had been offered for the recovery of the stolen plate.

'It was all thanks to our fire, though,' said Ralph. 'What a blessing we did not try to light one in the kitchen instead!'

'They cast them adrift in an open boat"

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

IV.—THE MAGNETIC NORTH.

NORTH and south and east and west—there are many roads to travel through the wide world, and some of them lead to deserts and dangers, while others bring the wayfarer to tropical lands where it is always summer-time—lands of blue skies and smooth seas and beautiful birds and butterflies and fruits and flowers.

One would have thought that the pleasant easy paths would have been the favourites, and that the early

adventurers would have steered their ships to the sunny south, instead of northward, to the grim, bleak top of the world. This has not always been the case, however, for there is a strange attraction in peril and difficulty, and all through the centuries, ever since Columbus first crossed the Atlantic—and perhaps, even, in older times still—the mysterious North Pole, barricaded as it is by ice and storm and darkness, has been like a magnet, drawing explorers away from safer seas and softer airs. They never found what they sought, those hardy seamen of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but also they never knew when they were beaten, and, when one expedition ended in disaster, there were always brave men eager and ready to follow in the foosteps of the pioneers.

At first it was the North-west Passage—the short, swift route to the Indies (as they thought)—that was the goal, and then it was the North Pole itself that men longed to reach. Both of these have been discovered now, after many vain attempts, and but barren discoveries they have proved to, but, even if it has been explored, the North has not been conquered. Arctic travellers of to-day have more knowledge and better equipment than their forerunners, it is true, but the polar winters are as long, the frosts as deadly, and the storms as wild as they were four hundred years ago and more, when Sebastian Cabot sailed from Bristol, and steered his little ship, the *Matthew*, up the Labrador coast.

'I barred my doors with iron, I shuttered my gates with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nut-shell navie came.'

That is how a modern poet writes of the grim, hostile North, and the words call to mind pictures of towering bergs, and snow-clad wastes, of the flicker of the aurora across the black mid-day mid-winter sky, of stout vessels nipped to death in the ice, of fur-wrapped adventurers dragging their heavy sleds and boats over rough hummocks, and of lonely graves far away in the frozen wilds.

It was in 1487 that the first British Arctic expedition under Cabot's leadership, sailed northward, and forty years later we find Henry VIII. dispatching two ships, 'well manned and well victualled, having in them divers cunning men, to seek new regions.' During the next half-century other voyagers followed Cabot, and then, in 1575, Martin Frobisher set out, 'To find whether there were any strait through which men might sail to the rich country of Cathay.'

Frobisher was a well-known seaman, and Queen Elizabeth, who was usually ready to encourage enterprise, took a great interest in his venture. We hear that she summoned him to Greenwich Palace in order to bid him farewell, and graciously waved her handkerchief from a window as the two ships of discovery, the *Michael* and the *Gabriel*, sailed down the Thames.

This expedition, begun under such happy auspices, was more successful than its predecessors, for in a few months Frobisher was safely home again, and, although he had not found the North-west passage, he and his brave followers had penetrated farther north than any one since Cabot's time, and had not only encountered unknown wild animals, but unknown wild men as well, 'infidels, whose like was never seen, read, nor heard of before.' And one of these savages—an Eskimo—in his seal-skin garments was actually brought back and exhibited as a show in London Town.

Martin Frobisher was soon followed by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who sailed in 1583 with five ships, but he met with nothing but disaster, and only one of the vessels, the *Golden Hind*, came back to England with tidings of what had happened.

Brave Sir Humphrey, so the story ran, had been on board the smallest of all, the *Squirrel*, when a terrible gale was encountered on the homeward voyage. He refused to leave this little vessel for the larger and safer *Golden Hind* and was heard to say to his men when the hurricane was at its height, and before his ship foundered, 'Courage, my lads, we are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'

Even the tragedy of Gilbert's last voyage did not discourage would-be Arctic explorers, and, on June 7th, 1585, Captain John Davies, with two ships, the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine*, sailed from Dartmouth. On the northward voyage, the coast of South Greenland was sighted and called the 'Land of Desolation,' a name which seems to have been very appropriate, for, in describing it, Davis says, 'The loathsome view of the shore and the irksome sound of the sea was such that it bred strange conceits among us, so that we supposed the place to be waste and devoid of any sensible or vegetable creatures.'

Later, during the same voyage, Davis Strait and Gilbert Sound were discovered and named, and in September the ships sailed for home, arriving at Dartmouth within two hours of each other.

Captain Davis made other voyages to the polar regions, and in his records there are stories of his dealings with the Greenland natives, who, he says, 'are idolators and witches. They eat all their food raw, they drink salt water and eat grass and ice with great delight.'

These strange folk were friendly enough, as a rule, to the English sailors, but they were thieves and gave much trouble by stealing ropes, cloths, oars, weapons, and indeed anything upon which they could lay their hands.

On one occasion an anchor was missing, and, as a reprisal, two of the Eskimos were taken prisoners and kept until the lost property was restored, and, even when this had been done, only one of the captives was released, the other being kept as a hostage.

This man seems to have been well treated by his new masters, and having been given a 'suit of frieze of the English fashion,' settled down on board ship and made himself useful in many ways.

The next famous name on the list of Arctic explorers is that of Henry Hudson, who made a voyage in the service of the Muscovy trading company, in 1607, his sailing orders being, 'Go direct to the North Pole.' This command Hudson did his best to obey, in a little vessel that, nowadays, would hardly be considered fit to cross the North Sea. He sailed due north for two thousand miles, and then, his provisions giving out, was forced to return. A second voyage was made by Hudson, in 1608, a third in 1609, and a fourth in 1610, when the bay now called by his name was reached. Unfortunately, however, the travellers ventured too far into this great inland sea, and being overtaken by bad weather, were forced to camp for the winter on the bleak, ice-bound shore.

Terrible hardships and privations were endured during those long, deary months, but Henry Hudson

did not lose his courage and, when spring came at last, decreed that a new start northward should be made. The sailors, however, with the exception of John King, the carpenter, refused to obey their leader's orders, and, rebelling against them, they seized Hudson, his son, King, and several sick men, and cast them adrift in an open boat.

And so Hudson perished in Hudson's Bay. Four years later William Baffin sailed into Baffin Sea—an exploit that was considered too wonderful to be true—a mere Traveller's Tale, in fact, so that in the maps printed two hundred years later, we find these words to the west of Greenland, 'Baffin's Bay, according to the relation of William Baffin in 1616, but not now believed.'

Baffin's Sea, Hudson's Bay, Frobisher Strait, Gilbert Sound—the early Arctic explorers have their memorials in the far North, and although more modern names may be seen in still higher latitudes, the brave prisoners, who first blazed the trails and carried the English flag towards the Pole, will not be forgotten.

'The lean white bear hath seen it, in the long, long Arctic night,
The musk ox knows the standard, that flaunts the northern light.
What is the flag of England? You have but my bergs to dare,
You have but my drifts to conquer: go forth, for it is there.'

A. A. Methley.

THE 'CAT AND FIDDLE.'

'Hey-diddle diddle!
The cat and the fiddle!'
(*Nursery Rhyme.*)

IT is said that a Frenchwoman living in London thought so much of her tabby cat that she put up over her door the notice: 'Voici un chat Fidèle.' This was corrupted by Londoners into 'Cat and Fidèle,' which became a favourite shop-sign. The original 'Chat Fidèle' house stood in the east end of Piccadilly.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 123.)

IT was twelve o'clock before I reached Polperro and limped up the garden path of Treagus's house at Mill End. I found him at home and made my report, telling him straight of the mess I had made. He did not see it in that light at all; he thought I had done wonders—Treagus always does hearten up a fellow. His father was out for the day, so, after a wash and brush up, we two sat down together to a good square meal—cold beef and pickles, followed by rice pudding and jam. I am afraid we made a hole in the week's rations, but I *did* enjoy it! I ran home, told the Pater I was all right, and changed my clothes. By that time Treagus had got the Patrol together at headquarters.

The cheery words of Treagus, the beef and pickles, and a good wash had made a man of me again. I began to see that though I had failed in my efforts to rescue Dicky, still I had done something in getting hold on the Gyppo, finding Dicky's whereabouts, and bringing an important message from him. All the fellows were very good—making a regular fuss of me. The Microbe declared that I was a downright hero—being shot at and having a bullet in my leg: he would persist in calling it a bullet, when in reality it was only small shot and the wound was nothing more than a graze. However, they were all very jolly and thought a deal of what I had done.

I repeated Dicky's message again and again, and we weighed it word by word: 'There are desperate doings on the shore under the West Cliff.' The Microbe's hair almost stood on end. 'There's only one way to reach the spot and that is through Willie Wimple's Cave. Willie Wimple was right after all; there is a way through to Lantivitt. Don't go poking about at the far end of the cave, but when you are inside, turn your face to the opening and then poke about.'

'Ripping,' exclaimed Bully, 'sounds like a what-you-may-call-it, doesn't it? Perhaps it's all true about the cave, and we may find the old ancient treasure-chest that's been hidden there for centuries and centuries!

Treagus was of opinion that it would be but losing time for the Patrol to make a raid on Nick Tubson's store, as doubtless Dicky had been removed to a place of greater security. So it was decided to follow Dicky's instructions that very evening. There were a few necessary arrangements to make, then we would start for the cave, make a thorough search for the way through, and, if we were fortunate, we might find the spot beneath the West Cliff before daylight failed.

'Dicky does not give us any idea of what we may be likely to find when we get there,' said Treagus, 'but we have a pretty fair notion. If it comes to a scrap we should stand a chance with two or three, but if they are too many, we shall have to lay low and watch. Tallerman will be in it. He does not usually come down till Saturday, or Friday night at earliest, but Penwarden saw him at Bodinnick last night, which shows there's something in the wind. Have any of you fellows seen if the flag is flying at Duncrag?'

'Yes,' replied Bully. 'Saw it this morning. He's flying it the right way this time.'

'The bounder doesn't know the right way from the wrong,' the Microbe declared, with a sniff of disdain.

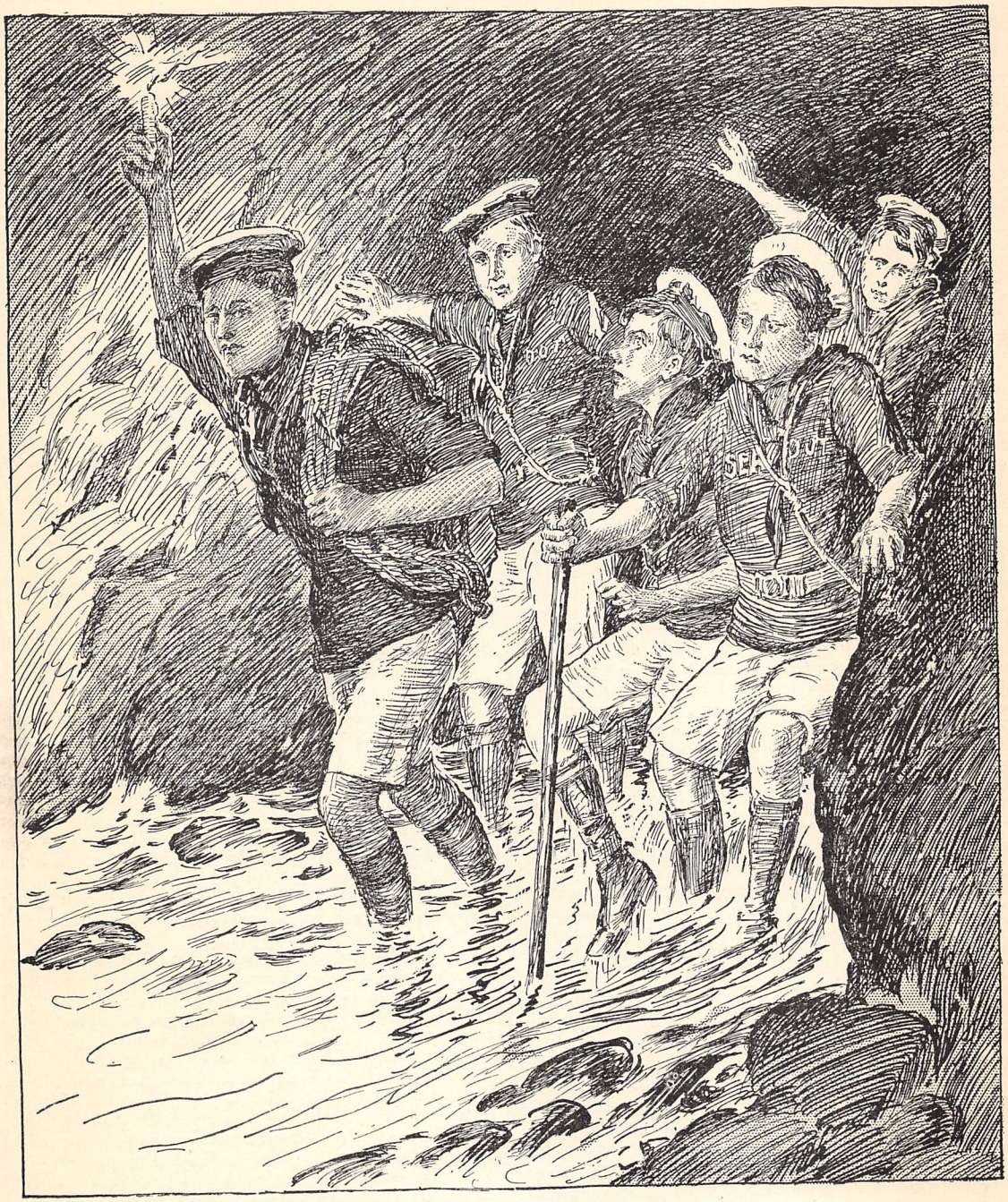
'I'm not so sure of that,' said Treagus. 'He's not so green. My idea is that there's method in it—a signal to the 'U' boat. I should guess that flying it the right way means Yes, and the wrong way No; if something or other is to come off, it is Yes; if it cannot be done, the flag says No. Don't you think there's something in that, boys? Taking everything together with Dicky's urgent message, there's no doubt there's something in the wind, and, whatever it is, it will take place to-night. So be as slippy as you can, for we must allow at least a couple of hours of daylight. Have you got plenty of candles, Pen? My torch has pretty nearly run out.'

'Six, and two boxes of matches,' I replied.

'Right you are. Give me the rope, Bully, you take the crowbar. Now then, off you go.'

(*Continued on page* 138.)

"I found Treagus at home and made my report."



"We splashed through the water."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 135.)

CHAPTER X.

IT was six o'clock when we turned the key at headquarters, and ten minutes after we were groping about in Willie Wimple's Cave. Following Dicky's instructions, we stood a few yards within, examining every rock and crevice about the entrance, but without finding a sign of such a place as we sought.

'That's where I climbed up and got the ferns,' said Bully, pointing to a pinnacle just beneath the roof where a little pallid vegetation clung.

'Well, go up again and look about you,' said Treagus. 'I can't see anything from this level.'

This Bully did with a good deal of grunting, and on getting near the roof, cried, 'There's nothing up here, Treagus, but over on the other side there's a lot of loose stuff come down—looks as if some one had been trying to scramble up.'

We turned to the place Bully indicated—a recess thrown into shadow by a projecting buttress of rock further removed from the opening than the part of the cave we had explored—here we found a quantity of dislodged stones and a heap of damp clay soil, evidently brought down by a considerable flow of water from above, probably the result of the heavy rains of the last fortnight.

Following the direction of this tide of mud and rubble, we noted some eight feet from the ground a projecting ledge of rock, over which it had swept. On to this shelf Treagus climbed and for some moments disappeared, then we heard him calling for a lighted candle. We passed one up to him, but on its being raised to the level of the ledge it was instantly blown out. A strong current of air swept the upper part of the cave; again and again the candle was extinguished. Finally, Treagus succeeded in keeping it alight by shading it with his cap, and once more he was lost to sight.

Surely the draught must issue either from an opening to the outer air or from such a passage or series of caves as we had been led to expect? Thus we argued, and awaited his return on the tip-toe of expectancy. Bully and the Microbe tried to follow, but found the top of the rock slippery and the other side a void, so, voting 'discretion the better part of valour,' they awaited the return of the candle.

'Boys, it's all right: I've found it,' said Treagus, reappearing.

He spoke in hushed tones, for even at the beginning of our adventure the gloom and mystery had produced an effect on us that caused us to speak with lowered voices.

'Come on, boys. Mind how you crawl over this slab—it's slippy, and look out for your heads. There's a sort of recess at the back here, and then you turn a corner. Keep your heads low for goodness' sake. You must look after yourselves; it's as much as I can do to keep this candle alight. Now then, two steps up—there's water still running here, and the sides are slimy. There! bother it, the light's gone out.'

Treagus and I had our electric torches with us, but they were both in the same condition—nearly run out, and we had decided to keep them for emergencies; hence the stock of candles we had brought with us. According to Treagus, we had reached an awkward corner, beyond which he had not penetrated.

We tried a few yards in the pitchy darkness; the footing was uncertain—we jostled, stumbled, and clawed at each other unmercifully. 'Steady on there, Bully, with that crowbar,' the Microbe was muttering.

'I can't help it,' Bully growled. 'Treagus is standing on my feet to keep himself out of the slop, and Penwarden's hanging on to me like a crab. Can't somebody show a light? We're all mixed up like eels.'

'Don't you hear that swishy sound?—that's water,' said Lawyer.

Treagus turned the light of his torch on our surroundings and revealed them bit by bit. We had passed through a rough opening littered with stones and rubbish, had turned a bend and were in a V-shaped passage some six feet in height. A stream of water ran swiftly toward us into a crevice almost at our feet, where it foamed and gurgled as if meeting some obstruction; then, continuing its onrush, disappeared from view.

There lay no course before us but to make our way up the stream as best we could; fortunately it was shallow, being no more than a foot to a foot and a half in depth, but its bed proved so rough that to go barefooted was impossible.

'What an extraordinary place,' said Treagus, who had been plumbing the stream whilst Lawyer held the torch—'what an extraordinary place. It seems to me that this hole and the outlet into the cave have been blocked, and the bursting of some subterranean watercourse has swept away the rubbish of years and opened a way through. There must have been a vast quantity of water to have burst through into Willie Wimple's Cave; it is now subsiding, I suppose, and this venthole is sufficient to carry it off. Don't you remember what happened to the chute near Oliver's cottage, where the women used to get their water? All of a sudden it dried up! That was two years ago.'

'Yes, and the strangest part of it was that it happened in a very wet season—that was what puzzled us,' I said.

'The water must have been diverted by some means or other into another channel; that's how I account for it, and something of the sort has occurred here.'

'Now then, boys,' continued Treagus, 'we must make the best of it and go through with our boots on. We must try the candle again, I can spare no more torchlight; perhaps the draught will lessen further on. Now then, single file, and mind how you get across this sinkhole.'

So, in the light of the guttering candle, we splashed through the water, Treagus leading the way.

'Lucky it's no deeper,' observed Lawyer. 'Look at the sides; it's been waist-deep at some time.'

'I hope a tidal-wave doesn't come down the drain whilst we're in it,' said Bully Watson. 'I've no fancy for drowning like a rat in a trap, as they say.'

'Here, stow that,' exclaimed the Microbe 'you make me feel creepy. It's bad enough to have all these hundreds of tons of rock over your head, when any

minute there may be a landslide to make fossil remains of you.'

'Stow it yourself, Microbe, you little beast; you've given me the jumps. I thought it had come when that stone gave way under my foot. Can't you be cheerful for once? No wonder Willie Wimple never came back.'

'Hurrah, boys! there's a light ahead,' cried Treagus.

(*Continued on page* 150.)

THE LINNET'S PETITION.

ON a thorn a linnet perches;
Underneath, a schoolboy rough
For a stone intently searches—
'I shall hit him sure enough!'

Arm upraised to aim discreetly,
'I shall bring him down ere long!'
All at once the linnet sweetly
Warbles out its summer song.

Thrilling, trilling, all unheeding,
Work ng all the while a spell;
For its life the linnet pleading,
Warbles tenderly and well.

Such a gush of joyous singing
Falls upon the truant's ear,
Through the woods its echo ringing,
Makes the music doubly clear.

Dropped the lifted hand in wonder,
Harmlessly the pebble fell;
'Child, what made you spare the linnet?'
'Oh, because he sung so well.'

CHEER UP.

THERE'S a wrong side, there's a right side.
There's a dark side, and a bright side,
A shady side with gloomy shadows falling;
Tho' sufficiently unpleasant.
Is the trouble when it's present,
Past woes aren't worth the trouble of recalling.

Takes a pitcher, as a token,
Which is spilt and badly broken,
Its contents lost and which cannot be mended,
And none will be denying
That it's foolish to be crying
Because its days of usefulness are ended.

There is nothing gained by worry;
But remember when you hurry
To be a little careful lest you stumble;
Do not waste your time lamenting,
But such accidents preventing,
Try smiling at your mishaps, never grumble.

Then seek happiness, be cheerful,
Carry on and don't be tearful,
Look forward, not regretfully behind you,
Over miseries repining,
For somewhere the sun is shining:
Keep up your head and it is sure to find you.

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

IV.—CAPTURING OUTLAWS.

(*Concluded from page* 126.)

ONE of the least-known lands in the world is the interior of the large island of New Guinea: a land of mountains, thick forests and highlands, inhabited by fierce tribes, many of them cannibals, eaters of human flesh. This inhospitable land was, until quite recent times, quite unknown; few, if any, white men having ever penetrated into its mysterious fastnesses.

Nearer the coast are mostly jungle and swamp, a vast mass of water, mud, and tangled undergrowth. Here and there, small settlements, a town or two; but in the dark interior, nothing but mystery and intractable tribesmen.

Gradually the white man encroached on the jealously guarded territory. Hardy gold-seekers, careless of death and disease, ever pressing onward in the feverish search for the precious yellow metal, fought the natives bitterly and gradually forced them back, or to submission and comparative inoffensiveness.

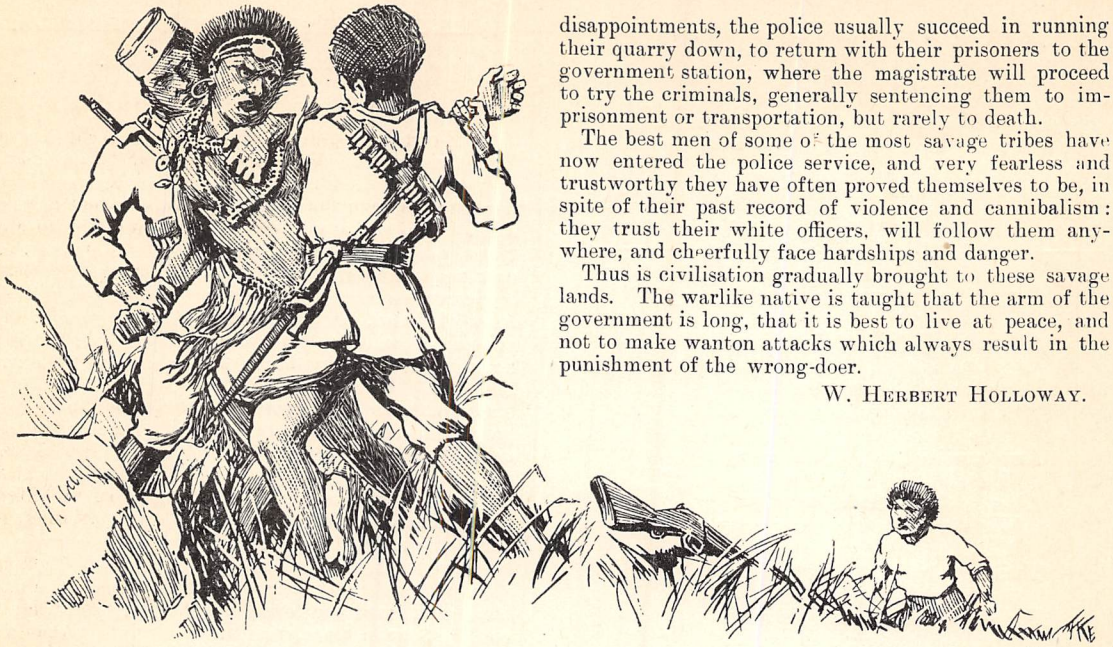
At the end of the last century, quite a prosperous little gold-field was humming with activity. The mining men, having fought their way through the swamps, and having subdued the lowland tribes, thought that they could labour in peace, unmindful of the fact that a new enemy was lying in wait and biding his time: the mountain tribes, clever bushmen, were watching from the jungle with fierce unfriendly eyes, awaiting their chance to steal and destroy. The miners, knowing nothing of the crafty enemy lying in wait, peacefully plied their trade, until one day their sense of security was rudely shaken by the hillmen pouncing on some of their native labourers and murdering them. After several such raids the miners, being without police protection, took the law into their own hands, raided in their turn, and drove the enemy off. Soon after, government posts were established at some points in the interior, garrisoned by armed native constables in charge of a white officer, in order to keep the inhabitants from attacking the few whites, or murdering each other, this last being quite a common everyday occurrence.

In 1910, in spite of the near presence of the police, there was an outbreak of murderous attacks, and the police were forced to venture into the unknown in an effort to capture the guilty.

The lowland tribes, hating the mountaineers who had so often harried them, were only too ready to act as carriers, and volunteered in large numbers, undeterred by thoughts of the hardships they would have to face, many days' weary climbing, and the bitter cold of the high mountain altitudes.

In such an expedition the actual fighting men are few, say, a dozen native constables, and the rest, some seventy or eighty, are carriers. Along gorges, across rivers, up and down rocky hills, following the tracks of the fugitives, the expedition winds its way. At last, a village high up on a little plateau, and heavily stockaded, is found, but the look-out man has seen the advancing police, and the inhabitants have fled and scattered. The weary chase proceeds, always with caution, for an ambush is at all times to be feared in the thick, high grass, where the enemy could safely lie unseen and hurl their spears with deadly effect.

In the end, after much wearisome marching and many



disappointments, the police usually succeed in running their quarry down, to return with their prisoners to the government station, where the magistrate will proceed to try the criminals, generally sentencing them to imprisonment or transportation, but rarely to death.

The best men of some of the most savage tribes have now entered the police service, and very fearless and trustworthy they have often proved themselves to be, in spite of their past record of violence and cannibalism: they trust their white officers, will follow them anywhere, and cheerfully face hardships and danger.

Thus is civilisation gradually brought to these savage lands. The warlike native is taught that the arm of the government is long, that it is best to live at peace, and not to make wanton attacks which always result in the punishment of the wrong-doer.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE ORIGIN OF THE 'CARTE-DE-VISITE.'

IN 1857 a French duke had an original idea. Instead of having his name printed on his visiting-cards he had his portrait placed there.

The Parisian Court photographer, Disderi, who did the pictures, saw what a money-making concern might be made of the duke's idea, and soon it became the fashion for everybody of any consequence to present his friends with his 'carte-de-visite.'

SIMPLE SARAH.

WHILST Nancy's father and Mr. Hancock talked about buying and selling sheep, Mrs. Hancock took her young visitor to the big kitchen garden, where the first raspberries of the season were just ripe.

'We'll gather some for your mother,' said the farmer's wife. 'When she was a little girl like you she loved raspberries, as I remember well. A basketful will remind her of old times.'

Then a half-grown white chicken came limping along the stone path, and Mrs. Hancock laughed and shook her head.

'Talk about birds having no wits,' she said. 'I do really and truly believe that poor thing is as clever as a dog. She's never contented out of my sight—she'd follow me for miles and miles!'

The young fowl appeared to examine Nancy very carefully, as if to make sure that she was of a friendly nature, then she flapped her wings, and rose to her shoulder.

'Nay, I've never seen her do that to any one!' cried Mrs. Hancock. 'Mostly she's shy with strangers and keeps out of the way. Poor thing, I don't know what's to be done with her. She's the only one left of a sitting of prize eggs—a fox came and took all the others, but she managed to escape with a broken leg. I nursed her till she got strong—maybe it's that makes her so fond! Simple Sarah—that's the name my husband gave her in jest—she's sometimes a bit tiresome with getting in my way. Not that she hasn't very taking tricks, to be sure. There, my dear, you'd best put her on the ground—she'd be only too glad to stay on your shoulder all day!'

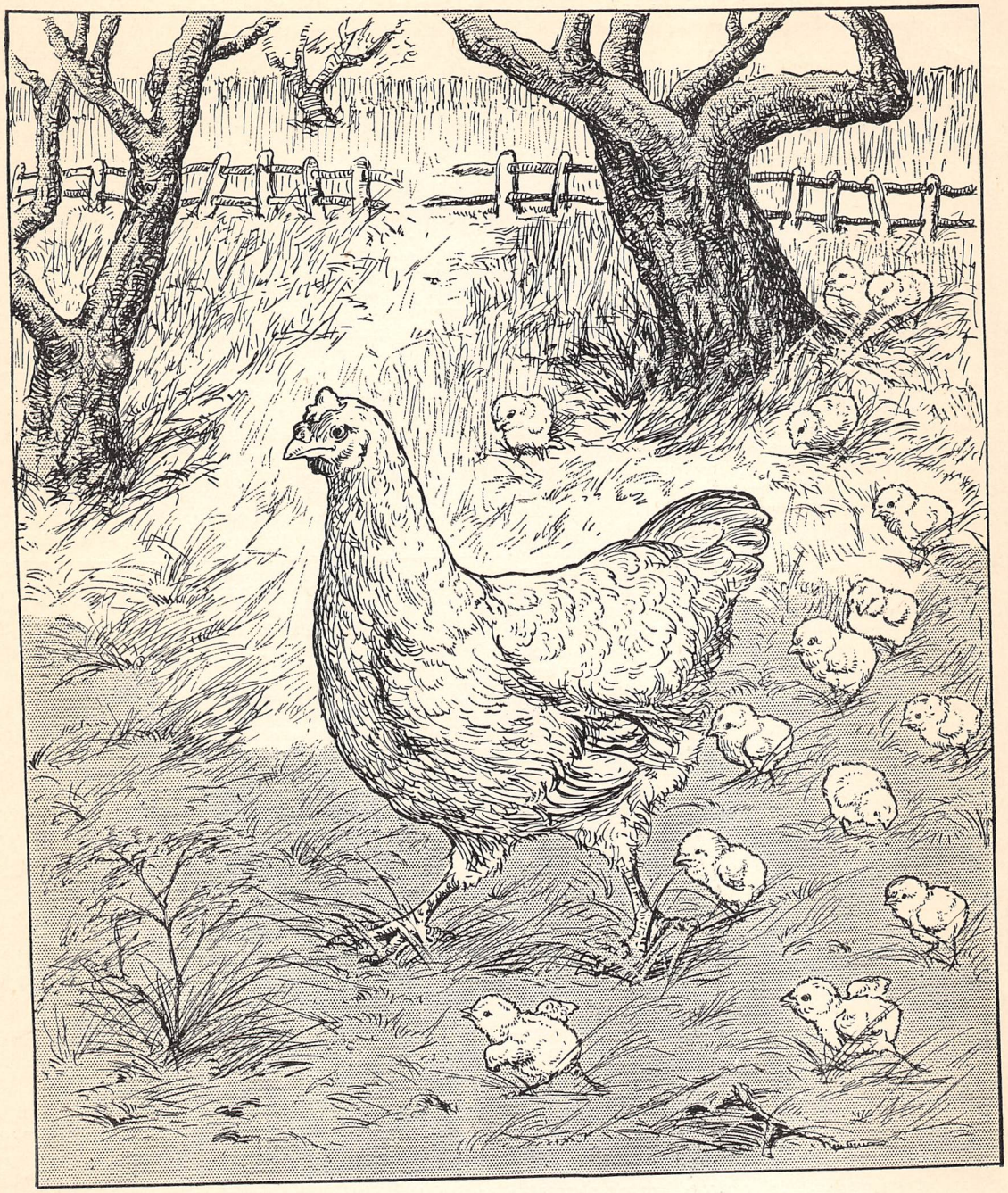
'I should like Father to buy her,' said Nancy. 'There's quite a lot of pennies in my thrift box.'

'You shall have her for a present,' said Mrs. Hancock. 'I'll be only too glad for her to find a good home. With her being a bit lame, I'm afraid of the fox getting her too, same as he did her brothers and sisters.'

Then, as the basket was filled, they went back to the house for tea, and early in the evening Simple Sarah was put in another hamper, and Nancy drove with her father to the farm at the other end of the valley. Mrs. Barker was waiting for them in the orchard. The very first thing Nancy did, was to show her her old friend's gift. Then Simple Sarah was given a good handful of corn and put to roost with her fellows in the poultry-house; but in the morning, as they sat at breakfast in the big kitchen, she limped across the farmyard and passed quite boldly through the open doorway. She stood on the mat and looked at the little family party, then came straight to Nancy's side and began to peck up a few fallen crumbs.

'She's come to bid Nancy good-morning!' said Mrs. Barker. 'I never saw such a polite bird in all my life!'

When all the crumbs had disappeared, Simple Sarah



"Simple Sarah came forward very proudly."

made up her mind to explore the kitchen, and hobbled under the big dresser and the long high-backed seat near the hearth. There was a mattress on the latter covered with red chintz; she rose to this, and found old Sukey, the tabby cat, lying comfortably in the warmest corner. She must have been vexed because Sukey only lifted her eyelids and then went to sleep again, for after watching her for at least a minute, she gave her a very sharp peck

on the tail. The cat growled crossly and lifted her paw to strike, but Simple Sarah ruffled her feathers, and drooped her wings, and looked really so formidable that Sukey thought it best to look for a resting-place in one of the barns. Simple Sarah made a little croaking noise—just as if she said it was disgraceful for any one to be idling at that time of the morning!

After that, Rover the collie, who was a great favourite with all the family, came in for his share of breakfast. Simple Sarah, proud of her success with Sukey, tried to scare him in the same way, but Rover did not pay the least attention to her ruffled plumage and ready beak. He walked to Nancy's chair and laid his head in her lap to be stroked, wagging his tail to show that he was pleased. Simple Sarah, who was perhaps annoyed because he was so calm, seemed to reflect for a short time, then jumped up and stood swaying on his back. Everybody was so amused that the good old fellow actually winked!

When breakfast was over, Nancy took her basket and went to the garden to gather a 'boiling' of peas. The chicken went with her, and whilst she passed up and down the rows, she kept quite close to her young mistress, seeking for worms, and made a very fine meal. When they went back to the house she met the other fowls, but it was easy to see that she did not wish for anything more than a slight acquaintance. One or two would have liked to follow Nancy, but in her own language she told them to 'run away and play! Her young lady had no time to bother with them!'

But soon after that memorable day. Nancy fell ill, and for a long time had to be nursed with great care. Since Mrs. Barker had no maid, and there was so much work to do, a little bed was placed in the sunny best parlour whose windows opened to the orchard.

Poor Simple Sarah wandered about in search of her mistress. One day she entered through the open window, and quite boldy mounted to the bed. Nancy was alone at the time—her mother heard through the open door the music of a faint little laugh—the first laugh that had sounded in that house all summer.

'I do believe it did Nancy more good than any medicine!' she said when her husband came in for tea. 'I ran in to see what was amiss, and there was the poor bird pecking away quietly at a bit of biscuit in her hand. There'd been a shower and Simple Sarah's feet were muddy; but I couldn't find in my heart to be cross!'

After that, wire netting was fixed in the open window, so that she might not enter. Every morning, however, she used to come to the sill and eat such food as Nancy had begged her parents to place there. The bird's voice had changed, she clucked more loudly, and she always seemed in a hurry to get away, although soon Nancy was able to sit wrapped in shawls, on a couch quite close to the panes.

'She's getting on all right, but very slowly,' said the doctor. 'If she could only begin to take an interest in something, it would make a great difference. Some day soon you must let her sit in the sunlight.'

So one afternoon, Mr. Barker carried her to a pleasant open space where a table had been laid for tea. Old Sukey and Rover followed, walking very sedately just as if they were going to a party. Mrs. Hancock had written that she was coming over. Very soon after the tired child was placed in an easy chair, her dog-cart stopped in front of the gate.

The old lady had brought a basket of raspberries and two little china fowls that had stood for years and years on her parlour mantel-shelf.

'I thought I'd like you to have them, my dear,' she said. 'You see, I've not forgotten what a fancy you took for that crippled chicken we called Simple Sarah. That reminds me to ask—I've often wondered what became of her!'

Just then came the sound of very excited clucking from a corner of the orchard where the wall was quite hidden behind thick ivy, and Simple Sarah came forward very proudly, followed by fourteen lovely little balls of yellow fluff, each of which chirped loudly, as if afraid that she meant to leave the family without protection. Without turning to right or left, she went to Nancy's chair, jumped to her lap, and clucked in vain for the youngsters to follow. Nancy's eyes sparkled very brightly, and the colour came back to her cheeks for the first time.

'Oh, Mother, I shall get strong now,' said the happy little mistress. 'I want to feed them—to do everything myself.'

'Mrs. Barker stooped and gave her a very tender kiss. 'And Simple Sarah wants you, too,' she whispered. 'It's almost the same as if she spoke. She's worth her weight in gold! Oh, my little Nancy, my little one, if you could know how glad our hearts are to-day!'

AIMÉE RANDOLPH.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

BY EDNA LAKE.

(Continued from page 130.)

HUMPHREY felt his heart sink. After all, there was something wrong!

The girls had stayed a little way off, but now Tickato had seen her beloved treasure in the hands of the constable, and not all Janet's entreaties and commands would keep her where she was.

'I tell you he has got my treasure!' she stormed. 'I am going to see why, and make him give it back to me!'

Billy had followed the other two boys, and there was no one to restrain her.

'It's no use. Let's all go, and see what they want,' said Nora, as Tickato broke away, and ran to join the boys in the group beside the caravan.

'Yes, we must go, of course. I am afraid there is something wrong. They look so worried,' said Janet, following her younger sister.

'What on earth do you mean?' Humphrey was saying, just as Tickato rushed up, and joined them.

'That is mine! Give it to me! I found it only this morning,' she cried, going close up to the policeman who held the package.

'Oh, so this is the one that we shall have to look after, is it?' said he, glaring down at her in a way that would have terrified a less fearless child. 'That's a fine story, little Miss, but it won't do—it won't do at all, so don't repeat it, please.'

Tickato's face got a fine beetroot red. She hated to be insulted, and this man's way of speaking was most rude. He seemed as if he did not believe what she had told him. And in addition to this, he had got her treasure! She stamped her foot, as she cried angrily, 'Give it to me, I say! You have not any right to take what you

find in our caravan. You are stealing! Give it to me!'

Billy, who had a little more respect for the English police force, and who realised better that they were no longer in India, addressing natives, tried to interpose.

'Tickato, there has been a mistake or something,' he said, half under his breath. 'Don't be silly, but wait till Humphrey explains.'

'Give it to me!' repeated Tickato, in a high-pitched voice, but the policeman took no notice. Instead of replying to the little girl, he turned to the older children saying sternly, 'You've been receiving stolen property, if you haven't taken it yourselves. I should like to remind you that Engl sh law says as how the receiver is as bad as the thief. You have got here something what's worth thousands—yes thousands - and——'

But again Tickato broke in, crying, 'There! What did I tell you?' She turned to the others triumphantly. 'I said that the package had got something awfully costly and precious in it, and so it has. And I found it. Oh, give it to me, give it to me! I want to find out who it belongs to.'

The two policemen looked rather puzzled, almost as if they were changing their minds about something, as Nora remarked later on.

Then the one Martin named X spoke, clearing his throat impressively.

'You tell us a strange tale,' he said. 'I, for one, ain't going to believe it. No, it won't wash, and that's flat. This parcel contains some lace — very old stuff, and worth, as I said, thousands of pounds. It was stolen a matter of ten days ago, and we've been on the hunt for the stuff and the thief ever since. And this afternoon we chanced to come on your caravan, which was just what we wanted to find.'

'What on earth did you want our caravan for?' interrupted Martin.

'Well, young sir, if you must know, it's for this reason. Didn't you give a lift to a chap, a week or so since, between Castlebury and Moreton?'

The boys looked astonished.

'Well, what if we did?' said Humphrey, remembering how they had given a lift to a very old and infirm man who had begged a few coppers from them, saying that he was on his way to the workhouse at Castlebury, and wanted to go by the train, since he was so foot-sore.

The constables both nodded, with satisfaction showing plainly enough on their faces. They looked as if they felt themselves to be extremely clever.

'You remember that hincident, I gather?' asked X.

'Well what about it? I know we gave the poor old fellow a lift, but there's nothing wonderful about that, is there?' demanded Humphrey.

'Nothing wonderful, but something rather awkward for you,' said the policeman. That man was carrying his little all along with him to the workhouse, wasn't he?'

The children chorused 'Yes.'

Again the constables nodded, like mandarins.

'That's the idea,' said the shorter man. This here was his little all. Nice little legacy, too. Set him up in life very comfortable, as you might say. Now, what we want to know is, why did you and your party say you would see to putting it in a safe place till the poor old fellow could come and get it? He told you they would take it away from him in the "house," didn't he? And he asked you if you would be so kind as to mind it for him, just till he could see to getting it back. Told you he'd got a little money to come from a son in a few weeks, eh?'

The Warreners looked as surprised as they felt, as the constable unfolded this conversation to them. The twins looked on open-mouthed. What wonderful adventures they were having! They had been lost, found by the campers, and received as caravan cousins. They had met a most unusually pleasant uncle, with the strangest of names. And now they were having this encounter with the policemen, and it seemed as if it would end in their all going to prison. What had their companions been doing with the old man the policeman was talking about? Tickato forgot to demand the immediate return of her package, so great was her interest in this strange story!

But the Warreners felt that this was going to be rather serious for them. It was to be a difficult matter to make these men believe their story. They had given the old man a lift, he had told them of his 'little all' in the package—only then it had been tied up in a red pocket-handkerchief of astonishing design. He had said would they mind it for him, and had talked about the son from whom he expected money. Humphrey told all this to the two constables, who listened in an unbelieving manner very trying to behold.

'You see, we said that we could not take his parcel for him, because we did not know where we should be, and would not be able to return it to him,' said Martin in the pauses of his brother's story.

'And we told him to leave it with some one in Castlebury,' said Janet.

'And he said he'd no friends there,' put in Nora.

The policemen looked at one another.

'How came you by it to-day,' asked one of them, addressing the query to the boys and ignoring Tickato altogether.

Humphrey explained in a few words, what had happened.

'Well, it's an unlikely tale,' said the taller man. 'It looks decidedly fishy, to my way of thinking!'

'It is fishy—most awfully fishy,' broke in Tickato eagerly. 'That's how it was that Mascot found it. It was the smell, you see. He kept digging and digging——'

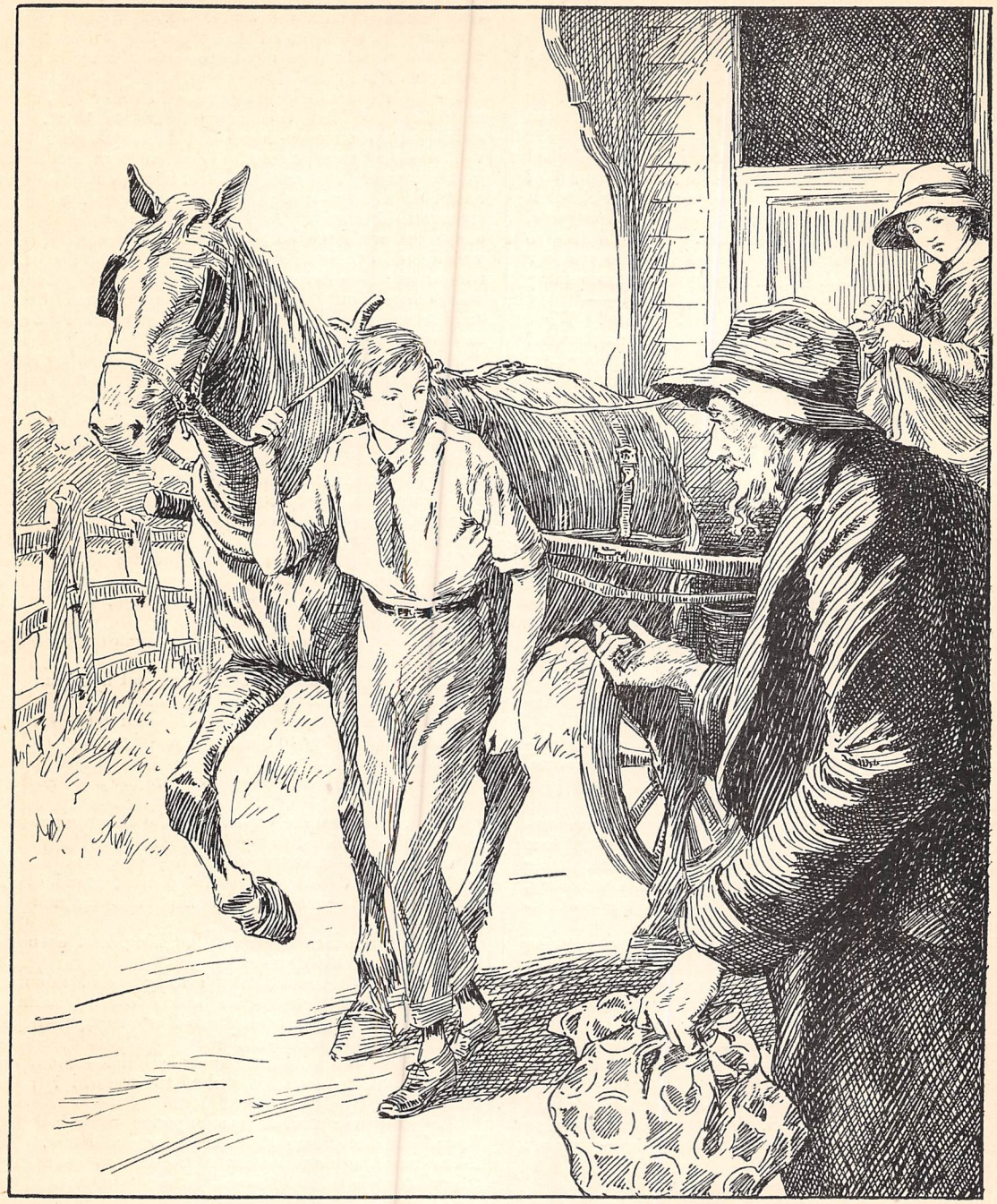
Both of the men burst out laughing, and even the Warreners and Billy smiled.

'That's not the sort of fishy I meant,' said the man. 'Still, we've got to get to the bottom of this business. It is mighty stran_e. and looks as if it was a put-up job, his riding with you, and all.'

'How on earth do you know all that—about our giving the old fellow a lift, and all the rest of it?' asked Martin.

The policeman smiled in a superior manner. 'The Force,' said he, giving the word a capital letter, 'The Force has ways and means of getting to hear about things like this. And you will have to come along with me down to Castlebury Police Station, and answer a few questions that ll be asked you. I must tell you it's a serious charge, very serious, that we've got to make against you. Receivin' stolen property—that's what you've been doing, and it'll go hard with you, beyond a doubt.'

(*Continued on page* 146.)



"A very old man begged a few coppers from them."

"'Why did you let them carry off my treasure?'"

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 143.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE children looked at one another in some dismay for a moment. The dusk was beginning to fall; they were all tired out with their long day's work and pleasure. They wanted supper and then bed. And here were these two bullying policemen wanting them—nay, ordering them—to go all the way to the Police Station at Castlebury.

Humphrey felt that it was up to him, as leader of the party, to assert himself, and so he said, quite firmly, 'You can believe what we have told you or not, just as you like; but if you think that we are coming down to Castlebury with you to-night, you are very much out in your reckoning. We are going to stay here, and here you will find us in the morning, if you still want us. We have not had anything to do with the stolen property, and it's no use your talking such rubbish.'

The effect of these words was rather magical the twins thought. The faces of the two men grew quite blank, and Tickato distinctly saw one of them give the other a glance, and move his lips as if saying something, though no word escaped him. Then the taller man said in surly tones, 'You can bully if you like, but we are going to have this stuff. It is ours by right seeing that we represent the Police, and it is our duty to take it to headquarters at once.'

Humphrey saw that something had happened. The few words he had uttered had made all the difference in their positions. He felt a momentary suspicion, but dismissed it as absurd. Of course the men were right in demanding possession of the lace, although he did not feel that they were at all good specimens of the force they represented. He never remembered to have met with such uncivil policemen in all his life. He said now, with some sharpness, 'We do not want the lace, or whatever it is. You can take it just as soon as you like; and the sooner you go and leave us in peace, the better we shall like it.'

The others looked at Humphrey with admiration showing plainly on their faces. He certainly was standing up to these two men in a masterly fashion, and it was clear that their troubles with these unwelcome visitors were almost at an end. The men seemed, all at once, in a hurry to go away.

'Here take the parcel. I'll put down your names in my note-book, and then we'll be off,' said the taller man, giving the package containing the lace to his companion, and fishing a dirty little note-book out of his pocket. In this he commenced to write the children's names.

'Your name, young sir?' he demanded, looking at Humphrey.

'Humphrey James Warrener.'

'Father's name and occupation and address?'

'Father's name is the same as mine. He is an engineer, and we live at Granton Manor, Croftley,' was the reply.

The policeman scribbled in his book.

'You don't want our names, do you?' asked Martin.

'All of them,' responded the man, writing away for dear life, while his companion stood looking on with an impatient frown.

The children all gave their full names in turn. When these had been entered by the policeman in his note-book the man's companion nudged his elbow, and said something in a low voice that the children could not hear. Whatever it was, it made the other start.

'Are you sure?' he asked in a gruff undertone.

'Certain.'

'We'll say good-night to you now,' said the taller man, turning to the children. 'You'd better be on hand in the morning, for I expect you'll be wanted down at Castlebury.'

Before any one could reply to this remark, the two had turned away, and were hurrying across the clearing towards the road. Every one watched them in silence for a few seconds. Then Tickato said, angrily, 'Why did you let them carry off my treasure, Humphrey? It is too bad!' and she stamped her foot and scowled horribly.

Humphrey gave a short laugh, but Janet said quietly, 'You would rather that they had taken the lace, than that we had all had to go down to the police station, wouldn't you?'

Tickato's face cleared a little. 'Of course, I don't want to go there,' she admitted, 'but it does seem a pity, when I had never found a treasure before, to have it snatched away like that before I had had a single look at it.'

The others laughed; this seemed such a trifle to make a fuss about.

'Perhaps we shall find another, Tickato,' said Billy, consolingly, as they all made haste to get the fire burning once more and prepare a meal.

'I hope to goodness we shall not—if this is what comes of treasure-finding,' said Nora, laughing, as she ran to and fro with plates and mugs. 'I thought we should all end by spending the night in the Castlebury lock-up, and I did not relish the idea a little bit. What is a lock-up exactly, Humphrey?'

'Oh, a beastly sort of a hole,' he returned absently, as he piled sticks together in a conical formation and set light to them. Very soon they were burning merrily enough, and the kettle was on for making coffee. The others were light-hearted and merry, but Humphrey seemed silent and troubled, as Janet noticed after a time.

'What is wrong, Humphrey?' she asked, going close to him, as he gathered wood, a little apart from the rest.

'Well, I don't really know that anything is wrong,' was the answer. 'Only I have a queer sort of idea, somehow, that those two were not quite what they seemed to be. Only don't say anything about it to the others.'

Janet looked startled. 'Why, Humphrey, do you mean the policemen?' she asked.

'S-sh! I don't want the others to hear. They would only be scared, perhaps, and of course I may be quite wrong. Only I thought they behaved very strangely for constables. I never met any just like them before. Didn't it strike you?'

(*Continued on page* 158.)

THE WINDS.

WHEN the keen East Wind blows over the land,
The dust goes whirling on every hand;
He ruffles the waters of stream and lake,
He bids the hedgehog and adder wake;

The daffodils dance to his piping shrill,
And the daisies blossom o'er dale and hill,
He brings the swallow and cuckoo too,
And dries up the damp and the rain and dew.

When the fair South Wind comes over the main,
She bids the roses awake again;
Her breath is sweet with the scent of flowers,
And she stirs the leaves in the woodland bowers;
She softly murmurs a low sweet song,
And the birds flock round in a merry throng,
And sing her carols of welcome sweet,
As she flies through the land on her pinions fleet.

When the wild West Wind blows over the sea,
She warbles a wondrous melody,
And tells us tales of the lands afar,
As she chases the waves o'er the sandy bar;
She sets the thistledown light afloat
To sail through the air like a fairy boat,
And stirs the ears of the golden grain,
And bids the swallows depart again.

When the fierce North Wind blows over the down,
He scatters the snow-flakes through field and town,
And he pipes out a clarion fierce and shrill,
While the clouds hang low on the lofty hill;
He lashes the sea into angry foam,
For over its waters he loves to roam;
Oh! he is a warrior, stern and bold,
Who brings the snow and the gales so cold.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

V.—THE LONDON POLICE.

AT the corner of the street stands the man in blue quietly gazing at the passers-by. Then he glances down the street he has just come from, looks around him once more, and quietly walks on. Apparently he has nothing to do but to stroll around just as he pleases and where he pleases, possibly pausing now and again in order to politely direct a stranger to the street he wishes to find, or to tell him which 'bus he ought to take. But if you get the idea that he has nothing to do, then you are thoroughly mistaken, for the uniform constable on his beat, or patrol, as it is called, has a definite district to cover, in a certain specified time. During this time he has to visit every street and alley on his patrol, not haphazard, but according to plan, so that his sergeant, whose duty it is to visit him, can always tell, according to the time, just about where he should find him.

The sergeant is in charge of a section and marches his men on to their patrol starting-point, besides visiting them later on, when the constable will inform him of any accident or occurrence that may have taken place, and is responsible for the behaviour of his section, just as the inspector is for his division.

The sections whose turn it is to go out on duty line up in the parade-room. Each man is then instructed by the inspector to note any particular concerning his beat, such as unoccupied houses to be watched, or the description is given of some 'wanted' person, suspected of being in the neighbourhood. Then 'Right turn, quick march' orders the inspector, and the sergeants take their sections off for their eight hours' spell of duty.

The duties of a constable are innumerable. Besides all the more obvious things, such as preventing a breach of the peace, he has to keep an eye on vagrants and hawkers, overworked horses, unmuzzled dogs, lost children, everything, in fact, that is not as it should be.

He should always be ready, in case of accidents, to be of assistance, and should the matter be serious the police will take the unfortunate one to hospital on a wheeled ambulance, after rendering first aid. In all large towns, where street accidents, owing to the large amount of traffic, are more frequent, there are now motor ambulances which are always kept ready to go out immediately on receipt of a telephone message. These well-appointed ambulances are, of course, far more comfortable than the old-style stretcher on two wheels which have been in use up to now.

In cases of fire, too, the police are promptly on the scene, in order to keep the crowd from pressing too close to the fire-engines and men, and to prevent thieves from taking advantage of the confusion, and making a good haul, whilst the attention of all is centred on the flames and smoke and busy firemen.

On night patrol he carries his lantern with him, and has to see that all doors and ground-floor windows are properly closed, and more than ever he keeps his eyes open for any suspicious characters that may be loitering around.

Another important item, is 'point' duty, when for hours he stands in the centre of the road at some important junction or cross-roads, and controls the traffic, thus preventing congestion, waste of time, and accidents. This is a particularly important duty in the crowded and often narrow streets of the city, where the traffic is particularly heavy at certain hours of the day.

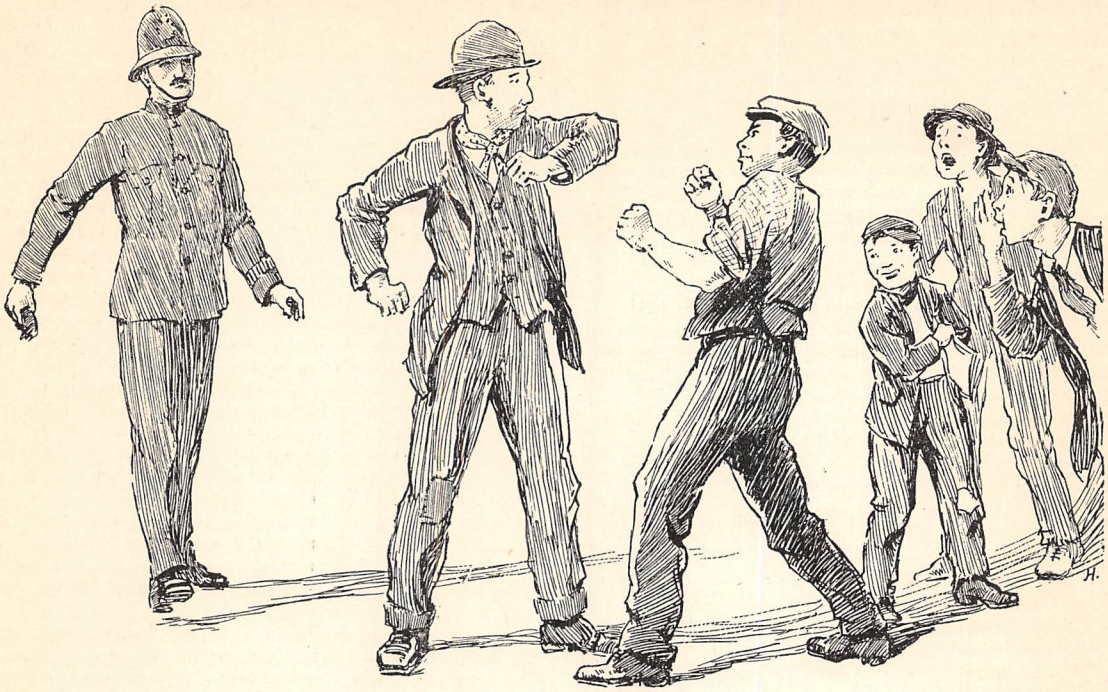
He manages to direct the traffic, 'buses, lorries, and cars of every description with the greatest ease, and is always ready to help a blind man, a cripple, or little children across the crowded street. A child will often go up to him with all confidence, and slip its tiny hand into his big one, quite certain that it will be taken safely to the other side.

In rainy weather when the streets are thick with mud, the constable whose duty it is to regulate the traffic keeps himself warm, and his uniform from being splashed with mud, by wearing big mackintosh overalls reaching to the thigh, and also a waterproof cape or coat.

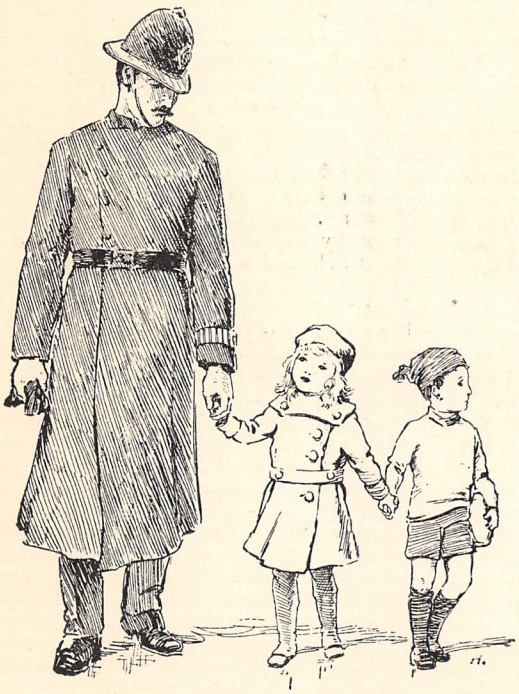
Before attaining the dignity of a uniform, the would-be constable has a period of probation to go through, when he is trained in squad drill and ambulance work, and passes many hours studying his instruction-book, police directions, facts, Acts and by-laws, until he is declared fit for duty.

The police 'day' lasts the whole twenty-four hours, and a police-station, therefore, is never closed. All through the night men are there on duty, and the police routine goes on.

The London police are a purely civil force, and do not, unless in exceptional circumstances, carry arms, but are satisfied with their truncheons, which are fitted with a piece of leather on the handle, so that when in use, the constable can slip it over his thumb and wrist, thus preventing the truncheon from being jerked or pulled out of his hand. Revolvers are but rarely carried, but every police officer in uniform must wear his whistle, with which he can summon assistance when in trouble.



"Preventing a breach of the peace."



"He has to keep an eye on lost children."

The police always prefer to get things done by gentle persuasion, and not by force, thus differing from most continental and foreign forces, which are less patient, and over-ready to use their arms.

It is at times of disturbance and riot that the self-restraint and patience of the London policeman is so admirable. Facing a jeering and stone-throwing crowd he seldom loses his temper, and often when compelled to charge will use his cape, rolled up tight, as a weapon, instead of the more dangerous truncheon, and so manage to put the rioters to flight without inflicting any really serious injuries.

(*Concluded on page* 157.)

'STARS AND STRIPES.'

(*Concluded from page* 125.)

ELEVEN minutes later Eric turned the corner of Keswick Street. There was a motor-car in front of one of the houses, and he recognised it as Dr. Brown's. Just before he got to the house the door opened and the doctor came out. Eric ran up to him and quickly told him of the accident.

'Jump in here, boy,' said the doctor, 'we'll go right there now.'

In a very few minutes the car was slowing down in front of Jack's home. Eric followed the doctor into the house. Jack had recovered consciousness, and was sat in a chair with a large rag wrapped round his head. The doctor speedily removed the improvised bandage, and proceeded to examine his head. There was a deep cut at the back, and several minor cuts at the side.

"'It is with the greatest pleasure I give Eric a similar prize.'"

Seated in the room was the man who had sent Eric to tell Jack's mother of the accident; so Eric approached him, and asked how the accident happened.

'He stopped a runaway horse,' said the man; 'a young lass in a trap, and the horse took fright when a motor passed. He's rare and plucky, is yon,' he added, nodding his head in Jack's direction; 'the horse dragged him for about nine or ten yards; then I think it must have jerked its head suddenly, because the lad let go and fell, and his head hit the curbstone.'

By this time the doctor had finished bandaging Jack's head.

'It's nothing serious,' he said to Mrs. Compton, 'but bring him round to my surgery to-morrow, and I will dress his head again. Good-evening.'

As soon as the doctor had gone Jack said, 'What are you doing here, Eric?'

Jack's mother answered for Eric, 'He came to tell me you were hurt, and then he went for the doctor.'

'But what about the Gym. class?'

'Oh! don't worry about that, Jack.'

'Did going for the doctor make you too late?' persisted Jack.

Eric ignored Jack's question, and turned to Mrs. Compton. 'Is there anything else I can do?' he asked.

'No, thank you, Eric; I'm sorry you've had to miss the Gymnasium through this.'

'Oh! that's all right. Good-night.'

At last it was Christmas Eve. Mr. Wallace had told the Scouts to meet in the Drill Hall at seven o'clock. Eric was there in good time. Fred Mason had won the attendance star, so Eric and he both had ten stars. One of the boys told Eric that Jack Compton had got a star for his bravery on the previous Thursday, thus giving him a total of eleven. 'Then Jack will win—well, I'm glad,' thought Eric; 'he deserves the prize.'

By this time Mr. Wallace had arrived, and with him Jack Compton, who still had a big bandage round his head.

Mr. Wallace went straight on to the platform, and instantly all the chattering and noise ceased. He made a short speech, congratulating them all on their stars.

'I think you all know,' he said, 'that last Thursday Jack Compton stopped a runaway horse and trap, and his action probably saved the life of Miss Kelsall, the daughter of the schoolmaster at Sunny Bank Secondary School.'

Here he was interrupted by loud cheers from the assembled Scouts. As soon as the cheering had died down he continued: 'So that gives Jack a total of eleven stars. I have very much pleasure in handing to him this small present.'

The Scouts cheered boisterously as Jack ascended the steps to the platform, but no one cheered louder than Eric Forrestor.

When Jack opened the parcel he found inside a gold watch.

'Now, boys, please compose yourselves for a few minutes longer,' said Mr. Wallace, 'as I have not quite finished.'

'It was Friday morning when I heard of Jack's accident,' he went on, 'so I went round to his home to see him, and whilst there I heard some news that I would like to tell you. You all know why Jack missed the Gym. class on Thursday; but there was another boy who, for the first time, missed the class. I refer to Eric Forrestor. Jack Compton enlightened me as to why he had missed. It seems that whilst on his way here Eric passed the scene of the accident, and saw Jack—who was unconscious—lying on the stones in the middle of the road. Eric then ran to Jack's home to prepare his mother, and then he went for the doctor, well knowing that by doing so he would have to miss the Gymnasium, and thus forfeit the attendance star. You all know,' he continued, 'that the stars were for a brave deed, or an act of self-sacrifice. I think, boys, that what Eric did last Thursday was the most unselfish deed there has been throughout all the year, and in my opin on certainly deserves a star. With this additional star Eric will have eleven—the same number as Jack; therefore it is with the greatest pleasure I give Eric a similar prize.'

Amid a thunder of applause Eric received his prize, which was a watch exactly like Jack's.

Then the boys sent up cheer after cheer for the two deserving winners, and it was some time before Mr. Wallace could make himself heard.

Finally, however, he did manage to speak. 'I think,' he said, 'that the Stars and Stripes Scheme has been a great success, so I have decided to continue it. To-morrow will commence the new year for earning stars, so work away, and let me see who will win next year.'

ELLIS MERFIELD.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

BY WILLIAM RAINEY,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 139.)

IT was but a sickly glimmer of light, truly, but very welcome; and we hailed it as an improvement on the candle, which threatened to go out every moment.

As we drew nearer, our satisfaction was rudely shaken by the sound of splashing water—as of a small cascade. We had had enough of water; after plodding through it ankle-deep and plunging into holes where it was above our knees, we did not relish the prospect of a cataract from above. The thought of what new thing might lay before us was causing us some uneasiness; speaking for myself I admit it was so, but I screwed up my courage with the thought that if Dicky could pass through these places alone—the first to explore and to meet any hidden dangers—surely I could follow.

So we splashed through that cavernous passage, slipping and grazing our shins, till at last we stood beneath a streak of faint light that issued from a crevice in the rocks far above our heads. We were in a cave, lofty and spacious, and a dry, rocky floor was beneath our feet. The wonder of the place was the jet of water that descended from the gloom of the roof, splashing and foaming and filling the air with a fine spray. This miniature cataract was the source of the stream through which we had waded.

Here we called a halt and, sitting out of reach of the spray, emptied the water from our boots, wrung out our stockings, and examined the state of our legs. Bully took first prize for a fine ripe bruise; but for number and variety Lawyer carried the palm, which was odd, seeing that he has the reputation of being a careful man.

'We seem to have been travelling a long while,' said Bully, after a pause. 'Now, I wonder where we are, Treagus?'

'This particular station on the Underground hasn't got a name,' said the Microbe, putting in his spoke. 'I feel as if I had been travelling on the Tube for a week or so, and am sitting here waiting for the lift to go up. I should say, allowing for one step forward and two back, we've come three miles.'

'By the number of milestones I've grazed my shins against I should put it down at thirty,' said Bully. But seriously, Treagus, where do you think we are?'

'By my watch,' I said, 'it's exactly thirty-five minutes since we entered Willie Wimple's Cave.'

'Get out, Penwiper, your watch has stopped!' Bully exclaimed.

'No, it's going right enough,' said I. 'Thirty-five minutes since we entered Willie Wimple's Cave. We were at least ten minutes in finding the passage; that leaves twenty-five minutes for the journey in the Tube, as Microbe calls it. Twenty-five minutes at the rate of half-a-mile an hour—what does that bring it to? Something less than a quarter of a mile—say forty yards. Where would that bring us to? Now, starting from the mouth of the cave, as the crow flies ——'

The Microbe stopped wringing out his stockings and fairly exploded. 'Hark to the corporal!' he cried. 'As the crow flies—I like that. As the crow flies—you mean as the toad squirms. Good old Penwiper's gone off his onion!'

'Granting the correctness of Penwarden's insane calculation, just where should we be?' said Lawyer.

'Somewhere near Duncrag,' Billy ventured.

'Not nearly so far,' said Treagus. 'Under old Oliver's pototo patch, I should say; so the sooner you fellows put on your boots and stockings and we make another start the better. It's a long way ——'

'To Tipperary,' the Microbe suggested.

'To Lantwitt, I was going to say; but I can scarcely believe that Dicky, in saying that Willie Wimple was right, meant us to understand that this series of caves actually goes so far. "Under the West Cliff," he said; so it must be this side of the Chimney Rock. Unfortunately we shall have to say good-bye to this gleam of light; the passage beyond is as dark as the one we came by. There's no water underfoot—that's a blessing; but it is dripping from above, and the walls are slimy. Let us have another candle, Pen; this one has got messed up. One is in a continual funk in the dark; a sudden drop would be jolly unpleasant.'

The opening before us was a continuation of the passage through which we had passed, the Cave of the Cascade being but an enlargement; but it was loftier, presenting the appearance of a lane between two stupendous masses of rock. The floor was nothing more than detached fragments loosely jumbled together, forming a very precarious pathway; so that, though there was ample room for two abreast, we continued in single file, making our way, as it were, on stepping-stones. There being little draught in this passage the candle burnt steadily, greatly to the relief of Treagus, as it saved him many a slip, and at one place possibly from a dangerous fall, as the floor made a sudden drop of three to four feet.

We plodded on in silence, kept busy looking to our footing. The fantastic shadows thrown on roof, sides, and floor were bewildering, causing us to see crevices and obstructions where there were none. Lawyer gave his foot an awkward twist, which did not improve his temper; but he became more resigned a little later when Bully shared the same fate.

Feeling the slimy wall with our hands we stumbled on, receiving the drip, drip, drip from above with what fortitude we could muster till one unlucky drop fell on the candle, and we found ourselves in total darkness.

Of all things in the world I hate darkness most—absolute darkness, I mean. I don't mind a dark night in the open with the sky above, but impenetrable darkness enveloping one—above and all 'round: when one fears to go forward or retreat backward, losing one's sense of direction and with it every other sense, as one gropes in vain for some familiar object as a guide—this is the horror of horrors to me.

When I felt for the box of matches and found them damp, this fear gripped me, and having handed it to Treagus, I stood in an agony of suspense, listening to his mutterings of disgust as he struck match after match. Matchboxes were flimsy pasteboard things in those days, and the rubbing-stuff soon came off and rendered them useless. The other fellows thought I had worked myself into a funk without much reason, but I knew very well that our torches would not last out the return journey.

However, we all breathed more freely when Treagus succeeded in getting a light, and I took jolly good care of the matches afterwards.

We had scarcely got well on the move again when Treagus once more came to a dead stop. I was in the rear and could not see the cause, but pushing to the front I found Treagus looking bothered, for the passage before us branched into two, and the question was which should we take. I suggested dividing our party, three remaining where we were, the other two exploring one of the passages—but Treagus did not approve of this.

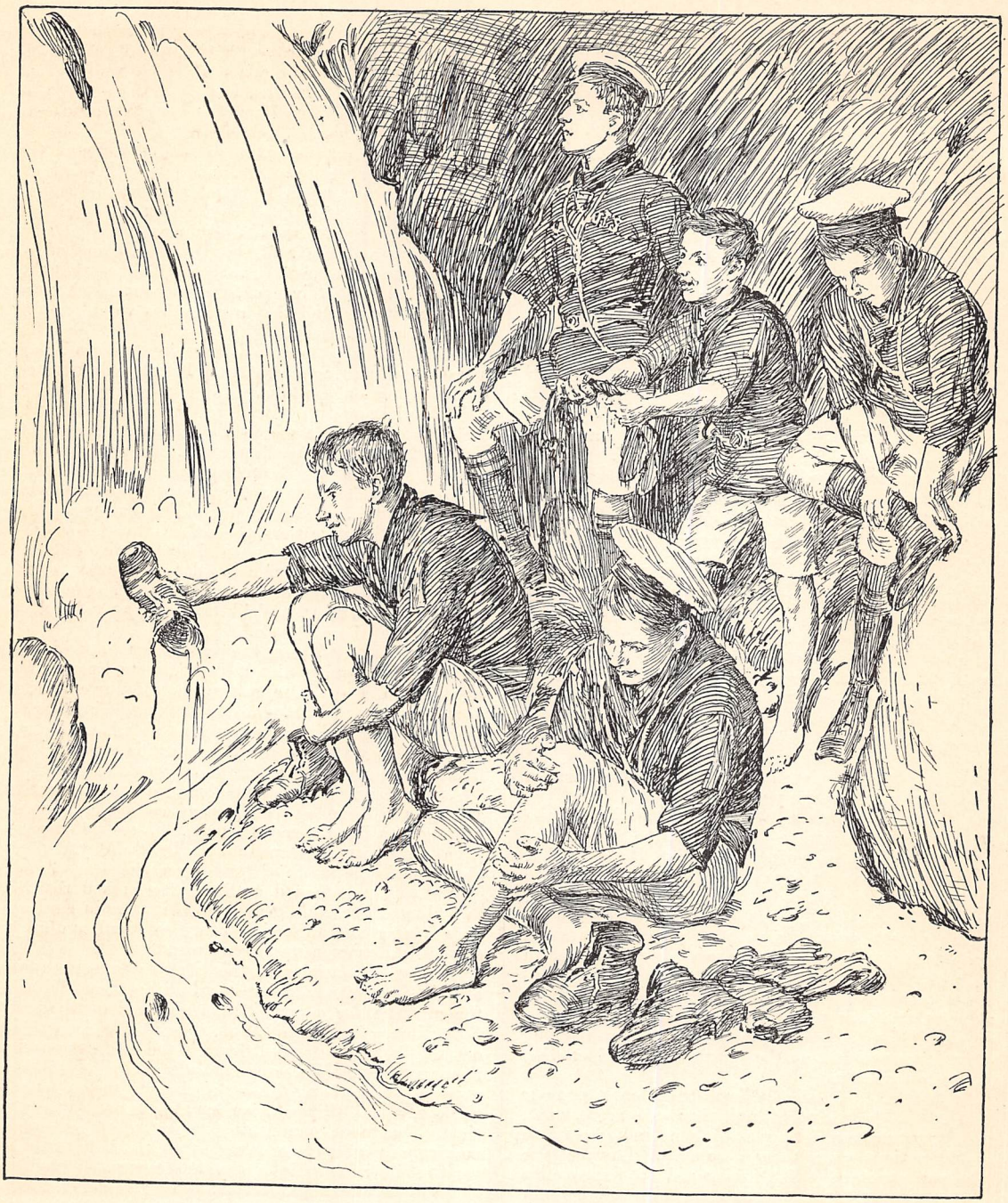
'We'll keep together,' he said, 'or we may get into no end of difficulties, and waste all our time in searching for one another. We'll take the right-hand one first and see where it leads.'

This we did, following the passage for a considerable distance; but finding that it bore more and more to the right and that we were getting out of our course, we became uneasy and thought of returning. However, we soon discerned a dim, greenish light ahead, and hearing the sound of water we pressed onward in expectation of finding some opening into the outer world.

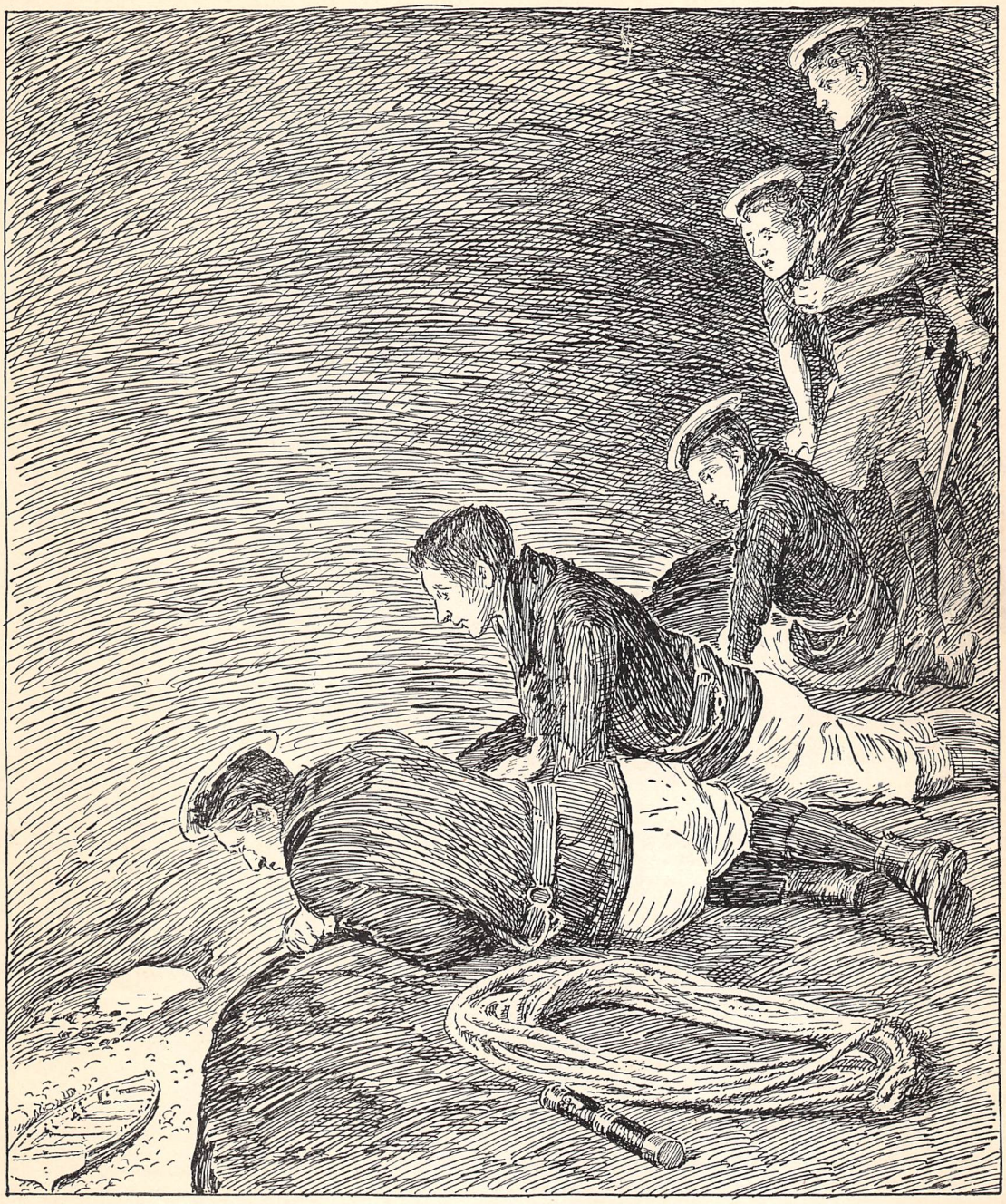
As we advanced, the sound became louder, reverberating in the funnel-shaped passage as if the tide were beating into its cavernous mouth. Were we emerging from the chain of caverns into the light of day, and was that sound the dash of waves on the shore? The greenish light increased, outlining the arched roof, but in a blurred uncertain manner as if it were in motion—its wavering and flickering being so peculiar that we stood still a moment in astonishment.

On a nearer approach, this strange appearance was explained—a stream of water and mist of spray fell over the entrance like a curtain and splashed on the rocky floor; hence the greenish colour and flickering quality of the light that passed through the semi-transparent moving screen. We paused awhile gazing at this unexpected sight, then selecting a place at the side where the spray was thinnest, we sprang through one at a time. Judge of our astonishment when, instead of making a dash for the open air, as we had fully expected, we found ourselves in a spacious cavern, lit by one single beam of sunlight, which, passing through a crevice in the roof, fell on the watery curtain. But what was our amazement on looking round to discover that without doubt the passage had led us by a circuit, and that we stood in the cave of the cascade in which we had made our first halt.

(*Continued on page* 154.)



"'I wonder where we are, Treagus?'"



"What caught our eyes was the sight of a boat drawn up."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 151.)

CHAPTER XI.

OUR surprise at finding ourselves once more in the cave of the cascade could for a time find no expression in words; we looked at one another in blank astonishment.

The irrepressible Microbe was the first to find tongue. 'If this doesn't take the biscuit,' he murmured, but finding nothing more to say, relapsed into silence. We eyed each other's dripping figures and mechanically shook the moisture from our clothes.

'I could have taken my affidavit we were half a mile from this,' said Bully at last. 'Who'd have thought there was a street door behind that infant Niagara? No wonder Willie Wimple never got back. The wonder is that Dicky got through.'

'All alone, too,' said the Microbe, with feeling.

'Yes,' said Bully, 'without any one to drop candle-grease down his neck and tread on his feet.'

'It's all very well to laugh,' said Microbe, 'but it wanted some pluck to undertake a job like this alone. Dicky's an awful chap for working alone. That's where we didn't hit it off when we were on patrol together at night-time: he'd stick me in some hole or corner and off he'd go on his own for half an hour at a time, worming along like a Red Indian. "Stop there and keep your eyes open," he'd say—fact was, he only wanted to get rid of me, and when all was serene I couldn't get a word out of him—a regular owl. If I tried to be cheerful, he'd say, "Shut your mouth and breathe through your nose."

'Yes, Dicky can keep his mouth shut,' I said, 'and it's my firm belief he did not find out these caves in one journey—he has been working at them for a week or more. I could never make out how the candles went, but now I understand.'

'Dicky is a born Scout,' said Treagus, 'he's all alive, and seems to find out things by instinct; he's as hard as nails, and doesn't know what fear means.'

'That's only a way of talking,' said Lawyer. 'Every one knows what fear is.'

'I'm not so sure of that,' Treagus replied. 'I think some are born without fear, some conquer it, and some give way to it. Yes, I fancy some are born without fear—perhaps not many—but they pick up a certain amount of common sense which prevents them attempting anything monstrous. But what is more to the point, we can all develop what courage we have. So let us buck up and have another go at that passage.'

With a certain amount of satisfaction derived from the feeling of certainty that the other road must be the right one, we retraced our steps to the point where the passages diverged.

The crevice we now entered was not inviting, there being scarcely room to crawl through, and our spirits were at a low ebb; but after a few yards the character of the place changed, becoming spacious and free from rocky obstructions. We had had so much of splashing through water and stumbling among loose stones in alleys where there was little elbow-room, that it was a great relief to find a dry, smooth floor beneath our feet and plenty of space to move in. We now passed through a succession of chambers honeycombed in the rock which led to an extensive cavern with low-pitched roof, which bore some resemblance to the crypt beneath a cathedral. Rude pillars supported the roof, or had the appearance of doing so—twisted, fantastic columns of great girth, some of which, being worn through at their bases, hung like huge stalactites from the vaulted roof, whilst others lay in ruined fragments. Columns, walls, and floor all showed the power of living water, which had excavated the softer material and modelled all things into rounded forms. A vast volume of rushing, swirling water must have found its way through this cavern, continuing its flow perhaps for centuries, till in some mysterious manner its sources had dried up, or it had sunk to a different level. The floor was scored into channels, hollowed into shallow basins, and in some places worn into well-holes. These latter were a source of danger in the uncertain light of the candle, a fall down one of them would have been no joke. I noticed the peculiar way in which these had been formed: a stone being revolved by the water had worn a round hole, where it lay like an egg in a nest; this process going on for years had, I fancy, produced these well-holes, some of which were of great depth, and as smooth and regular as the inside of a teacup.

A most bewildering place was this cavern seen in the light of the candle: shadows flitted among the columns or appeared as sinister figures lurking behind them; the shadow of Treagus's hand shading the candle flew across the roof like a huge bat, whilst our own at our feet caused us to stumble as we picked our way among the dry water-courses and well-holes.

We now saw that at the far end of the cave roof and floor appeared to meet, blocking further progress in that direction, so, turning, we anxiously explored every recess, but found no outlet. The thought of having to beat a retreat filled us with dismay. Then Microbe's sharp eyes discovered that the meeting of roof and floor was in appearance only, and a closer examination revealed an extraordinary feature of the cave. The roof continued over a great chasm, but the floor came to an abrupt ending, forming a ledge from which we looked down into a vast cavity and saw the glint of water some five-and-twenty feet below. A faint light from without showed an entrance through which small wavelets beat upon a bed of shingle; but what caught our eyes and held them in astonishment was the sight of a boat drawn up on this narrow margin of beach.

(*Continued on page* 167.)

FIVE YEARS OLD.

THIS is my birthday—did you know?
Once I was four—long, long ago;
Once I was three, and two, and one—
Only a baby who could not run.

Now I am five, I am old and strong,
I could run races the whole day long;
But, of course, I do lessons every day,
Only the little ones always play.

My long curls are cut—Mother kept one curl;
I'm so glad *not* to look like a girl.
Mother was sorry, I cannot think why;
I do not care for my curls, not I.

Perhaps, Mother dear, now I've learnt to sit still,
Will take me to church—I hope that she will;
In the morning, I mean, when the service is long;
I should not be tired, now I'm old and so strong.

I mean to grow bigger and older and older,
Some day, perhaps, I shall be a brave soldier;
I think I'm the happiest boy alive;
Should you not like to be me now I'm five?

A.

AUNT HELEN'S OLD CHINA.

'OUT, Fred!

'No, I wasn't!

'You were. Why you were right bang in front of the wicket!' Trevor Ensor's voice was full of conviction, mingled with a touch of anger at his cousin's denial.

Fred Jenkins picked up the ball, a scowl on his face. 'You are always giving me out, Trevor. It's no fun at all, playing with you. And half the time you are cheating. Here, take this, and go on with the over.' So saying, Fred threw the ball towards Trevor, with a good deal more violence than was necessary. The other boy was not ready to catch it. It whirled past him and went right across the drive and into the drawing-room, by way of the open French windows.

There was a crashing sound of breaking china: a yelp from Bingo, the fox-terrier who had been sleeping on the drive and was rudely awakened by the din, and then silence.

The boys looked at one another in dismay. Aunt Helen's precious china! That ball of Fred's had evidently gone bang into the cabinet, and smashed no end of the cherished contents.

Trevor was the first to speak. 'I'm most awfully sorry,' he said. 'I'd no idea that you were going to throw it just then, or I'd have caught it.'

'You perfect idiot!' exclaimed Fred, wrathfully, 'why on earth didn't you use your eyes? Just like you, to muff a catch like that! And now there's no telling what damage it has done.'

As he spoke, the boy strode away across the lawn, and over the drive, entering the drawing-room by way of the French windows, without another look at his cousin. He seemed quite to forget that it was he who had thrown the ball, and that it was he who had tried to cheat at cricket. Trevor, although a year younger than Fred, was by far the more manly of the two. He followed his cousin now, and exclaimed in dismay at the sight that met their eyes in their aunt's drawing-room. The front of the china cabinet was smashed to atoms, and fragments of glass, together with pieces of china, were scattered broadcast about the room.

'My hat! Whatever shall we do? Aunt was most awfully proud and fond of those plates and things,' said Trevor, forgetting Fred's mean words in the excitement of the moment.

'They were wor h no end of money. I know that, because I heard Uncle talking about them to some one, not many days ago,' chimed in Fred. 'You were an idiot, Trevor. What are you going to do about it?'

'I? But I did not throw the ball.'

'Well, but you did not stop it. And if you hadn't made me mad, saying that I was out when I wasn't, I should not have chucked it so hard,' said Fred, quite determined to bear none of the blame himself.

'We shall have to tell Aunt Helen, when she comes home. But that won't be for a week, will it?' Trevor asked.

'Almost a week. She went the day before yesterday. Oh, well, let's tell Susan to come and sweep up the bits. We shall get into a jolly row—or you will, at least. I can't see that it was my fault at all.'

But Trevor thought differently. He almost told Fred so, but remembered in time that he was a Scout, and that it was no part of his duty to quarrel with his cousin, however annoying that individual might be. But as he helped Susan to clear up the mess, he was thinking hard. After dinner he packed the broken plates and dishes, and the large punch bowl into a big shopping basket, and set off down the drive with them.

Fred, lying in a hammock, reading, saw him go, and asked lazily, 'Where are you off to?'

'To Silas Wray's place. He mends china, and I think he will be able to do something with these things. Anyhow, I'm going to see.'

'Silly owl! Much better let them be. Who's to pay for it?'

'Well, I can, perhaps, with some help from you, was Trevor's answer, as he swung off at a good pace.

Silas Wray was a friend of Trevor's, but he disliked Fred greatly, on account of some practical jokes which that worthy had from time to time played on him. He had a little shop at the far end of the village, where he sold all kinds of things—from lanterns to liquorice powder; but mending china was his favourite occupation, and what he did not know about china was not worth knowing. Now, when he saw Trevor enter with his basket full of pieces, the old man put on his spectacles to peer keenly at the fragments.

'Dear, dear, not Miss Helen's china! You don't mean to say that's come to grief!' The old man's tone was horrified in the extreme. Trevor's heart sank as he nodded his head.

'Yes, isn't it awful? But you can mend it, can't you?' he asked, telling the story of the accident.

Meanwhile, Silas was examining the plates on his table, giving little grunts of satisfaction every now and then.

'Sit down, sit down. Yes, I can mend all these. You'd like to watch me for a bit, I dare say,' he said, taking up a plate and fitting a three-cornered piece of china into the gap in it. 'Nice little puzzle, this. Well, and what about your cousin? Why did he leave you to do this?'

'Oh, he says it is my fault,' said Trevor. 'You don't think the things are ruined, do you?' he added anxiously.

'No matter, no matter if they are—though they aren't,' said Silas, mysteriously.

'What do you mean?'

'Why, these are not your aunt's china. That's what I mean,' said the old man.

'Not her china? But they are just like them, and they were in her cabinet, and whatever do you mean?' cried Trevor, in bewilderment.

'I mean that they are a good imitation, Master Trevor, but not the real thing,' said Silas. 'No doubt your aunt has had her china put into a safe place somewhere, because of the robberies that there have

"Fitting a three-cornered piece of china into the gap."

been about; and she had these imitation things put into the cabinet to keep any one from suspecting. Very lucky for you boys that it is so, for if the real china had been smashed, it would have been beyond my power to mend it properly.'

Trevor went back to The Gables with a light heart. Near the gate of the drive he met Fred, coming to meet him.

'Hello, Trevor! Sorry I was such a pig. I have been thinking about it, and I want to tell you that it was all my fault,' he said, awkwardly.

Trevor's face flushed. 'Oh, no, it wasn't,' he said, readily. 'But, Fred, what do you think? Those are not the real plates and things, after all. Silas told me they were imitations,' and with that Trevor told his cousin the good news.

'Oh, ripping!' cried Fred. 'And it's all thanks to you that we know. Good old Trevor!'

THE INTERRUPTED PICNIC.

"Rowing to and fro in all weathers."

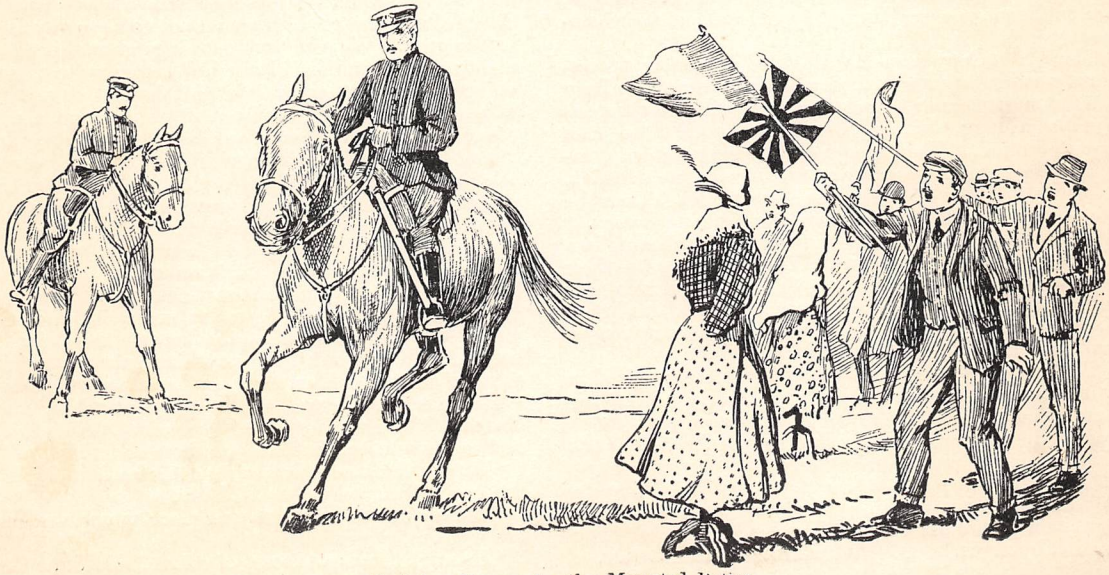
THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

V.—THE LONDON POLICE.

(*Concluded from page* 148.)

A VERY interesting division of the metropolitan police is the Thames division, which is quite distinct from any other. The men of this division keep watch over the riverside and its floating population. They are the hardest worked of all, but in return their work is the most interesting: rowing to and fro, in all weathers, meeting new faces, strange people, and vessels from all over the world, their life has not the monotony of the man on point or patrol.

This is one of the oldest forces in the country, for it was originally founded in 1797 by the East India Company, who formed a protective force to watch over the riverside warehouses, which were constantly being plundered by dangerous gangs of thieves, who, every year, managed to steal hundreds of thousands of pounds-worth of property. This force was in charge of a resident



Training Horses for the Mounted Police.

magistrate at Wapping, and had sailing and rowing galleys in which they patrolled the riverside, often having a stern chase after thieves making away in similar craft. Those were rough days and the penalties for theft very severe, so it is not to be wondered at that the pursued, when overhauled, would often put up a desperate fight in the hope of beating off the police and effecting their escape. But the water police were well armed with cutlasses, pistols, and even blunderbusses, and usually had the best of matters.

It was not until 1839 that this force, formed by the old East India Company, was embodied in the Metropolitan Police. To-day, instead of the old galleys, or row-boats, they patrol, night and day, in swift motor-boats or launches, of which they possess a fleet of well over twenty.

Amongst their various duties are the detection and prevention of crime and smuggling, helping at river-side fires, enforcing various shipping laws, and rescuing drowning persons. This latter duty is one that they have to perform far more often than most people might think, for they are often called upon to save the life of some unfortunate being borne away on the swiftly running tide. At Waterloo Bridge there were so many cases of drowning, that a floating police and hospital station was constructed and moored close by. Everything necessary for the resuscitation of persons rescued from drowning is kept here: bath, beds, blankets, hot-water bottles, everything in fact, likely to be required when some cold and wet unfortunate is brought in to be tenderly cared for and brought back to life again. Many are the lives that have been saved, and many are the men and women that have lived to thank the police for their kindness and ready help.

Owing to the work of this excellent force, the value of property stolen annually is now remarkably small, in spite of the fact that merchandise of enormous value is constantly lying in the warehouses and also in the barges, of which there are thousands lying alongside, or out in the river, for the River Police control a thirty-six-mile stretch, from Teddington Lock to Dartford, and hundreds of craft of all kinds, ships, tugs, and barges, are on the move every day, safely going about their business.

Many of us have seen the Mounted Police in processions wending their way through London streets. They are the most popular branch of the service, and there is usually a long waiting list of highly qualified men anxious to join. They now wear a smart flat cap, instead of a helmet, and carry a long, serviceable ash stick, which in the case of a riot has a greater reach than the truncheon, and does less serious damage than a sword.

It is wonderful to note how quiet their horses are in a cheering, flag-waving crowd. This is owing to their long and careful training, as they are slowly ridden near gaily coloured dummies and shouting 'supers,' until they have mastered their natural timidity, and are no longer restive or nervous.

The mounted police, though only a few hundred in number, are a very fine body of men, nearly all having served their time in the cavalry, and are always to be seen on duty at processions, such as the Lord Mayor's Show, besides carrying on ordinary patrol work.

I think we have shown what a busy life that of a policeman really is, and how much we owe to the force that silently watches over us, keeping us from harm, by day and by night.

W. Herbert Holloway.

DO IT.

KNOW what you've got to do first, and then do it;
What you do, do at once—you never will rue it:
Let duty direct you, and never pooh-pooh it.
If your horse has a loose shoe—why, let the smith shoe it;
If your chair-back is broken, get the glue-pot and glue it.
What you do, do at once—you never will rue it.

If your lesson is hard, work hard and get through it;
If your seam is ill-sewn, get a pin and undo it;
What you do, do at once—you never will rue it.
If your burden is heavy, then bend your back to it,
It won't grow the lighter because you eschew it.
What you do, do at once—you never will rue it.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 146.)

IN the dusk Janet could not see her brother's face clearly, as he put the question, but she could see enough to know it was rather white and strained-looking.

'Well, I really had not thought about it. They looked like policemen, and the uniforms they wore were the same and—and—oh, Humphrey, what is it that you are afraid of?' She broke off, laying a hand on his arm, and feeling, not for the first time, that they had been foolish to camp in such a lonely spot.

Humphrey hesitated for a second or two. He was a manly boy, and he hated to alarm his sister. He would rather have told Martin his fears than Janet, although she was next to him in age. At last he said, striving to speak lightly, 'I think they may have been impostors. I cannot help wondering whether they are not members of a gang, and if so——' Again he broke off.

Janet was pale now, but really calmer than Humphrey, as she said, 'Let us go away from here to-night. We could get shelter somewhere down in Cowley, and the caravan would not come to any harm.'

'No good. We could not get lodgings at this time of night; people would all be in bed before we got to the village,' said Humphrey. 'I had thought of that,' he went on, 'and I had wondered if I should go and get Slowsure, and move the camp; but it is too late. It is almost nine, and the village is quite a good way off. We shall have to spend the night here. By the way, where is Mascot? Humphrey broke off to ask the question, and Janet remembered for the first time that they had not seen the dog since their return to the camp. And of course he had been left on guard there. They hurried back to the fire about which the rest were now gathered, having something to eat, and waiting to make mugs of cocoa as soon as the kettle shows signs of boiling. 'We won't say anything about the men though,' cautioned Humphrey, as they neared the others.

However, Martin was at that moment asking about Mascot. 'Where can he be?' he said. 'We left him tied to the caravan, but he is nowhere about!'

'Do you think he may have got his cord unfastened, and gone off hunting?' asked Billy.

'Perhaps he went back to that place where we found the treasure,' suggested Tickato.

'He might have got loose, of course,' said Humphrey.

'He is very fond of getting free, if he can manage it. But he ought to be back by this time.'

The children called the dog by name several times, and whistled shrilly more than once during their meal, but no Mascot appeared in answer to the summons. Janet and Humphrey talked fast to keep the rest from feeling the alarm they felt themselves.

'I say, I did not know that your name was Humphrey too,' said the latter, turning to Billy, as the last slab of gingerbread were being eaten, and every one was beginning to feel better.

'Oh, I am called that after an only brother of Mother's,' was the reply. 'I think there was something queer about him, because Mother never says anything about him, but she told me that one day, when I asked her why I had been called Humphrey. Father's names are William Bentley, you see.'

'If your mother has a brother named Humphrey, you ought to have an uncle; but you said you hadn't any real uncles—only great ones,' said Nora, her mouth full of gingerbread. 'Is he dead, or something—your Uncle Humphrey, I mean?'

'No, I don't think he's dead; but I don't know anything about him,' said Billy.

'Mother would not say anything about him when we asked,' said Tickato. 'But she looked as if she had a cold in her head all at once,' she added.

Janet served out last mugs of hot cocoa. 'We must drink these up, and then get off to bed,' she said. It is getting awfully late, and you ought to have been in bed ages ago,' she added, looking at Tickato.

'I hate bed—sometimes,' retorted that young lady. 'And I don't have to go before Billy, ever.'

'But we are all going, just as soon as we can. We must wash up, but you and Nora need not stay for that,' said Janet, rising and beginning to pile plates together. 'Nora, dear, just bring me the pan to wash up in, and then take Tickato off to bed. Light the lantern, will you, Martin?'

The boys' tent was already up, and Billy was ordered off to bed, while the two older boys stayed with Janet to make things straight for the night.

It was then that Martin said, 'I say, you two are as solemn as owls. What's wrong?'

Humphrey looked at Janet, as they commenced on the pile of dirty plates. His glance was answered by a nod from her.

'We are a bit bothered about those policemen,' said Humphrey, in reply to Martin's query, and then he told what they feared—or rather what he feared.

The younger boy gave a low whistle. 'Though I had my doubts of them,' he admitted at once. 'Still, even if they were rotters, what harm can come? We gave them that package, of course, but then——'

Martin stopped suddenly. Out of the silence of the night there had come to their ears the sharp sound made by the snapping of a dry twig under foot. The moon was not up yet, and the glow cast by their fire did not do much to light up the clearing. All three peered into the darkness to see who was coming, and all three felt their hearts beating in a most unusually lively manner. Things were getting rather too exciting to be pleasant.

'Hello, hello, well met, well met!' called out a hearty man's voice, and the burly figure of a police sergeant came suddenly into the circle of light.

The children uttered simultaneous exclamations of delight. 'Sanderson, how jolly to see you!' 'Where have you come from?'

'We were so frightened, when we heard that twig snap, but you are the most welcome visitor we could have!' This last from Janet, as they all went to shake hands with the new-comer.

'Well met, then, as I said,' responded the tall sergeant, as he gripped the outstretched hands, one after the other in his mighty fist. 'I am on a little bit of business here, and I saw a fire, so came along for a bit of supper. But I never guessed it would be yourselves I should be finding here.'

'Come and sit down. There is still some water in the kettle, and you shall have supper in a jiffy,' said Humphrey, and, as they got ready a meal, they answered the police sergeant's questions as to how they happened to be in that place.

He belonged to their own village, and the Warreners had never been so thankful to meet a friend before. Humphrey told him of their adventure with the two policemen, and at his first words the sergeant sprang to his feet, shouting, 'A tall man about my build, and one a thought shorter? And dressed as constables?'

'Yes, yes,' answered the children.

'Were they all right or——' began Humphrey, but the sergeant cut him short, saying bitterly, 'Gone again! Eels, that's what they are! I've been on to 'em times out of count, and always just missed them, same as this time. And they've got the cheek to be going about as members of the Force! To think of it! They took the stuff with them too?'

'Oh, yes, they would not go without it,' said Martin.

The sergeant sat down and went on with his supper. 'They'd have gone if they'd been given a sight of me,' he said grimly. 'They wouldn't have wasted any time in argument either. Well, I shall get them yet. I've got a pal on to this job, and he's in mufti. We'll work it between us. Not but what they're clever,' he added thoughtfully, as he drained the mug of tea, and handed it back to Janet for refilling. 'Tell me all they said to you.'

Between them, the children told all that had taken place.

Their friend listened silently, but at the end of the recital, he said, 'They did you, fine! I know that old man you gave a lift to. It was the shorter of them two beauties. That's how they came to know the story so well. Then, as you would not take on the care of the stuff, they hid it here. They came to look for it, disguised like you see them, and didn't find it. Then they saw the caravan, and the rest's simple—all except what they've done with your dog. Done him in, I shouldn't wonder. They aren't the sort to stop at trifles.'

Janet's eyes filled with tears. 'I don't know what we shall do if they have hurt poor dear Mascot,' she said. 'Don't you think he may have gone off hunting, or something?'

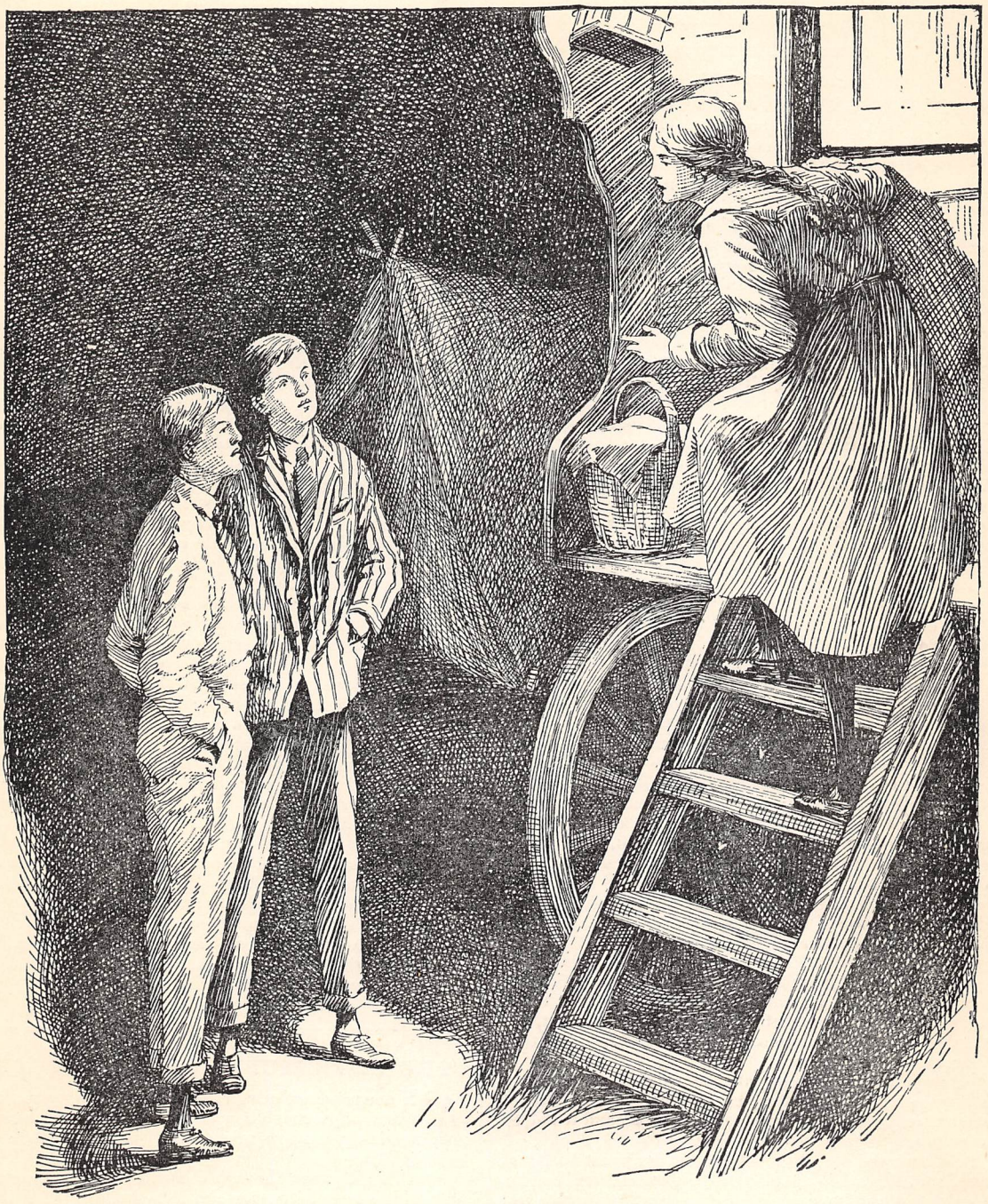
'Can't say, Miss Janet,' was the reply. 'Anyhow, they are hot stuff, and—but what was that?'

Suddenly there had come to their ears the sharp report of a gun, from somewhere close by. All sprang to their feet at once.

'No rest for a poor sergeant! Something more in my line, I guess,' said the big man. Now, don't you stir, either of you, and don't get scared. I'll just have to go and investigate this.'

(*Continued on page* 162.)

"The burly figure of a police sergeant came suddenly into the circle of light.



"'What could it have been?' asked Janet."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 159.)

CHAPTER X.

SANDERSON dashed away across the clearing, and was lost to sight in the gloom. The three children, left alone, looked at one another with scared faces. Humphrey was the first to speak. 'We had better stay here and wait for him. He'll be sure to come back as soon as he can,' he said.

'What could it have been?' asked Janet, her voice a trifle shaky, though she strove to speak naturally.

'Oh, it might easily have been poachers, with keepers after them. You often find things like that happening in a wood—especially in a wood like this,' said Humphrey, trying to speak lightly. 'But I hope that Sanderson will be able to come back here, for I want to know what we ought to do about those two men and the package they have gone off with. I wonder if it was lace inside it, after all?'

'Well, I don't see what we can do about them,' interposed Martin, putting more wood on their fire, to make a brighter blaze. 'It is a bit beyond us, catching a pair like that. But how thoroughly they diddled us!'

'It would be rather a joke, if it was not so beastly. I can't think what they have done to poor old Mascot. When it gets light we must make up a search-party and go and look for him. He must be somewhere about,' said Humphrey.

'We ought to get out of this place in the morning—don't you think so?' asked Janet, after they had spent a few minutes in talking about the probable fate of their dog.

Humphrey nodded his head in reply to her question, saying, after a pause, 'That is just what I have been thinking. This camp seems jolly unlucky, somehow. We have had bothers ever since we came here. I only wish that Mr. Norbury had not had to go off in that sudden way. He could have helped us no end.'

'Oh, Uncle Opportune can get you out of any sort of a hole,' affirmed Martin; and then the three fell silent again, straining their ears for any sound that would tell them of what Sanderson was doing. But no more shots were fired, and there was nothing to break the ghostly silence of the wood, except the occasional call of some animal, which only served to make the stillness more real.

'Oh, I do wish it was morning! What can Sanderson be doing, and where can he be, and don't you think we might as well get to bed?' asked Janet at last, her nerves giving way all at once under the strain of that long waiting.

Humphrey and Martin put more wood on the fire, and stirred it into a brighter blaze. Somehow, it did not seem nearly so eerie if the fire was bright, and it helped very much to be doing something.

'I think you ought to turn in. It is almost half-past one,' said Humphrey, looking at his watch. 'I had no idea that it was so late. I don't think I will go to bed just yet—in case Sanderson should come back. But of course he may have had to go off somewhere, and in that case we may not see him again. In the morning we will get Slowsure and move our camp out of the wood.'

'I shall turn in, if Janet does—I am most awfully sleepy,' said Martin, yawning as he spoke. 'What's the use of sitting up, Humph?'

Humphrey did not answer for a moment or two. Really he was wondering what chance there was of the two sham constables returning to that spot during the small hours. He felt that he would prefer to be on guard if there was any likelihood of this happening.

Janet seemed to read his thoughts, for she said, suddenly, 'They won't come back, Humphrey. It is not at all likely. They got what they came for, you know, and they would be afraid of being found by the police.'

There was wisdom in this, as Humphrey saw. 'All right, then. I'll turn in too,' he said. 'Sanderson can't be coming back or he would have appeared before this. Let's bank up the fire, though, and then it will be all ready for breakfast.'

The thought of breakfast was cheering. The night, with its terrors, would be over by that time. Janet wondered, with a little shiver, what their mother would feel like if she could see them, there in the wood, surrounded by, it seemed, a hundred dangers. 'Though, of course, it is only fancy—most of it,' she told herself. 'We are getting as nervous as a lot of silly cats.'

The fire was made up with a generous supply of wood, and covered over with some well-dried turfs to keep it from burning away too quickly. Then the boys took Janet to the caravan, and saw her safely inside, before going off to their tent. The lantern above the door of the caravan gave out a bright light, and the moon was rising. Altogether the place seemed far less ghostly than it had a few hours earlier. Inside the caravan Nora and Tickato were sleeping peacefully in their bunks, and looking at them Janet forgot her fears. 'Good-night—sleep well!' she said to the boys. 'We won't hurry up in the morning, but tell me if Sanderson comes back, or anything happens, won't you?'

The boys promised, and went away, whilst Janet quickly got ready for bed. In a short time she was fast asleep, for she was worn out with the long day they had had, and both Martin and Humphrey in their tent soon followed her to the land of dreams.

The hours passed slowly, though to the sleepers they went by on wings. The moon was clear and lit up the scene with its brilliant light. It showed the dark mound of the camp fire, with now and then a tiny spurt of flame, and the rather clumsy outline of the caravan. It shone on the tent, pitched a short distance away, and it made the light of the lantern hanging above the caravan door look dim and foolish.

(*Continued on page* 175.)

THE ADVENTURES OF BLIND JACK.

ANY one passing through the small and sleepy market-town of Knaresborough one summer day nearly two hundred years ago, might have overheard some such talk as this:—

'So Jack's gotten through the small-pox; but maybe it 'ud have been better for him if he hadn't. The little chap 'ull never see aught again. He's stone blind.'

'Eh, but it's a pity. The liveliest little 'un in all Knaresborough. Such a spirit as he had, too, and as for mischief—well, well, there'll be no more fun or mischief for him. I reckon.'

And with a sigh and a shake of the head the neighbours would pass on their way.

Every one liked little Jack Metcalf, though he was only a poor labourer's son and an arrant pickle. But when the gossips predicted that the pickle's career—as a pickle—was ended, they were reckoning without their host.

The six-year-old laddie who rose from a sick bed to a darkened world had not lost his high spirit with his keen sight. In a few months he had learnt to grope his way about, here, there, and everywhere; and before long he was not only joining in every boyish sport, but taking the lead among his comrades.

Was it bird's-nesting that was on hand? Who but Jack must climb the tallest tree and bring down eggs and nestlings to his companions below?

Was it racing? Fleet of foot indeed must he be who could outrun Jack Metcalf.

Was it some particularly daring and outrageous piece of mischief? Both for daring and mischief the blind boy was hard to beat; and yet, in spite of all, he was so kind-hearted and generous and likeable that he was a general favourite—even with his victims.

Whatever the other boys were doing, Jack must take his part; and ten to one he would contrive to get ahead of the rest.

How his mother shook in her shoes when first she found him swimming and diving in the river Nidd! But it was a proud day for her when an excited group of lads came rushing into the cottage with the news that her boy had saved three of his comrades from drowning.

As he grew older Jack became famous as an expert diver, and more than once earned an honest penny by diving for lost property. But meanwhile he had to look about him for a profession; and for a wonder he adopted a traditional blind man's trade and became a fiddler. No fiddler for miles round was in such request both among rich and poor; but if you imagine that our hero was going to content himself with one string to his bow, you are very much mistaken.

In those days not only were railways undreamed of, but stage-coaches were few and badly managed, and the country roads in a shocking condition. Travellers were obliged to employ guides, and Jack knew every turn of the Yorkshire roads and every path across the moors.

Once he guided a stranger along a particularly difficult bit of road between York and Harrogate.

Arrived at his inn—the 'Granby'—the traveller remarked to the landlord that he feared, from the look of his eyes, that his guide had been drinking.

'Eyes! Bless you, sir,' said the landlord, 'don't you know that he is blind?'

At first the traveller thought his host was joking; so Metcalf was called in.

'My friend, are you really blind?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Had I known that, I would not have ventured with you on the road from York for a hundred pounds.'

'And I, sir, would not have lost my way for a thousand.'

Jack was not only a great walker, but a great rider. He did not know what fear meant, and he had a way with him that few horses could resist.

A story of one of his exploits shows that he had not lost his boyish love of mischief.

The owner of a 'notorious runaway' laid a bet that he could not 'gallop the horse fifty yards and stop it within two hundred.' Jack declared that he could, only stipulating that he should be allowed to choose his own ground.

Guiding himself by the voice of a friend, whom he set to sing a song in the chosen neighbourhood, Jack galloped the horse right into the middle of a bog. The steed stuck fast in the mud, and the rider scrambled calmly out, having won the bet.

But for all his wild ways, Jack had a tender heart. The daughter of mine host of the 'Granby' found it out, and he was as fortunate in his wooing as in his other exploits. When some one asked the maiden how she could bring herself to marry a blind man, when she might have made a much better match, she answered, 'I could not help loving him; I could not be happy without him.'

(*Concluded on page* 171.)

GENEROUS PLANTS.

THE golden gorse blooms all the year. So also does the dandelion (*Dent de lion:* 'lion's tooth'). So does the daisy. So—fortunately for our pet canaries—do the shepherd's purse, groundsel, and chickweed.

Speaking of dandelions, we are reminded that a single plant can produce twelve thousand seeds. Several other plants are even more prolific, and the common thistle sends sixty-five thousand seeds floating down the wind!

ROLLER SKATING.

I CONSIDER roller skating
Is a sport exhilarating;
If this is your way of thinking
Let us go together rinking.

All beginners slip and stumble,
But nobody minds a tumble,
If you were to practise daily
You would soon be rinking gaily,

Tho' upon my feet I'm wearing
Best of roller skates ball-bearing;
Till the exercise you master,
For you they would spell disaster.

Swift and easy is their motion,
Like a ship upon the ocean;
Well they'll carry you, provided
That they are correctly guided.

Steady on, be persevering,
Every step the goal you're nearing;
Never over failures grieving,
Soon success you'll be achieving.

G. D. LYNCH.

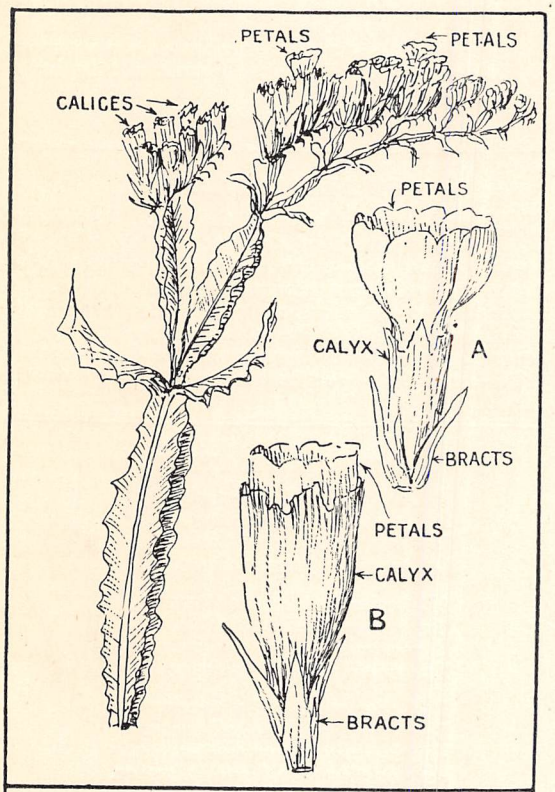
RACERS.

IN the spring the wild bryony, which by-and-by will bear bright-hued berries, lengthens its shoots at the rate of nearly an inch a day. Clematis is almost as swift. The hop has been known to shoot at the rate of two feet one and a half inches within a week. It has been called 'the racehorse of English plants.'

FLOWERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

IV.—SEA LAVENDER, ORACHE, AND SEA PEARLWORT.

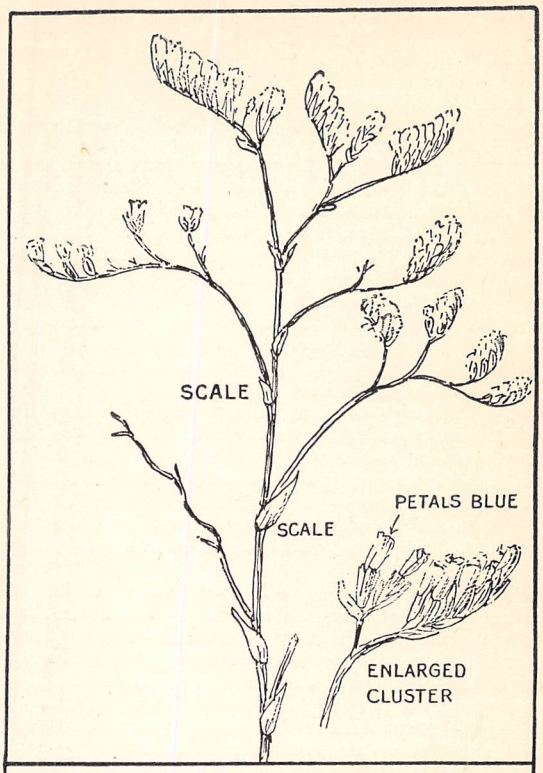
I WAS very pleased indeed to find a beautiful specimen of Sea Lavender on the banks of the Thames, near its mouth. Do you know it, and have you ever found it, I wonder? You ought to know it well, because several varieties are sold now at most florists', and it is used as foundation to many wreaths. I dare say, like several friends of mine, you have called it an



1. LARGE FORM OF SEA LAVENDER.

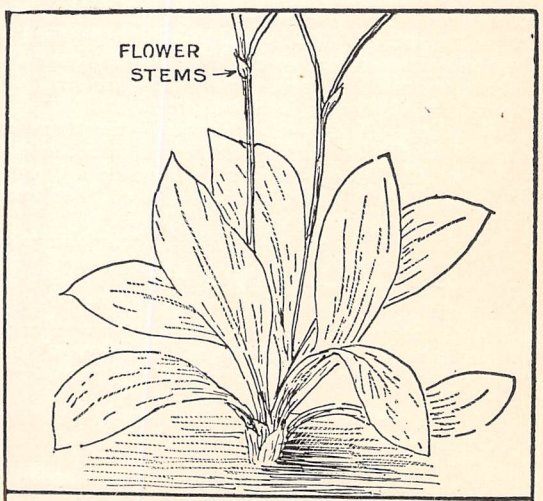
'everlasting,' and not bothered your head as to what it really was. I must confess that I did not know it as Sea Lavender for years, because no one whom I happened to ask knew what it was at all, or, if they did know, they called it by its Latin name of *Statice* or *Statice Limonium*. I remember when there was a very grand banquet at Buckingham Palace a little while ago, the table decorations included Statice. Several people asked me what Statice was, and when I said 'Sea Lavender,' they thought I was poking fun at them!

Now let me, in fig. 1, show you a sketch of a piece of the larger form of Statice, the one which is most noticeable in our shops. This is a garden form, but the details of the structure are the same, and being larger are easier for me to draw and for you to understand. This variety may be pale mauve, yellow, or white, but



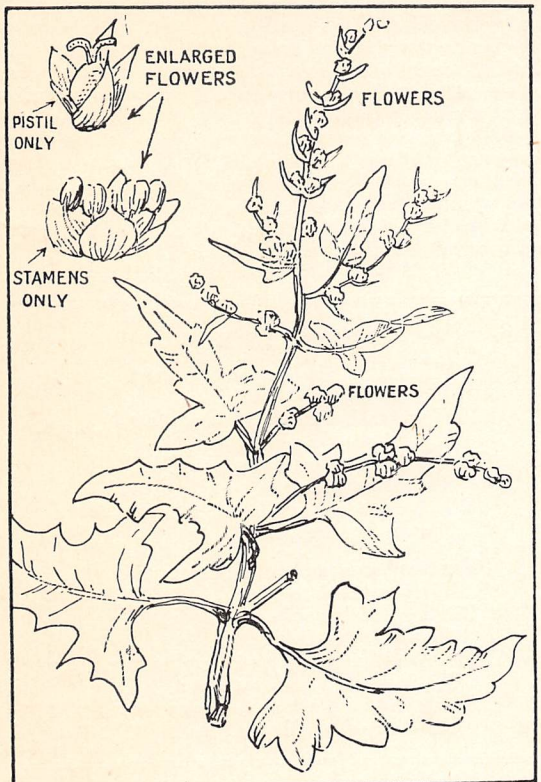
2. COMMON SEA LAVENDER.

the wild form is always the mauve or lavender colour which gives it its name. In fig. 2, I show you a sprig of the wild form which I found; both of these were drawn full size, so you can see the difference in growth.



3. PLANT OF SEA LAVENDER.

These Lavenders are very interesting when you examine them closely, and I now want to show you wherein their interest lies. I will describe fig. 2 first. This is a sprig which I gathered. The plant stood about ten inches high, and at the base was a rosette of leaves spreading out around the flower stems just as

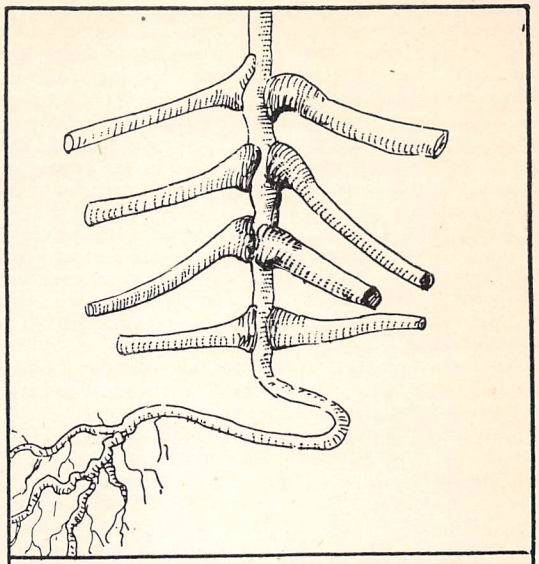


4. SPRIG OF COMMON ORACHE.

they do round a common daisy; in fact the leaves are not unlike the common daisy, but larger. I show a plant without the flowers in fig. 3. Here you see that the leaves are smooth, and have no notches on the edges and only the mid-vein is at all visible. They are, of course, fleshy, as are most sea-shore plants, and the colour is grey-green. There is no distinct stalk, but the leaf surface gradually narrows down, forming a sort of wing down each side of the mid-vein. The flower-stems branch and fork in such a fashion as to form a one-sided cluster.

At each fork there is a tiny brown scaly bract. The flowers themselves are numerous and are carried in compact little one-sided spikes at the ends of the branches. They are set on alternate sides of the stem and stand very erect, the upper part of the branch bending over outwards and upwards in a graceful curve. Each little flower is carried in a green scale leaf which is tipped with mauve

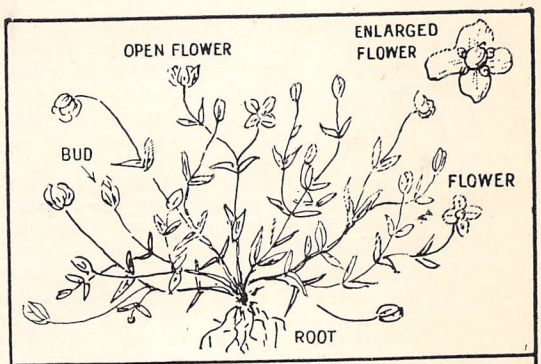
Each flower consists of a calyx (outer set of leaves or parts) of a substance suggestive of tissue paper! This



5. ROOT & LOWER BRANCHES OF ORACHE

outer cover is crinkled, and at the top is roughly divided into five points or lobes, (see fig. 1 at A,). Now this calyx is green at the bottom, but pale mauve or lavender towards the top. Above this, and rising out of it, is the flower proper, that is the petals. Here you have a cup-like flower of five little white petals (in the case of the smaller variety these are quite blue) and within these are five stamens and a pistil.

Now the interesting part of this plant is that the petals when they fade do not fall off, as is usual, but



6. PLANT OF SEA PEARLWORT.

dry up, and the papery calyx grows up and surrounds them as you see at B in fig. 1. This growth of the calyx continues until the petals are lost to view altogether, and can only be discovered by looking down the tube of the calyx.

As I write, I have before me a bunch of Sea Lavender which was gathered more than a year ago. Of course, there is not, at a first glance, a petal to be

seen, but the rest of the flower is as good as ever. It retains its mauve or lavender-coloured calices, so that it is difficult to believe they are not perfect flowers. The stems, too, are still grey-green and the tiny bracts on them are still warm brown. So you see that Statice, in all its forms, really 'takes us in,' for the flowers which we think so pretty and which are so lasting, are not flowers at all, but the outer set of leaves or calices! It really is rather odd that the flower is prettiest when it is *faded!*

By the way, I have said nothing about the stem of the large Statice of our gardens in fig. 1. I must point out the curious wings on the stem, three in number, and the very pointed bracts and the points on the notches, all quite sharp and stiff. All this is quite different from the wild form.

Two other plants I found on this occasion besides those I have already described. They were common Orache and Sea Pearlwort.

Orache is a member of the Goose-foot family. There are several other plants of this family of which I shall tell you in this series. Orache is a straggling, untidy plant (a habit of most of the family), but it is noticeable for its bright green foliage which quickly tinges with crimson. In fig. 4, I show you a spray. Here you see the flowers, such as they are, are carried in spikes. The flowers only consist of stamens and pistils enclosed in several bracts.

The stamens make great quantities of pollen which the winds kindly carry to other pistils in the neighbourhood. Like most wind-fertilised plants, Orache does not worry to be beautiful, for it does not require to attract the attention of insects in order to get the pollen taken to other flowers; the wind does the trick quite satisfactorily.

The fruits are weird little arrangements covered with warty growths and dusted with a sort of white meal. The leaves are variously shaped, being just simple, fat, little long arrangements at the top of the sprig where they occur beneath the flowers.

Lower, the leaves gradually become wider and more and more serrate, or cut along the edges, until some are of a beautiful shape as you see in my sketch. These spikes of flowers stand up fairly erect, and are about eight inches high, but the general attitude of the plant is decidedly floppy, if I may use such a word in this connection.

Here, in fig. 5, I show you the base of a plant with its root, and you will notice at once how the branches bend downwards as though pressed down. The junctions of the branches with the main stem are of a rich crimson colour. The stem of Orache is very angular, as you will note at A, in fig. 4, and it, too, is very much tinged with crimson. As usual, the whole plant is fleshy, and the leaves are curiously flat and stiff. This last feature is shown somewhat in my illustration, because it is, to a great extent, without many graceful curves.

Now my last specimen in this article is Sea Pearlwort, which is a very tiny slender plant almost like a moss. It grows in tiny tufts among the shingle or in the crevices of rocks. It has minute green flowers with no petals, only four green sepals, four stamens between them, and a fat little pistil in the middle. These flowers are carried upon hair-like stems, and they spring from the axils of the fat little pairs of leaves.

It is such a tiny plant that you will require to keep your eyes wide open to find it. It looks just like little patches of grey-green moss. It is very like the variety we often find in our gardens, but that one has a very yellow, almost golden appearance, especially late in the year. It occurs on walls, often between the bricks, and will crop up in gravel paths (fig. 6).

Here I must stop for this article. I hope you will find some of these plants soon; I am sure you will if only you look about you when on the sea-shore or on the banks of a tidal river like the Thames. I have only lately thought much about the chances of them being sea-shore plants *by the river*, and I am quite surprised what a number are to be found.

Of course, you must not expect to find these plants growing right on the beach of, say, Brighton, Scarborough, or Blackpool, within hail of the parade; but if you will only take a walk along the coast and get beyond the haunts of the tripper, then I am sure you will soon be rewarded for your trouble.

E. M. Barlow.

LET A BEE BE.

WELL, it was a dreadful thing
To hurt my Charlie so,
And why a Bee should have a sting,
My Charlie wants to know!
But if the Bee had had no sting
To hurt my Charlie so,
What harm would Charlie's fingers bring
The Honey-bees unto.

For him 'twas not enough to stand
The busy Bees to watch,
But he must have them in his hand—
So one or two he'd catch.
The Bees they sting, and Charlie cries,
His hand away he snatches;
So Honey-bees, though small in size,
Are more than Charlie's matches!

CRACKERS AND 'KISSES.'

A CHRISTMAS party without crackers would be regarded as a very dull sort of entertainment, Crackers have now become an essential part of the season's festivities, like plum-puddings and mince-pies, mistletoe and holly.

In the 'good old days,' as some people call them, the days when people travelled by coach, and tubes and railways were unknown, there were no such things as crackers, and children, both young and old, had to content themselves with kisses of a description quite unknown to the modern generation.

These kisses had little in common with those exchanged under the mistletoe, but was the name by which sugar plums wrapped in paper mottoes were known, the attraction of the 'kiss,' being in the motto which enfolded it. In those days short mottoes were also imprinted on peppermint lozenges.

Then some Early Victorian confectioner like Tom Smith had a brain-wave and produced crackers containing the sugar-plum, the moth, and a snap; the sweet gave place to a paper cap, and by degrees 'Somebody's luggage' developed into the beautiful and fascinating bonbons and cosaques which appear at Christmas.

G. D. Lynch.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 154.)

'PORSON'S Hole!' we exclaimed, in unison, for, with the exception of Lawyer, we all knew the place. We had, of course, never seen it from such a bird's-eye point of view, nor, in fact, dreamed that such a post of observation existed; but we recognised the place from its peculiar formation. Our amazement was extreme, for it was generally believed that this well-known cave had been completely obliterated by the landslip of a year ago. That no trace of it is visible from the sea I knew for a certainty, as I had pulled round the point in a fisherman's boat more than once since that occurrence, and had examined the changed aspect of the cliffs with interest. For a distance of a quarter of a mile the cliff had subsided some forty feet, and a great sweep of *débris* had overwhelmed old landmarks, filling the space between the cliff and the Chimney Rocks, which are just above low-water mark.

The only explanation that occurred to me was that the avalanche of *débris* had swept over the cave, partially burying it, and forming a barrier that hid it from the sea. It was evident to us from the faint light at the entrance, and the fact that the tide still found its way in, that the cave was not completely buried, and that some channel existed connecting it with the sea.

It is often said that Porson's Hole bears a striking resemblance to the form of a man's ear, but there is a great deal of fancy in this. It certainly is remarkable for its echo, and the strange way in which even a whisper is conveyed from one part to another. Some suppose the cave to be the work of human hands, but there is no foundation whatever for this notion; like the other caves, it shows clearly the action of water.

To find that Porson's Hole still existed was to us a cause of astonishment; to have reached it by such an extraordinary route and beheld it from such an unexpected elevation was still more surprising; the sight of a boat below was the finishing touch. Hidden in so strange a place this boat could be used for no other purpose than such a one as we attributed to Tallerman and his associates; doubtless this was the place indicated by Dicky, although for reasons best known to himself he had made no mention of Porson's Hole. We were on the track of the conspirators without the shadow of a doubt.

How to descend from the ledge on which we stood was the question—a sheer drop of twenty-five feet, according to my reckoning, but Treagus thought it more. Our only means of reaching the bottom was the stout rope that Treagus carried: it was twenty-four feet in length, so that there ought to be no difficulty if our estimate was anything like correct. On lowering the rope with the crowbar attached, we had the satisfaction of hearing the ring of metal on the shingle beneath, so, allowing a couple of yards for making it secure at the top, we reckoned on having sufficient line, and nothing more serious might be expected in making a descent than a drop of a few feet.

Bully made the rope fast, or thought he did; I'll never trust my neck again to a knot of Bully's tying, he is not half careful enough, though in point of fact it was not the knot that gave way this time; still he is never sufficiently careful in making things secure, but as he got the worst of it in what followed, I ought not to grumble. Thank goodness it was no worse; we might have been pole-axed by that crowbar.

However, to continue in a straight-forward manner, the rope was lowered and I went over the top—as the boys at the front say; it proved not long enough by a few feet, so I dangled, then, letting go, found myself sitting comfortably on the shingle. I had scarcely risen to my feet when down came Bully with a run almost on top of me, the crowbar whirling through the air like a chain-shot. I thought our last hour had come, but luckily the bar flew wide of us. Bully lay on the ground, his back propped against the boat, grunting and declaring that his leg was broken.

'A pretty state of things now,' I said to myself. 'Here we are down below and the rope with us, we cannot get back to the other fellows and they cannot come down to us, and here's Bully on my hands with a broken leg.'

'Pull yourself together, old man,' I said, 'perhaps it's not so bad as you think—let's see if you can stretch out your leg. We're in no end of a fix here and the other fellows can't get down to us. Now you pull yourself together like a Briton and I'll see if I can throw the end of the rope up to Treagus.'

I caught up the rope and hailed those above, being considerably startled at hearing my shout repeated by the echo, although I was aware of this peculiarity of the place.

'Show a light,' I cried, for the upper part of the cave was in absolute darkness. 'Show a light so that I can see where to aim. Look out! Here comes the rope.'

Time after time did I attempt to cast the rope into the space between the vaulted roof and the ledge; sometimes it struck the roof, but more often fell short of the ledge: my arm ached with the effort and I was forced to rest awhile.

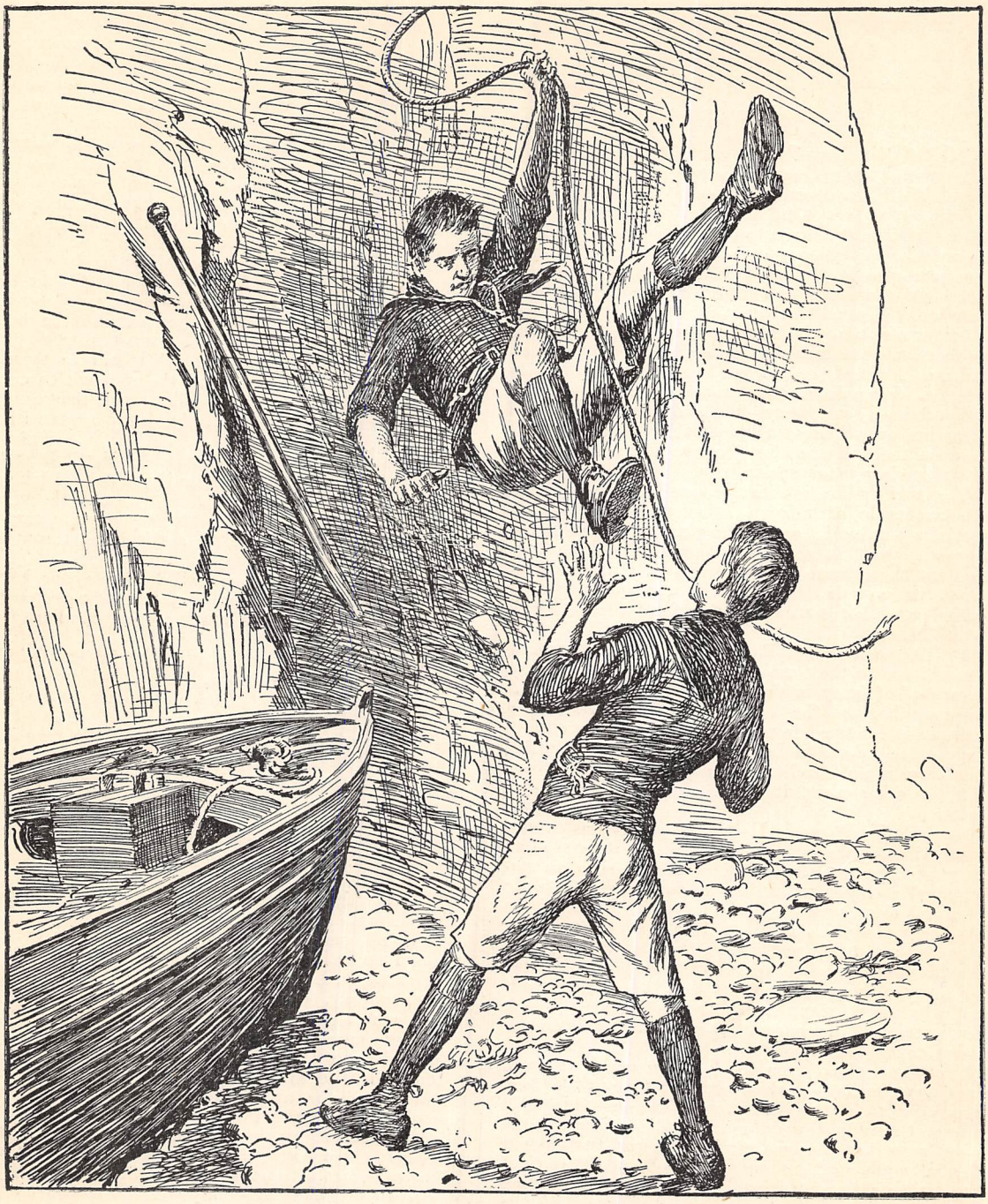
Turning to Bully I found him still grunting but more hopeful; he was rubbing his leg and examining it critically.

'I don't think it's broken, Pen,' he said, 'if it was I couldn't move it, could I? There's no blood and the bone hasn't come through the skin. Ugh! it's coming round I do believe. If you'll wait a bit I'll take a fling at that rope. I can't make out how it was the thing gave way, Microbe must have got tampering with it—he can't keep his fingers off anything. Ugh! that's a twister—now he's straight—I didn't think a fellow's leg could be so painful.'

Again I tried to reach Treagus with the rope, and again I failed, the form of the cave rendering it almost impossible; the great wall of rock before me was slightly concave, and the ledge projected, so that I was too directly under it. Then I tried from the other side of the cave, but with no better result. I was giving up in despair when I felt Bully Watson's hand on my arm.

'Pen, have you a candle?' he asked, in a shaky whisper. 'I've found something. Yes, my leg's all right now. I've found something, Pen—I've found the treasure!'

(*Continued on page* 170.)



"Down came Bully almost on top of me."

"We looked like a couple of pirates gloating over a golden hoard."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 167.)

'THE *what?*' I exclaimed.

'The treasure, Pen, you know, the treasure that's been hidden away here for centuries!'

'Get out,' I said, 'you're dreaming.' I really thought he'd gone off his head, and that I had a lunatic on my hands, instead of a chap with a game leg.

'I've been crawling round,' he continued, still in a ghostly whisper, 'and I found it hidden away in a corner almost covered with shingle. There are eight or ten small iron-bound chests, I could feel them with my fingers—iron-bound chests; I lifted one and found it pretty heavy, I can tell you, and there are a number of silver vessels, judging by the feel of them—a score of them, small and great!'

Bully limped to the spot, dragging me after him. We went on our knees, Bully scratching away the shingle like a terrier at a rat-hole. I passed my hands over a pile of small chests or boxes, and felt the smooth, cold surface of polished metal.

I hastily lit my candle, and as the light flared up I was quite startled at the greedy glitter of Bully's eyes and the twitching of his face. I suppose my expression was much the same, for I was equally excited. A fellow's face often looks very queer in the light of a candle, I have noticed, even when there's nothing disturbing him. I expect we looked like a couple of pirates gloating over a golden hoard, ready to tear each other to pieces for the biggest share.

It did not last long, however; the feeble light of the candle was sufficient to show us that Bully's hidden treasure was nothing more nor less than a stack of grocer's boxes stamped with the names of well-known firms, containing biscuits, margarine, and other commodities, and the vessels of silver were a number of gallon tins of petrol, and a score of large drums of the same.

Bully's face fell at the sight of this prosaic heap, and I must confess to a feeling of disappointment, after the glowing expectations I had entertained for one brief moment.

Thus sharply brought back to the region of realities, we at once saw in this heap of provisions and the large supply of petrol and the boat ready to hand, the confirmation of our suspicions; nay more, that we were without doubt in the rendezvous of the traitor gang who were selling for enemy gold the safety of England, and the lives of innocent men, women, and children. Bully's exclamation, 'This is Tallerman's boat; he has brought it round from the harbour,' echoed my own thought, for even in the gloom I recognised her build.

The faint light that penetrated the cave at the entrance had by this time vanished, the night was fast closing in. Bully and I made another unsuccessful attempt to reach our comrades with the rope, and were on the verge of despair when we heard Treagus hailing us from above.

'Pen, we are going to let down a line,' he called in very distinct tones to avoid the muddling effect of the echoes. 'We are going to let down a line, so look out for it. We have tied together some pieces of string and Microbe's puttees and weighted it with a stone: when you have got it, tie the rope on and we will haul it up. Send the crowbar up along with it. Are you ready?'

'That's a ripping idea,' I cried. 'Lower away, I shall get it all right.'

Bully and I were in ecstasies as I caught the hanging line, detached the stone, and made the string fast to the rope. The line had descended where the boat lay, so I had stepped over the thwarts and mounted a small deck at the bow to give the rope a good start off.

I was in the act of so doing when a clatter of voices rang through the cave which for the moment I thought to be Treagus and the others speaking from above, but a harsh laugh twice repeated by the echo, and Bully frantically gripping my jersey, made me turn in alarm. A light advancing, apparently out of the opposite side of the cave, and the sound of voices reverberating in the hollow place, were too much for my nerve: like a rabbit before a stoat, I turned to fly into any hole or corner.

If I had had but a moment for reflection, I certainly should not have done what I did. 'Down here!' said Bully in a hoarse whisper, and down we went under the little deck at the bow of the boat, pulling a tarpaulin that lay there in front of us.

There we lay screwed up into the smallest possible compass, listening to the voices of the men who straightway commenced carrying the cargo to the boat and loading her, and it did not lessen our anxiety to note at least one harsh voice speaking German. The heavy drums of petrol were placed amidship, the smaller packages and boxes deposited in the bows and pushed into our hiding-place to our great discomfort. Now I had time to think, how bitterly I regretted what we had done. It was easy to foresee what would happen: the boat would put to sea and without doubt we must sooner or later be discovered. The light of an electric torch played fitfully on the men as they stowed away the cargo, showing heavy coats, up-turned collars and seafaring caps—so much we could make out over the drums and boxes that shut us in.

Then two men seated themselves in the stern and an order to shove off was given. We felt a heave at the bow and the boat moved stern first into deep water. Poling and paddling the boat passed slowly through a narrow channel, then, finding room, turned her bow seaward; the men settled to their oars and we poor stowaways looked out at the receding cliffs, a wall of rock on each side and a strip of starlit sky overhead.

(*Continued on page* 183.)

MICE IN THE MOONBEAMS.

WHEN stars are shining overhead,
And lights are out and night prayers said:
After I'm snugly tucked in bed,
And Nurse has bid good-night,
For sleep I'm often disinclined,
And so I lie awake to find
That through a corner of the blind
There shines a ray of light.

A merry moonbeam, bringing dreams,
It is that through the window streams,
Across the floor, and in its beams
Some little figures strav:

Two tiny mice that meet by chance
And solemnly perform a dance,
Unconscious of my eager glance,
Attracted by their play.

But while they're dancing on the floor,
Were I to cough, or sneeze, or snore,
My little friends I'd see no more,
Into their holes they'd bound.
I dare not laugh, but only smile,
They caper in such funny style,
And I am careful all the while
Never to make a sound.

G. D. LYNCH.

THE ADVENTURES OF BLIND JACK.

(*Concluded from page* 163.)

THE first thing Metcalf did after his marriage was to build a cottage to which to bring his wife. Of course he superintended and took part in all the work himself; and there is no doubt that cottage was well built.

But they had not long settled down in their peaceful nest, when a black storm-cloud gathered over the land, the cloud of war.

The Young Pretender had landed in Scotland, defeated King George's troops in the battle of Preston Pans, and was marching towards England.

In Yorkshire the mass of the people drifted between panic and indifference, only a few really taking in the situation.

The county voted ninety thousand pounds to raise an army, but for home defence only. In vain some of the more patriotic country gentlemen, headed by one Squire Thornton, clamoured that the 'New Army' should be sent to Scotland, instead of waiting for the invader to come to England.

Finding that he made no impression on the sleepy authorities, Squire Thornton determined to raise a company of volunteers. But the country folk were as slack as their betters, and nobody would enlist.

Then the Squire bethought him of Jack Metcalf. He sent for the blind fiddler and explained to him how a foreign army was only waiting to follow up the Pretender's success. This was no mere quarrel as to whether the King's name should be George or James; the real question was whether Great Britain was going to submit to foreign domination.

Jack caught fire at once. If none of his neighbours were ready to fight for their rights and liberties, he was. He enlisted on the spot, and then set to work as a recruiting sergeant, so successfully that in two days a hundred and fifty men joined the colours.

How they marched and drilled, crowding a month's work into a week and six months' into one, we to-day can picture well enough. The company was raised at the beginning of October, and it was early winter with snow on the ground, when they set off to join General Wade's army, blind Jack marching in the front rank 'dressed in blue and buff, and in a gold-laced hat.'

'My lads,' said Captain Thornton, 'you are going to form part of a ring-fence to the finest estate in the world.'

Unluckily the ring-fence, as a whole, was not worthy of the estate. On 17th January, 1746, the English forces were ingloriously defeated at Falkirk, and Metcalf, who had borne his part manfully in all the hardships of the campaign, was obliged to flee with his companions.

Captain Thornton had been separated from his men and the rest of the company were for disbanding and going home, but Jack would not hear of it. Since no one else would undertake such a daring adventure, he determined to make his way alone to the enemy's lines and find out whether or no his Captain was a prisoner.

In his character of blind fiddler, he contrived to enter the Scotch Camp, but only to be arrested as a spy. At length, however, he succeeded in escaping from the hands of the rebels and rejoined his comrades in Edinburgh, where to his delight he found Captain Thornton.

What part the Yorkshire Volunteers played in the remainder of the campaign we are not told, but Jack 'stuck it,' as we say now-a-days, to the end, and returned to his young wife covered with glory.

And now it really seemed time for him to settle down after his adventures. But settling down is an expression hardly to be used in connection with blind Jack of Knaresborough.

It would take too long even to make a list here of the various professions which he took up one after another, all more or less successfully, generally more, for though he was certainly jack of all trades, no one could have described him as master of none.

He was in turn pedler, carrier, horse-dealer, smuggler —smuggling it must be remembered was a recognised and almost respectable trade in the eighteenth century— cotton-spinner, bridge-builder, road-maker, and farmer. Into every occupation he threw all his energies, and in each one he made his mark.

Part of his success was due to the sure instinct with which he judged character. Sharp indeed must he be who could hope to outwit Jack Metcalf in any way. It seemed as if he had developed a sixth sense in place of his lost sight; and it was said that he never passed any one without recognising them, even though they might stand silent and motionless.

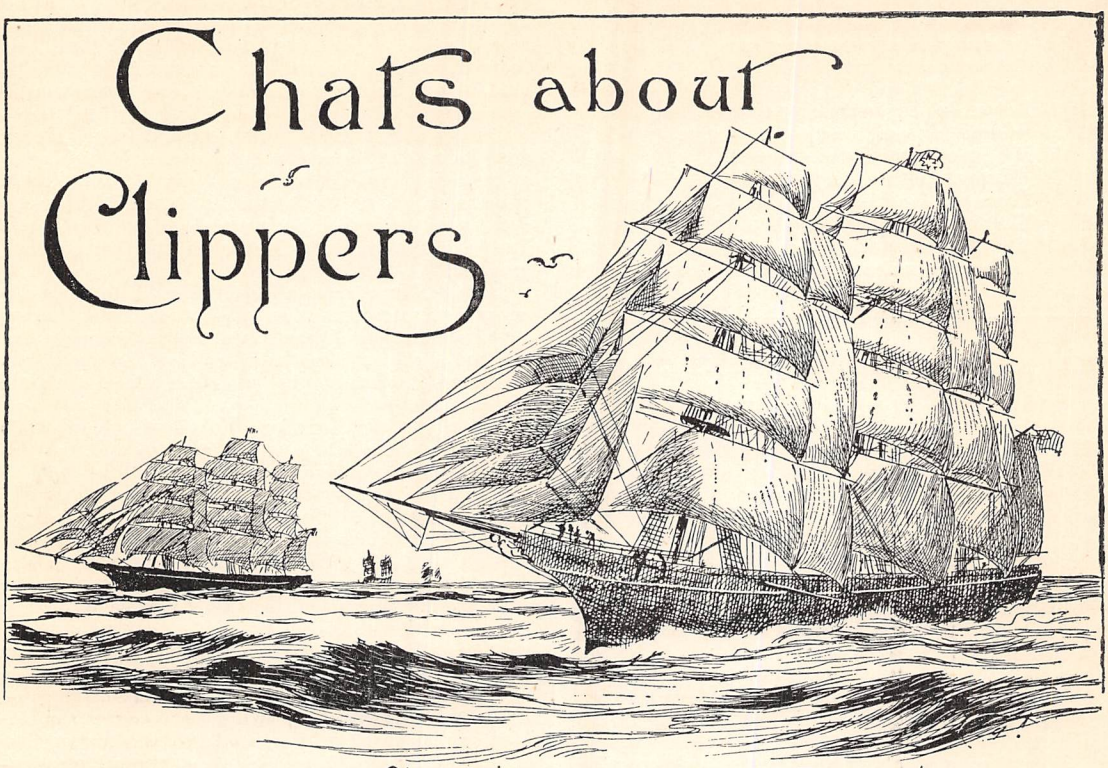
His greatest achievement was the laying of 'nearly two hundred miles of capital roads,' and he has been described as the 'first great road-maker in England.' Long afterwards men who worked under him would tell how he used to go poking about with his long stick and wherever there was a weak place in the road he would be sure to discover it and call out, 'Here, let's ha' some in here.'

To crown his labours, at the age of eighty-four, Jack, in the language of the time, 'commenced author,' and dictated his autobiography, which was published by a Leeds bookseller.

He died in 1810, honoured and respected by all who knew him; leaving behind him four children, twenty grandchildren, and ninety great-grandchildren.

Hundreds of his descendants must be alive to-day; and perhaps some of them are among the readers of this page. Probably they all have two good eyes, but if they achieve half as much with them as their ancestor did without, they will have no need to be ashamed of the result.'

LILIAN DALTON.



The great race from Shanghai, between *Cutty Sark* and *Thermopylæ*.

CHATS ABOUT CLIPPERS.

IN these days when steam or oil are driving our great liners of the Cunard, White Star, and P. & O. types on their quick and regular passages to all parts of the world, the era of the old swift-sailing ships, and the intense excitement caused by their wonderful doings, will be to most *Chatterbox* readers unknown. As everything, however, connected with ships and sailors should appeal to all boys and girls within our sea-girt shores, the following short account of those by-gone times of tall spars and white wings may be of interest.

The term 'clipper' was given to those ships built especially for speed, and sailing long voyages round the Cape or Horn to India, China, Australia, New Zealand, or the Pacific ports. They came into being about seventy years ago. Before that time a passage out to Australia, along the route laid down by the Admiralty, was considered good indeed if it took about a hundred and twenty days. And it was only in 1854, and after Lieutenant Maury, of the United States Navy, had made an exhaustive study of ocean winds and currents, and published his *Physical Geography of the Sea*, and his *Sailing Directions*, that a new and shorter course called 'Great Circle Sailing' was plotted out to Australia by Captain Godfrey in *Constance*, thus cutting the passage down to seventy-seven days, and causing the greatest sensation among shipowners. Just at this time, too, besides the growing importance of the Australian wool trade, it so happened that gold was found at Ballarat and Bendigo, so that shippers were having a good time with full cargoes and high freights; the ships being crowded with emigrants, their belongings, and implements, for the gold-fields, when outward bound, and with plenty of wool to bring back on the homeward passage.

A keen rivalry was thus created, of which James Baines, a Liverpool shipowner, was one of the first to take advantage. Realising the great superiority at that time of ships built in America, he gave an order for four to be built there, such as hitherto the world had not seen; and although many shipping men thought them too large, their success proved Baines to be right, and made the reputation of his famous Black Ball Line. One of these boats, *Lightning*, which was the sharpest ship ever launched, was 3500 tons burden, 244 feet long, and from main deck to truck 164 feet, with a mainyard of 95 feet, and a spread of 13,000 square yards of canvas. Her great rival, *Red Jacket*, which was launched within a few days of *Lightning*, and chartered by the White Star Line, was 5000 tons burden and 260 feet long. Both these ships raced across the Atlantic, leaving, the one New York, on February 19th, and the other, Boston, on the 18th, and both arriving in the Mersey on the same day, March 4th; *Lightning's* time being 13 days 19½ hours, and *Red Jacket's* 13 days 1 hour, and their best respective

twenty-four hours' run being 413 knots and 436 knots, so that there was very little to choose between them.

The fastest ship built by MacKay (*Lightning's* builder) was the *James Baines*, which left Liverpool, December 9th, 1854, carrying seven hundred passengers, 1400 tons cargo, and 180,000 letters and newspapers, and arrived at Melbourne within sixty-three days, this being, up to that date, the record run. Her fastest twenty-four hours was 423 knots on February 6th.

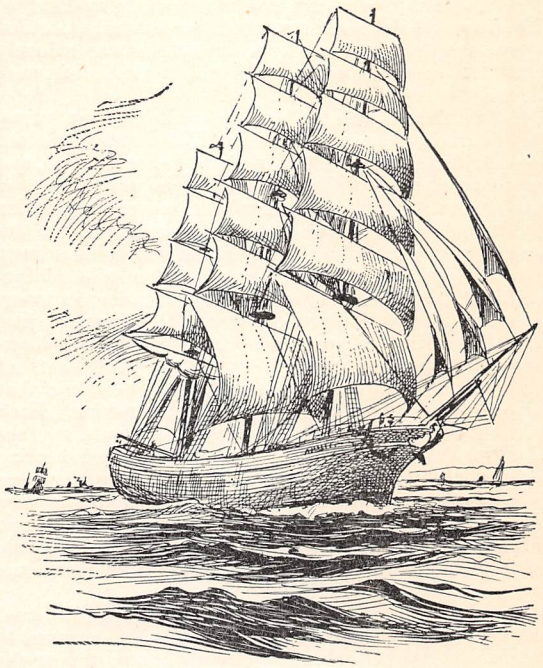
When the appalling Indian Mutiny broke out in 1857, and it was necessary to rush troops out with all speed, three of the Black Ball Line boats, *James Baines*, *Lightning*, and *Champion of the Sea*, raced out to India. Just before the departure of the *James Baines* from Portsmouth she was reviewed by Queen Victoria, who was astonished at her appearance, and said that 'she did not know she possessed such a splendid vessel in the Mercantile Marine.' Both *James Baines* and *Champion of the Sea* made good passages until the Bay of Bengal was reached, where for some time they were held up by light winds. *Lightning*, which sailed a little late, arrived in the Hooghly within eighty-seven days. *James Baines* returned to Liverpool the following year, and whilst

James Baines beating round the Horn.

unloading there, caught fire and was completely destroyed.

During all this time America was building and sailing some first-rate boats, but on the outbreak of the American Civil War she sold them all to Great Britain; so for the time being the competition between the builders of the two countries ceased. Also the Australian wool trade, which had been constantly growing, was now assuming very large proportions, and although wool was (and is) a dangerous cargo to carry from its liability, if at all damp, to catch fire, yet it was a most profitable freight, and shipowners were eagerly on the look-out for it.

To meet the trade some very fine ships were built; one of the chief pioneers being James Thompson, a far-seeing Scot who, in 1825, sent out a little clipper brig, *Childe Harold*, of 116 tons, and from this small beginning



Aristides coming up channel under a fair wind.

established the afterwards noted Aberdeen White Star Line, the fleet eventually numbering twenty-nine vessels, all built at Aberdeen. They were all painted a delicate light green, which made them most noticeable: indeed, there were no finer or more carefully kept ships, everything being spick and span, with snow-white decks, white blocks, masts, and yards, the last being squared to a nicety, and every rope neatly coiled down.

These hard-sailed, fast Thompson boats were some of the best on the China and Australian routes, and of them all 'the pick of the basket' was without doubt *Thermopylæ*, justly considered the fastest sailing-ship ever launched, and the pride of the British Merchant Service. She was a most beautiful craft, composite built (that is, built partly of wood and partly of iron), not very large (991 tons); her masts were not very high, but they carried wide sails: her mainyard being 80 feet long with a sail 40 feet deep, giving about 3000 square feet of canvas; her main-royal sail had a 19 feet drop, and required four men to handle it.

Besides being a powerful ship, she was fast in light airs, and, indeed, under all winds was a marvel. It was said of her that when there was so little wind that one could walk about the decks with a lighted candle, she would be doing her 7 knots; whilst with all sail set and bowling along at 12½ to 13 knots, she was so easy that

a boy could steer her; and it was only when making more than 13 knots that it was necessary to take in her stay-sails and royals. She would sail close to the wind like a witch; was equally good off a wind; and that, under strong, fresh winds, perhaps the only ship that could give her points was *Cutty Sark*, which will be mentioned later. And, to crown all, when hove-to in a gale she made good weather of it, and rode the billows like a duck. From the finely carved figure-head of Leonidas and sharp cutwater, to her beautifully moulded stern, and from water-line to truck, she was a lovely craft, and never failed to call forth the unstinted praise of every one.

Clark Russell, the well-known writer of sea yarns, thus describes her in mid-ocean: 'Yet shortly after ten o'clock the ship astern had risen to her water-line, and was picking us up as though, forsooth, we were riding to a sea-anchor. A nobler ocean picture never delighted a landsman's vision. The snow-white spires of the on-coming ship swayed with solemn and stately motions to the under-run of the quartering sea. She had studding-sails out to starboard, one mounting to another in a very pyramid of soft milky cloths, and her wings of jibs, almost becalmed, floated airily from masthead to bow-sprit and jibboom-end like symmetric fragments of fleecy clouds rent from the stately mass of fabric that soared behind them brilliant in flashing sunshine. Each time our lugger was hove upwards, I would spy the dazzling smother of the foam, which the shearing cutwater of the clipper, driven by a force greater than steam, was piling to the hawse-pipes, even to the very burying of the forecastle head to some of the majestic structure's curtseys. "Whoy, Tommy," cried Jacob, who had been eyeing the ship listlessly, "pisen me, mate, if she ain't the *Thermoppilly!*"'

On one occasion when *Thermopylæ* had just cleared Port Phillip Heads outside Melbourne, she happened to be in company with H.M.S. *Charybdis*, also sailing the same course. In friendly emulation both vessels crowded on all sail, but as soon as *Thermopylæ* had all her canvas set she at once rapidly drew away, and in spite of all the warship could do, left her hopelessly astern. Thereupon the captain of *Charybdis* signalled, 'Good-bye, you are too good for us. You are the finest model of a ship I have ever seen. It does my heart good to look at you.'

And now a few words about her wonderful doings. She was launched on August 19th, 1868, and sailed from Gravesend for Melbourne on November 7th, and broke all records.

Leaving Gravesend at five a.m. on November 7th, she passed the Lizard next day, crossed the line twenty-one days out, crossed the meridian of Greenwich somewhere about 40° Lat. S. within thirty-six days, and anchored at Port Phillip after a record voyage of sixty-three days. But as all these records are reckoned from dropping pilot in the English Channel to taking pilot aboard off Port Phillip Heads, her true time was sixty days! Neither *Thermopylæ* nor any other vessel has ever equalled it since. Her best runs were nine days of 300 knots each, and one twenty-four hours of 330. Leaving Melbourne, she went to Newcastle, N.S.W., and from there to Shanghai, where she arrived in twenty-eight days, another record for crossing the Pacific. Her arrival caused intense excitement—and, because she mounted a golden cock at her main-truck in honour of her achievements, also some chagrin—amongst other captains of the liners there, who had won the blue-ribbon of the sea, as the race from China to England was called.

During the Clipper Ship Era, and until some little time after the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, the China clippers were amongst the best, and their voyages home, laden with the new season's tea, was always a time of great excitement and keen competition as to which boat should get to London first, especially as they often resulted in some very wonderful passages and close finishes. Amongst these yearly races that between *Ariel* and *Taeping* in 1866 stands out very clearly.

These two greyhounds of the sea left Pagoda Anchorage, Fu-chow, on May 29th; *Ariel* at 10.30 a.m. and *Taeping* twenty minutes later, and after an exciting race arrived together off the Lizard. From thence they came up Channel, amidst the greatest enthusiasm and rivalry between the officers and men of the two ships, which after a voyage of over 16,000 miles—more than half round the globe—were now coming along side by side, striving to get every inch of speed out of the great white clouds of towering canvas beneath which the ships laboured; until they finally came off Deal the next morning, September 6th—*Ariel* at eight o'clock and *Taeping* at eight minutes past eight. The latter winning by twelve minutes, as she had started twenty minutes after the *Ariel!* And of the five ships which took part in the race, *Serica* came in four hours later, and these three ships all went up the Thames and were docked at the same tide. That was a race!

Another of these rousing contests was that of 1869, when *Thermopylæ*, *Sir Launcelot*, and *Titania* broke all records for the S.W. Monsoons. And the first three starters—*Ariel*, *Leander*, and *Lahlo*—all arrived the same day. As this was *Thermopylæ's* first challenge to the China clippers, immediately following her extraordinary passages to Melbourne and thence to Shanghai, interest naturally centred in her, more particularly as her immediate competitors were *Sir Launcelot* and *Titania*, both swift sailers. The honours of this race, however, went to *Sir Launcelot*, who did the run in eighty-nine days against ninety-one of *Thermopylæ*.

Whilst, however, these vessels were making record runs, there was building on the Clyde, in the world-famed yard of Denny Brothers at Dumbarton, a boat named *Cutty Sark*, after the bonny witch in Burns's tale of 'Tam-o'-Shanter.' She was a most interesting vessel, being built on the same lines as an old French frigate, which lay for a long time as a hulk in Bombay Harbour, and was destined to dispute seriously with *Thermopylæ* for pride of place as the world's fastest ship. Indeed, she was specially built for that purpose; both being powerful boats of similar dimensions and, as it happened, about equal in the matter of records. In 1872 a race was arranged between the two on the China to London run, and on June 21st both left Shanghai within an hour of each other. In the first part of the voyage they were continually held up by calms, variable winds, and fogs, until they arrived at Ajmer on July 19th. Then followed good weather, during which first one boat and then the other drew ahead, *Cutty Sark* making three consecutive runs of 340, 327, and 321 knots in the twenty-four hours; then from August 11th for some days a succession of storms prevailed during which *Cutty Sark* lost her rudder and had to rig up a temporary one, which of course delayed her so much that she only

made 139 knots in eleven days. Consequently, although *Thermopylæ* got home first, the race was awarded to *Cutty Sark*. This decision did not end the rivalry between the two boats, for to the end it continued to be a questionable point which was best. *Cutty Sark's* record to Sydney was sixty-seven days, *Thermopylæ's* of course being sixty days.

Before leaving the Aberdeen White Star Line we may mention *Aristides*, another fast boat—she was Thompson's biggest—and on her maiden voyage took sixty-nine days from London to Port Phillip and eighty-one days to return; indeed, all Thompson's boats invariably made quick maiden voyages.

(*Concluded on page* 180.)

THE ENTHUSIASTIC SCHOOLBOY.

IN the life of Dean Farrar, written by his son, there is a pretty story of the admiration felt by a young Marlborough boy for his head-master.

'Dr. Farrar,' says the boy, 'came in to review the lower school form in which I then was. As he came in, in his silk gown, with that stately form—oh! I did feel small! "Go on," he said to me. I went on and got through it. When the review was over, he stopped and talked to us, among others to me. "Where were you born?" he asked. "In India, sir," I replied. "Ah, I was born in Bombay myself." We had quite a talk, and then he shook hands. I was proud of myself. I didn't wash that hand for two days.'

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 162.)

IT was very quiet in the wood now. The woodland creatures all seemed to be sleeping. There had been that one loud report of a gun, but nothing more, and the police-sergeant who had rushed off to investigate the disturbance had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. It must have been about five o'clock that Tickato wakened, and lay for a moment wondering where she was and how she had got there. For a minute or two she thought she was back on board ship, coming from India. Then she began to remember things—how they had landed and had been met by Aunt Agnes. How she and Billy had been sent off, at a moment's notice, to stay with Uncle Francis, and how they had left their train, and had got lost in the wood and had found the caravan cousins. Cousins! Were they really cousins? Then the little girl remembered that she and Billy had no cousins of their own. It would be nice if they had, she thought. These four children were very jolly, even if they were a bit inclined to sit on you occasionally.

All the events of the last two or three days came back to Tickato as she lay there. This was Wednesday. What a long time it was since Monday morning! She remembered how they had been frightened the night before by the two men who pretended to be policemen. And then it was that Tickato remembered Mascot's disappearance? Where could he be?

Now Diana was fond of animals, and she could not bear to think of any dumb creature being in pain. She wondered if Mascot had got shut up somewhere, or if he had been hurt by those horrid men, and was lying somewhere not able to get back to the camp. She had read of animals being caught in traps in the woods, and now she remembered that there were so many rabbits in that place that the dog might easily have been unlucky enough to get imprisoned in one of the traps set to catch these creatures.

'Will it be time to get up soon?' wondered Tickato, looking at the little travelling clock that hung from a nail on the wall opposite to her. She could only just see its hands, but it looked to her as if they pointed to a little after five o'clock.

'Why not go and look for him? How pleased every one will be if I find him. He may have gone to that place where we found the package yesterday,' she told herself, slipping quietly out of her bunk and putting on her clothes as swiftly as possible.

It was rather difficult to dress without waking the other girls. Tickato kept her eyes on Nora and Janet, fearing every second that some slight noise she made might arouse them. But neither of the Warreners stirred even, so deeply were they sleeping. They were thoroughly tired out with all that they had gone through in the way of work and excitement. Tickato managed to finish dressing herself, and then she crept softly to the door of the caravan. She understood how to open this. The only trouble was lest it should make a noise when she unlatched it.

Very carefully she raised the latch, and then glanced at the sleeping girls. No, they had not moved. She opened the door gently, and stepped down the first of the four steps that led up to the caravan. Standing on this, she drew the door to once more. The latch fell silently into place, and Tickato released her hold of it. She was free, out in the fresh morning air, and ready to go in search of Mascot.

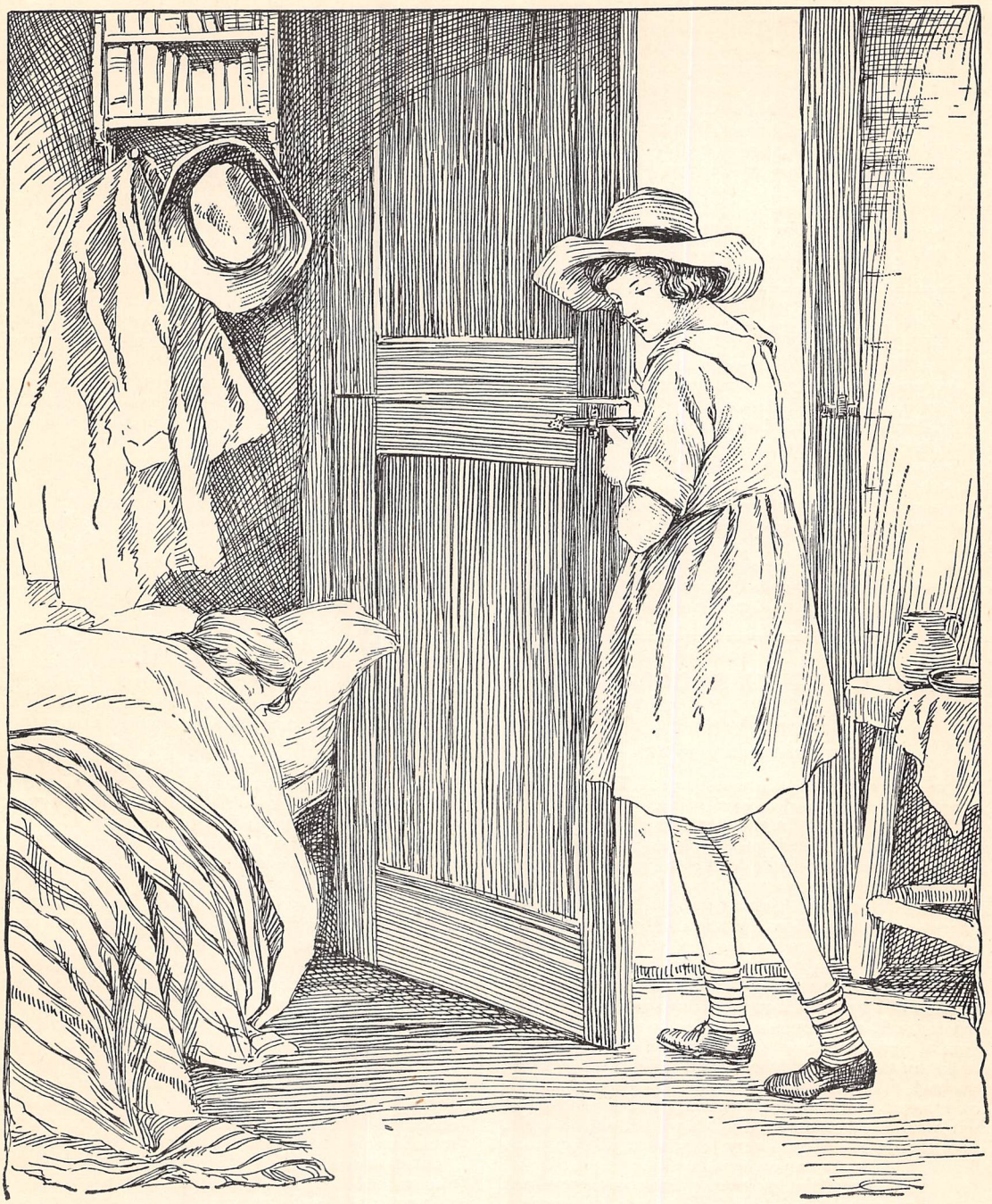
She skipped lightly down the remaining three steps from the caravan, and when she reached the ground she remembered, all at once, that she had left no word to tell the others where she had gone, and why.

'Well, never mind,' she thought to herself. 'I shall be back before they are awake, so what does it matter?'

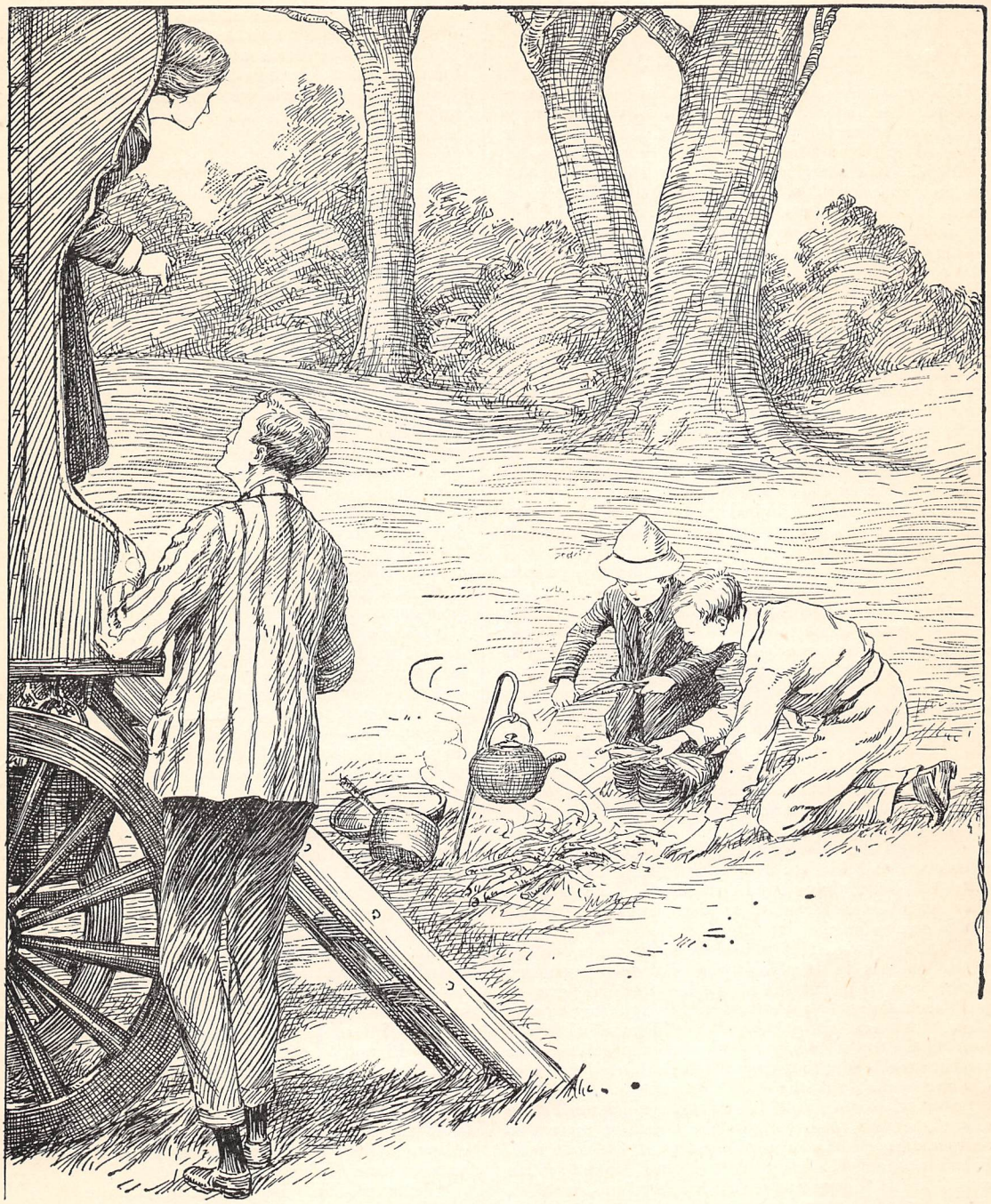
It was a lovely August morning. There was a thick mist, at present, which served to hide the wood from Tickato, as she danced away across the clearing. It would be hot later on, for already the sun was getting up, and trying to break through the mist. It was close on six o'clock by this time, for the little clock in the caravan had been half an hour slow, only Tickato did not know this. She felt that she would have lots of time in which to find Mascot, and she pictured herself returning to camp with him just as breakfast was ready. 'And I shall be glad to have some, for I am most awfully hungry,' she told herself, and wished, even as she said the words, that she had had the wisdom to put some biscuits into her pocket before leaving the caravan.

At last she reached the edge of the undergrowth. She walked along this for a little distance till she came to a path. This she entered, feeling almost sure that it was the same along which she and Mascot had gone the day before. 'But even if it is not that one, it will do just as well. I may find him, and if I don't I can come back and take another,' she told herself.

(*Continued on page* 178.)



"Very carefully she raised the latch."



"'Is Tickato with you?'"

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 175.)

THE grass through which Tickato had come had been very wet indeed. Her shoes, which were not very thick, were saturated with the moisture, and the water squeezed up between her toes with every step she took.

'Ugh! It is horrid and wet! I wish I had not put on shoes and stockings,' thought the little girl. 'Going barefoot must be ever so much nicer than this.'

But it was too late now. Her shoes were soaked, and as she did not want to carry them in her hand, the only thing was to continue to carry them on her feet. Tickato was too full of thoughts of finding Mascot to mind very much about her own discomfort. She called the dog's name from time to time, and whistled, as she had heard Humphrey whistle on that night of their arrival at the camp. But it was all to no purpose. There was neither sound nor sign of Mascot. Tickato walked on and on, as you may walk along a woodland path. She did not keep straight on, but turned into this path, and then into that, till in a short time she was quite confused, and stopped to realise, all at once, that she did not know where she was.

'What a bother! I do believe I have got lost again,' she said, aloud. 'It is too silly, and whatever shall I do?'

Tickato looked all about her as she said these words. She had gone down into a little valley, and on each side of her the wood sloped up till at the top of the slope the trees seemed to touch the clouds. The mist had cleared away and the sun was shining. It was growing less chill, and certainly it seemed as if this was to be another lovely day. But Tickato could not enjoy the bright sunshine at this moment. She was feeling too tired for that. She had come out to find Mascot, never remembering how easy it was to get lost in the wood. And here she was, lost again! The others did not know in the least where she had gone, or what she had left the caravan for. And how could they find her?

'Oh, dear! It is nothing but bothers all the time,' she said wearily. 'We got lost first of all, then I found a treasure, and lost it; Mascot is lost, and now I am lost. Oh, dear, what shall I do? I wish I had gone to stay with Uncle Francis, or that Uncle Opportune would come along!'

Tickato knew that it is useless to sit down and cry when one is in trouble. She was frightened and hungry and tired, but she got to her feet and began to walk back along the path that had brought her to this place. It was a stiff climb up that hill, and when she reached the top at last, out of breath and aching with weariness, she saw that the path forked, one branch of it going to the right, the other to the left.

'Now, what can I do? I don't know which one I came along,' she said to herself, as she stared at those two narrow, zigzag paths in bewilderment. 'Oh, I do wish I had not come! Why can't I find Mascot? He would know the way home! Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wonder what they are doing at the camp, and if they are coming to look for me?'

Tickato sank down on the mossy ground, too tired and miserable to go a step further just then. She must have come miles and miles since she left the caravan. Perhaps she would never be found at all. She thought of all the stories she had ever heard of children being lost in woods, but before she had made up her mind as to what she must do now, her head had begun to nod.

'I'll go to sleep for a minute or two,' she said; 'then I shall feel better, and be able to go on again.'

She crawled a little way into the undergrowth, and curling herself up on a bed of dry leaves, she was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

THE children were all tired with the long days they had had, and of course they had been late to bed the previous night, so that it was little wonder that they slept late on the Wednesday morning.

Martin was the first to rouse in the boys' tent. He looked at Billy and Humphrey, still in the land of dreams, yawned, and tried to go to sleep again. But it seemed that he had got too wide awake for that. After lying thinking things over for a few minutes, he decided that it must be time for breakfast, seeing how uncommonly hungry he felt. Looking at his watch, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. 'Why, it is actually half-past eight!' he cried. 'Who would have thought that we should sleep all this time!'

His words roused the other two.

'What's the matter?' asked Humphrey, sleepily.

'It is half-past eight,' said Martin. 'Would you have guessed it was so late?'

'We were late to bed,' returned the other. 'Are you awake, Billy?'

'Yes, almost; but I'm dreadfully sleepy still,' said the younger boy.

'Let sleepy dogs lie,' misquoted Martin. Then he remembered Mascot. 'I say, we said we'd look for him this morning. And we must go down and get Slowsure—I have been thinking of that—and we ought to move the camp, and to try to find out what became of Sanderson, and——' he went on; but his brother interrupted him, saying, 'Don't pile up the work too fast. A little at a time suits me better. But you are right about looking for Mascot. We'll go as soon as breakfast is over. Who is coming for a dip?'

There was a large pool not far away, where the boys could bathe in the clear water. They all rushed off to this now, and there was a great splashing about as they made their toilets. Then they raced back to their tent, looking to see if the girls were astir. But the door of the caravan was still closed.

'They are over-sleeping too, said Billy. 'Shall we get the breakfast ready before we call them? The fire is still smoking, so it won't take long to get it going again.'

'But I'll rap on the door before we do much, or they will not be ready in time. Besides, the crockery and things are in the caravan,' said Humphrey, as they finished dressing and tidied up their tent.

Whilst Martin and Billy saw to getting the fire going once more, Humphrey went to rouse the girls. Janet answered the first knock that he gave, by asking in a worried tone, 'Is Tickato with you?'

'Tickato? No. Isn't she in the caravan?'

'No. She was not here when we woke,' answered Janet, opening the door and looking about with anxious gaze. 'Oh, Humphrey! are you sure she is not with Billy somewhere?'

'Certain. We have only been awake about a quarter of an hour, and we have not seen anything of her.

Sure she hasn't hidden up somewhere, just to give you and Nora a fright?'

'Oh, dear, no. We have looked in every possible place,' said Nora, finishing plaiting her hair as she spoke. 'We have been awake about ten minutes, and the first thing we noticed was that Tickato was not in her bunk. But we thought she had slipped out to go somewhere with you: so we did not worry much.'

(*Continued on page* 191.)

AN APRIL FOOL.

'IT'S too bad that Ivy Cottage is let again,' grumbled Steve Carter, as he went home with several schoolfellows one March day, passing an ivy-covered house, with a trim garden in front full of early spring flowers.

An old lady sat knitting in a window, a sleek, black cat at one side of her, a fat pug at the other. In the background a red and grey parrot swung to-and-fro in a hoop—the children could hear him saying: 'Pretty Poll! Polly, put the kettle on—we'll all have tea!'

An elderly and very neat maid was taking in milk at the door. She looked sharply at the boys and girls, and Steve muttered: 'The servant is as horrid as the mistress. She turned me out of the garden yesterday just because I made faces at the dog!'

'But you had no business in Mrs. Clement's garden,' said his sister Janet. 'Why should you tease her dog, or mind if she has taken Ivy Cottage?'

'Because we can't get any more fruit in the orchard, or take the short cut through it to the river,' replied Steve.

'I daresay she would let us go through, if we asked politely, and did no mischief,' said Janet. 'Anyhow, it isn't much farther by the road, and you never had any right to take the fruit, even when the house was empty! Father and Mother often told you that.'

'Mrs. Clement looks an old fool, and I hate strangers coming to Woodmore—we don't want new-comers,' said the silly boy. 'If any one did take the house, it ought to be some one with boys of their own, then we might have some fun. It's too bad to have an old Judy there, and I mean to play a fine trick on her and her stupid animals and screeching parrot!'

'It's horrid of you to speak so of an old lady,' said little Marjorie Forest, who was a great friend of Janet's.

'Shut up, you little donkey,' said Steve, rudely. 'Of course, you Forests are too good to live, but whatever you say, I intend to make a fool of the old woman on the first of April—I shan't tell you what I mean to do, I don't want girls and kids spoiling sport! I know you'll help, Bobby—you are always on for fun.' And he took Bobby Ranger by the arm, knowing that the small boy would be flattered at being asked to join in such a prank, for Steve was fourteen, and very important in his own estimation. His father had a large farm, and the Carter children had more money than most of the pupils at Woodmore School, and Steve was quite a ring-leader among the boys.

It happened that every word of the children's conversation had reached the sharp ears of the elderly maid, Deborah, and she told her mistress of it, and the old lady remarked, smiling:

'Well, Debbie, as you know, I am fond of young people, and like to give them a treat. Suppose *we* play an April joke on Steve Carter, we shall see who will be the real April Fool! I will ask his sisters, Janet and Rose, and those well-behaved Forest children and some others to tea on the First of April.

A few days later, while the conspirators were busy concocting plans for annoying the inmates of Ivy Cottage, several notes were taken round by Deborah, and on the First of April a number of parcels from the neighbouring town arrived at the house. Very early in the morning, however, a small and dirty boy brought a letter to the door, it was addressed to Mrs. Clement, but Deborah exclaimed promptly: 'Be off with you—we don't want such letters here. We know quite well it is the First of April!' And the child, who was a son of the shepherd at the Carter's farm, who had been sent by Steve on this 'Fool's' errand, went off looking very crestfallen. Fearing that his young master would be angry if he heard of the failure of his mission, he threw the letter into a ditch close to the cottage, and did not mention that he had left it there.

'Fool's Day' happened to fall on a Saturday, which was a half-holiday, and the naughty boys, who numbered about half-a-dozen, were surprised to see some of their companions going off dressed in their best soon after the mid-day meal, Janet and Rose among the number.

Steve, Bobby, and the rest of the gang stole after them, when they refused to say where they were going, and were amazed to see them knock at the door of Ivy Cottage, where they were admitted by Deborah. The boys walked past the windows, and saw a tea-table spread with all sorts of good things, while in another room games were going on.

'Aren't the girls mean?' cried Steve. 'They never said they were asked here, and I only found out by chance yesterday that Mother knows Mrs. Clement well, but I don't care—I'll pay the old woman out all the more, and Janet and Rose too. I wonder what Mrs. Clement said when she opened that letter this morning? I marked it "URGENT," but inside there was only "Old Fool," and a few black-beetles. Oh, look! there's the fat pug in the orchard! Let's catch him and throw him into the pond—it'll do the lazy beast good!'

Climbing over the fence, he seized the poor dog, and regardless of his struggles and whines, carried him to the pond, followed by the smaller boys. Pausing on the edge, Steve took a paper and pencil from his pocket, saying, 'Bobby, you write on this paper that we've given the pug an April Fool swim, and when he comes out, we'll tie it round his neck, and send him home to Mother Clement. Won't she be cross when she sees him all over mud and duckweed! We'll have made a fine fool of her and that sour maid too!'

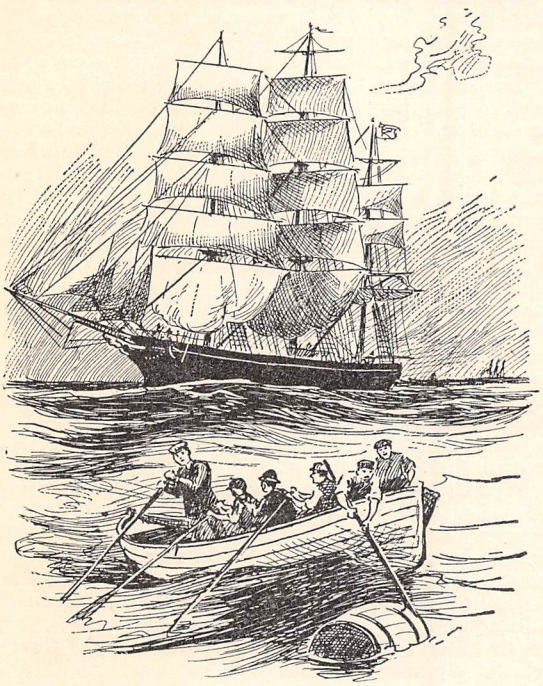
'Indeed! I think the shoe is on the other foot, take that!' and Mr. Carter's stick came down sharply on his son, who dropped the pug and stared open-mouthed at his father, while the little lads took to their heels, and the farmer said severely, 'Now, my lad, I like fun, but there is none in insulting an old lady and in being cruel to animals. Mrs. Clement is an old friend of your mother's, but even if she were a total stranger, your behaviour is disgraceful. You have already given her annoyance; that is why she did not ask you to the party to-day. Now you shall come and apologise to her.'

He led the shame-faced boy into the room, where he had to make his apology before all the children. Mrs. Clement accepted his excuses with a twinkle in her eye, and said smiling: 'I wonder who was the real April Fool?'

CHATS ABOUT CLIPPERS.

(*Concluded from page* 175.)

THE Orient Line (now merged in the P. & O.) was founded about this time by Messrs. Anderson and Anderson, to exploit the Eastern and Australian trade, their first boat being *Orient*, built at Rotherhithe. That she was a quick ship, and made some notable passages, the following little story will show. In 1873, as *Orient* was lying in the London Docks taking in cargo,



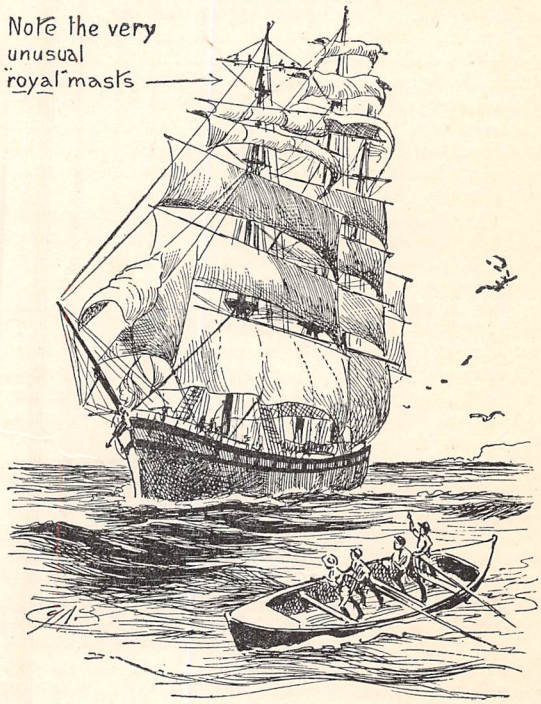
"The barrel proved to be full of lamp oil."

preparatory to a journey to Adelaide, old John Willis, a well-known man in shipping circles, came aboard and told Captain Mitchell that the carpenter of *Lammermuir* had left his chest of tools behind, and would Captain Mitchell kindly deliver them in Adelaide?

Being a blunt old salt, Captain Mitchell said straight out, 'No! But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take and deliver them before I reach the Line.'

As *Lammermuir* had sailed ten days before, on the 12th September, old John did not believe it possible: so betted Captain Mitchell five pounds that he could not do what he promised. *Orient's* captain knew his boat, so took the bet on, and although *Orient* did not clear from the Thames before the 28th, she actually caught *Lammermuir* up on the 5° N. Latitude, and duly delivered the chest! Afterwards *Orient* arrived at Adelaide seventy-nine days out, and *Lammermuir* came on six days later. This was indeed a triumph for *Orient*, and to commemorate it, her apprentices composed a chanty.* It is vile doggerel and not worth quoting. In 1879 *Orient* was sold, and until quite recently she was a coal hulk at Gibraltar.

Some fine boats on the Australian track were owned by Messrs. Phipps, Elder and Co. (now the great Elder-Dempster Line), and of these, one of the best was *Torrens*. Launched at Sunderland in 1875, she was a most successful ship, a great favourite with passengers, very fast, and so dry that when making 300 knots a day in her easting (that is, that part of the passage lying between the Cape and Australia) she would not ship a drop of water. Then, too, what seamen call her 'ghosting' powers were such that when the wind was so light that the sails seemed only to flap against the masts, she would be making 2 or 3 knots, at the same time that other clippers seemed at anchor. Her quickest run to Adelaide was in sixty-five days, and 336 knots in twenty-four hours—an average of 14 knots.

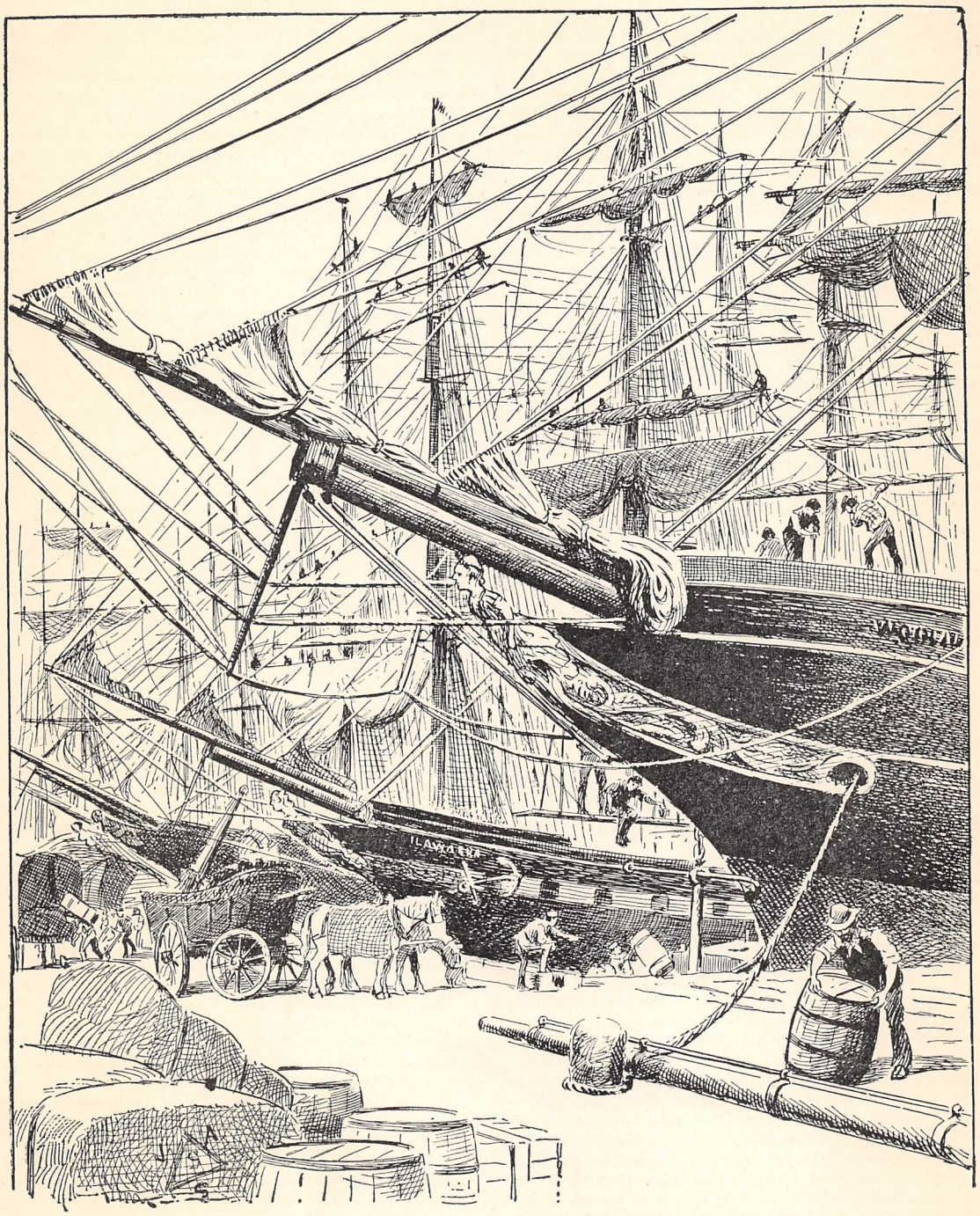


Mermerus shortening sail to pick up a pilot.

Ships are like men, some seem to have the luck, whilst others never have any. *Torrens* was one of the lucky ships, the following being one little incident of it: on one of her homeward runs it so happened that she ran altogether out of oil, so that she had nothing for her side-lights, nor for any other purpose; and as she was rapidly approaching the English Channel, where, of all places, it was most important to have side-lights, one can understand how anxious her captain was. Well, just as she was approaching soundings, the look-out observed a barrel floating some little distance away; and which, when a boat was sent to investigate, proved to be full of lamp oil!

Torrens was one of the last sailing-ships to carry passengers, and as a composite-built boat had no rival except

* A 'chanty' is a song sung by merchant seamen when doing certain classes of work in unison, such as bracing and hauling yards, heaving up the anchor, &c. These chanties are sometimes said to have originated with the negroes, engaged in loading cotton on the wharves of Mobile or New Orleans, and many of them were of great merit for their melody and go.



West India Docks in the Clipper Days.

Sabraon, launched at Aberdeen in 1866, which was the largest composite boat ever built. Her length was 317 feet, with a beam of 40 feet, and a depth of 27 feet, her tonnage being 3500. Her lower masts were tubular iron, with topmasts and lower yards of steel, and when under all sail she spread two acres of canvas! Her average passage to Melbourne was between seventy to eighty days. She was never a hard-driven ship, otherwise it is quite possible she might have lowered the golden cock on *Thermopylæ's* mast-head.

And now we come to the time when iron and steel ousted wood as a material for ship-building, the immediate consequence being a marked increase in size; an increase which so far has not reached its limits. As one of the first iron ships, *Mermerus* was one of the best, and for speed, looks, and seaworthiness could hardly be beaten. She never made a bad passage, but was so regular in landing her cargo to time, that on more than one occasion, when the other wool clippers were much behind time, good old reliable *Mermerus* came up to schedule as usual.

With a bare mention of *Crondall* and *Mount Stuart*, both fine boats and the last of the wool clippers, we must now close, for although there were very many other noted ships, which we cannot mention even by name, we trust that sufficient has been said to convey some idea of the importance and wonderful speed of the clipper in the old days of the 'wind-jammer.'

And yet, although steam seems at present to have altogether ousted wind, so that our docks, instead of presenting that spirited picture of tall masts and intricate rigging shown in our drawing of West India Docks, there are not wanting signs that the sailing ship (for cargo-carrying, at any rate) may return. For, just as the petrol-engine has filled our once deserted highways with motor traffic, it is quite possible that the heavy oil-engine (to be used not for propulsion, but simply as a help in working the vessel) will bring the large sailing ship into its own again.

As an earnest of this there was launched quite recently at Leith one of the two largest sailers in the world, named *Kobenhavn;* whilst just at the close of last year the other, *France*, came into the Thames from New Zealand with a cargo of 11,000 bales of wool, 6000 casks of tallow, and 500 tons of general cargo. On one occasion she made 17 knots. Both these vessels are five-masted steel barques of about 5600 tons burden. J. A. S.

LITTLE OONAGH AND THE MAGIC FERN.

LITTLE OONAGH was a pretty orphan girl, who herded a farmer's sheep and goats up on the high, rocky hills, where tempting herbage grew on the few patches of level ground, and even in the clefts and fissures of the great boulders. She was clad in old rags—for she had no clothes but the worn garments given her by the farmer's two daughters, who bullied and overworked her, and were secretly jealous of her pretty face and silvery voice, for the girl loved to sing as she kept her flock on the hills, and sometimes passers-by used to ask at the farmhouse who it was that sang so delightfully up among the rocks, and the elder sister, Sorcha, who was tall and gaunt and sallow, would answer, 'Oh! indeed, that is a goat-girl that our father keeps for charity, though she isn't worth her food—much less clothes and wages.'

And Abina the younger, who was fat and red-haired and freckled, would add, 'Why, of course, Oonagh isn't fit for anything but minding goats and pigs. Her singing sounds well up there at a distance, but if you were close to her, you would be horrified at her harsh voice, and the stupid old songs she sings—she has no education, poor creature!'

Then the strangers would say, 'What a pity!' and go off, thinking no more of the singer on the lofty hill.

Now it chanced that one fine June afternoon, she sat far up the steep slope, where the midsummer fires would be lighted on St. John's Eve, and wished that she had some money to buy a pretty frock and a pair of shoes to wear to the Midsummer festival down in the village. It was all very fine for the farmer's daughters to talk of her wages, but as they were a shilling every quarter day, it is no wonder she had no money to buy nice clothes!

'I do wish I could go to the Midsummer Feast,' she sighed, as she sat knitting on the hillside, while the sheep and goats cropped the sweet grass. 'I can sing and dance better than my mistresses, but how can I go anywhere in these old rags?'

What was her surprise when an old sheep suddenly bleated out, 'Oonagh, you must go up to the very top of this hill on Midsummer Eve, and gather the magic fern-seed. Then you can go to the Feast, or do anything you like!'

The girl was much surprised to hear a sheep talk, but she thanked her, and asked how she was to know the magic fern-seed. The sheep replied that it grew on the fairy-ferns round the old wishing-well on the summit of the hill, and warned her that she must reach the spot before midnight, as it was ripe precisely at that hour on Midsummer Eve, and bade her kneel and hold a saucer under the fronds, to catch the fern-seed, which would fall at the instant that the clocks struck midnight in the village below.

Oonagh promised to obey, so on Midsummer Eve, when the dusk had fallen, and the bonfires were flaming on the hills, she stole down from the hayloft where she slept, and took an old cracked saucer and climbed up the steep hill. She avoided the merry groups around the bonfires, for she was ashamed of her rags; besides, she was afraid that some one might tell her mistresses where she had been, and she might be scolded or beaten. She knew that every one was asleep in the farmhouse just now, for the old man always went early to bed, and she had heard Sorcha and Abina say that they must put their hair in curl-papers, and have a long 'beauty sleep' that night, so as to look their best next day.

She had not been noticed as she crept out of the farmyard and up the hill, and she soon reached the spot where the wishing-well bubbled up out of the stony ground, and all round it the fairy-fern grew luxuriantly, its long green fronds drooping over the water. Oonagh knelt down and said a prayer, then she held her saucer carefully under the magic ferns, straining her ears to catch the sound of the midnight chimes, and she saw to her surprise that all the grass round her was full of tiny green-clad elves, with red caps and shoes, who nodded to her in a most friendly manner, crying:

'Now then, Oonagh! Midnight is about to strike! Be careful and catch our magic fern-seed, then you will not only get your wish, but you will be able to go invisible, if you like.'

The girl was not sure that she wanted to become

invisible: however, she said nothing, but held her saucer more carefully than ever, till just as she heard the distant clocks strike twelve, and the moon shone out brilliantly, she saw the tiny brown seed drop into the saucer, and rising, she wrapped some of it carefully in paper and put it in her pocket, while she left the rest in the saucer.

(*Concluded on page* 190.)

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 170.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE boat moved slowly through a winding channel so narrow in places that the men had to draw in their oars and pass the boat along with their hands as best they could; then the channel opened wider, the grim forms of the Chimney Rocks towered above us, and clearing the outer barrier of rocks we felt the breeze and the lap of the waves. Under the broad starlit sky and against the sheen of the water, we could now make out with some distinctness the forms of the men in the boat.

The two seated in the stern we speedily recognised as Tallerman and Sourcrout, for we had expected as much. Their pilot coats and peak caps and the heavy beard that Tallerman wore had transformed them into a very passable skipper and mate of a trading ship. The two men at the oars were not so easily recognisable; that they were English their words and exclamations declared, and their handling of the oars showed that they were not strangers to the work. Tallerman, giving his orders in pompous style, did not leave us long in ignorance of their identity: the tall, piratical-looking figure pulling the bow oar was my acquaintance of the day before, Nick Tubson of the Ferry Inn; the other was his man, Dave. There was a gleam of comfort in this discovery, for surely Englishmen—Cornishmen of our own neighbourhood — however desperate their characters, would have some vestige of humanity. No mercy was to be expected from Tallerman and the detestable Sourcrout, but I found myself building high hopes on the two Cornishmen.

Should it come to blows, Bully and I could put up a stiff fight with Tallerman and the German, not without some chance of success provided the other two were not against us. At the back of my mind I knew this hope was slender, for the two Cornishmen were engaged in the same lawless undertakings, and the knowledge we possessed was as much a menace to them as to their principals.

I suppose Bully was equally alive to the peril of our situation, and that his thoughts were not more pleasant than mine—and, in addition, his leg was troubling him, poor fellow. We did not venture to speak, although we knew our words could not have reached Nick Tubson's dull ears. There we lay, chewing the cud of our bitter thoughts and listening to the outlandish sound of German voices, the cackle of Tallerman's insincere laugh, the swish of water, and the regular thump of the oars in the rowlocks.

We were some distance out at sea—maybe half a mile—when my gloomy thoughts were interrupted by hearing Tallerman's voice hailing the men at the oars. 'Hold hard a bit, Tubson,' he called, raising his voice. 'We should be over the Park by this time, don't you think? We don't want the same bother we had last trip. I'll show a light. All clear, is it, Dave?'

'Iss, there's nothing moving to-night. Reckon we're the only thing afloat this side Looe.'

The boat lay to, and from the stern a beam of light shot over our heads, causing Bully and me to shrivel up like snails in their shells—a foot lower and it would have penetrated our hiding-place, striking us full in the face. Even lower we crouched behind the boxes and tins of preserved food. A few moments of silence, broken only by Nick Tubson's hard breathing and the lap of the water as the boat rose and fell, then exclamations from Tallerman and some growling from Sourcrout, and we guessed that the light had been seen and answered. The men again took to their oars, slightly changing the course.

As we left the shelter of the land the sea became rougher. Wedged in that narrow space, with limbs cramped, a ring-bolt in the small of my back, and the corner of a box digging into my ribs at every pitch of the boat, present discomfort began to outweigh considerations of safety, and when Bully, whose plight was worse than mine, seemed as if he could bear it no longer, I tried to make a move for the better.

The box that worried me rested on Bully's leg, hurting him frightfully—poor chap—and when he muttered, 'I can't stand it much longer, Pen,' I tried to ease it off, but found that I could not do so as another rested upon that. With an effort I got on my knees, and, lifting the topmost box, was carefully placing it on a large oil drum when the boat lurched to one side, and the box toppled over and fell with a loud noise—unluckily, among articles that gave forth a sharp metallic sound. Nick Tubson, though nearest, did not move a muscle, but Dave was not so dull of hearing.

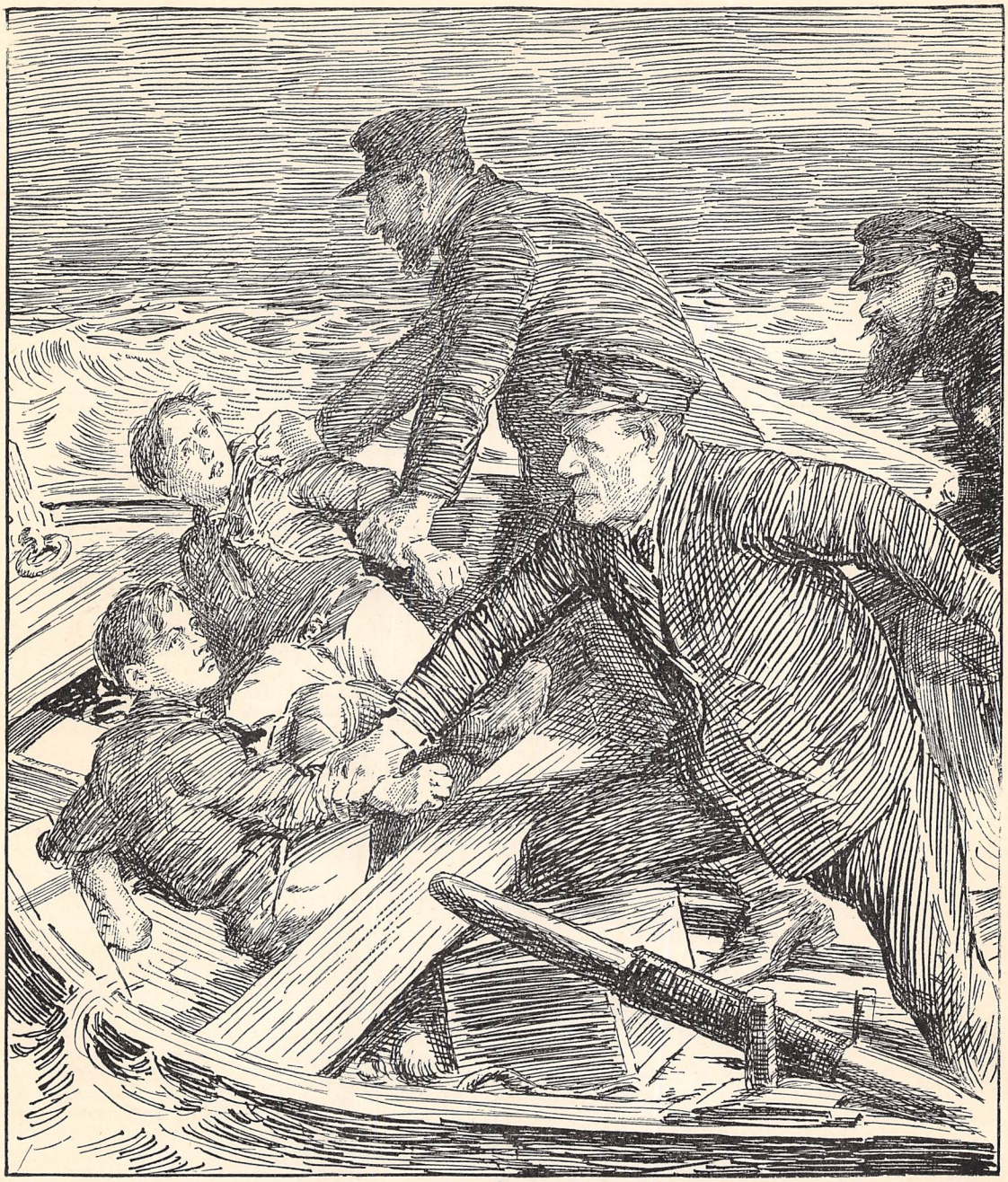
'Hold hard there, Boss,' he cried, rising to his feet. 'There's something gone smash.'

The light of Tallerman's torch was turned full on us —the game was up. We were dragged out of our hiding-place; oaths and imprecations, British and foreign, were heaped upon us. Bully, in spite of his bad leg, fought like a bulldog, though where the use of resistance lay I could not see, the odds were too great —four men against two boys with nowhere to fly to.

'Let me alone, Nick Tubson,' shouted Bully. 'I know you well enough, and I'll pay you out for this some day. Let go, can't you, you great hulking brute!'

'Ach! drow dem oberboard,' shrieked Sourcrout, clutching Bully about the waist and endeavouring to bear him to the boat's side. Seeing this, I broke loose and seized the German by that which came nearest and handiest—the hair of his head—causing him to yell and let forth a flood of German. My treatment, however, was effectual in turning him for the moment from his purpose, but the wretch still continued to shriek, 'Trow dem oberboard,' and without doubt Bully would have gone over the side and I after him if the Englishmen had been prepared to go the same lengths. We were dragged aft and made to take a sitting position in the bottom of the boat, Sourcrout seated on guard over us, reminding us of our relative positions by muttered curses from above and the toe of his boot beneath, of which I received the biggest share.

(*Continued on page* 186.)



"We were dragged out of our hiding-place."

"A few strokes of the oars brought us alongside the grey hull of a submarine."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 183.)

TALLERMAN had not moved from his seat in the stern. No doubt he would have been well pleased had his follower carried out his evil purpose; but seeing that the two Cornishmen were not prepared to go to extremes of violence, and desiring no quarrel with them, he quickly formed his plans for disposing of us and put a good face on the matter. It pleased him to be facetious at our expense—flashing his torch-light in our faces to make us blink and turn away our heads, and smiling on us in a sardonic manner whilst he spoke of our parents and homes. How a man could find pleasure in torturing a couple of boys, I don't know: it was easier to understand Sourcrout's ferocity than the cold-blooded malignity of this man. I called to mind the Gyppo's description of Tallerman as a tiger-cat.

'There, there, make yourselves comfortable,' said he. 'So you would make a little sea-voyage without taking a ticket—he! he! Such a fine night for a boat trip, is it not? I hope Pa and Ma will not be anxious. It is bad when Pa and Ma are so anxious. Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—eleven o'clock—twelve o'clock—and the naughty boys come not home! Ach! tut, tut, tut! how could we be so thoughtless! But we must keep up the courage: the Scout smiles all times—he! he! the Scout smiles all times! You shall go a long sea-voyage in a fine ship. You shall see Germany—it is so fine a country, so fine as England. The Germans love the English—ach! yes. They say the English is a gentleman—he is soft in the head, but his heart is good. Ach! yes, they love the English.'

Whilst Tallerman played cat and mouse with us he still kept a sharp look-out ahead, where a tiny light twinkled a moment, vanished, and reappeared.

'This is a German gentleman,' Tallerman continued, indicating Sourcrout with his fat forefinger. 'He is a German gentleman—he speaks no English, but he is very fond of English boys. He is so eccentric. I will ask him if he likes English boys, and you shall see.'

What it was that Tallerman said I do not know; he spoke in German in his blandest tones, at the same time tapping me lightly on the shoulder, as if presenting me to the other's notice. Whatever it may have been, its effect on the German was extraordinary: he positively quivered with rage, coughed up the most vile-sounding German words, and twisting his bony knuckles in my hair, gave it such a wrench as to bring the water into my eyes.

Tallerman chuckled gleefully, but soon checked his mirth, for the men had ceased rowing and were peering into the darkness—a small vessel, showing no lights, was dimly discernible steaming in the direction of Plymouth. She passed sufficiently near for us to hear the sound of her paddles. A momentary impulse to raise an alarm flashed through my mind, but the distance was too great for my voice to carry, and our captors bent over us ready to smother us with their bulk. Anxiously they watched the vessel till she left us far behind, and disappeared as a smudge in the darkness.

We had no more of Tallerman's pleasantries. Evidently the sight of a ship in those waters were not to his liking: silence was now maintained and increased vigilance shown. Presently we heard the faint tinkle of a bell across the water, and the boatmen, who had at intervals ceased rowing as if awaiting some sign, turned in the direction of the sound, and with a few strokes of the oars brought us alongside the long grey hull of a submarine, her decks awash almost to the base of her conning-tower. She showed no light or sign of life, but lay like a dead fish on the water. As we glided alongside, what had appeared as stanchions of her rail moved and took the form of men, who silently made the boat fast to a small landing-stage.

(*Continued on page* 199.)

OUR BROTHER.

SOME brothers are not nice a bit,
They do just what they please:
They chase the cat and yell and shout,
And all their sisters tease!
Our brother's not at all like them—
He's just the kindest boy;
And when the holidays are come,
We almost jump for joy.

He never turns upon his heel,
With lip that scornful curls,
And says he cannot go with us
Because we're only girls!
He is so very big and strong;
When we were out to-day
He carried Betty on his back
For more than half the way.

He never laughs at broken dolls,
But mends them if he can;
We know he'll do most splendid things
When he is grown a man!
To tell you all we think of him
Is quite beyond our powers;
But no one had a brother yet
One-half so nice as ours!

BASKERVILLE AND HIS GAUDY CHARIOT.

JOHN BASKERVILLE, the famous printer, was born in 1706 at Wolverley, in Worcestershire. In the course of his life he played many parts. For a time he was a writing-master in Birmingham; afterwards he was a stone-cutter, a type-founder, and a japanner. About 1750 he began to make experiments in letter-founding, and the types made by him have scarcely yet been surpassed. Baskerville editions are still highly prized.

Baskerville was an eccentric man. He liked to drive through the streets of Birmingham in a carriage of his own design and manufacture. The panels of this conveyance were adorned with brilliantly coloured pictures, wonderful specimens of the japanning art. The carriage was usually drawn by cream-coloured horses, and its occupant was always most stylishly dressed. This gay turn-out, one would think, must have given a welcome touch of colour to the somewhat drab Birmingham of the eighteenth century.

THOSE WHO WATCH OVER US.

VI.—IN AFRICA.

WE have already seen what are the duties of a policeman in our own homeland, now we will travel further afield and get some idea of the various forces that keep order in the great continent of Africa.

In the African colonies much use has been made of the natives in policing their own country, though it has frequently been found most satisfactory to make use of those of a different tribe to that which inhabits the region to be policed, as they are less likely to be influenced by local troubles or outbursts, religious or otherwise. Thus, Mohammedans would largely be used in a country inhabited by pagans, for they have no fear whatever of the local gods and idols, besides being courageous fighting men. The Hansa, a large tribe, or rather nation, from the interior, furnish many men to the police, and have nearly always proved reliable. Many of these forces, which, outside the few large towns, are usually armed, have attained a high standard of efficiency. Their duties are somewhat different to those performed by our own men in blue. Stationed in small detachments all over the country, often many miles away from any other post, they have to assist the magistrate or district commissioner to keep order, and, not infrequently, to put down some local rising by armed force.

In West Africa the trouble has often been caused by the witch-doctors, who hate to see their power on the wane, and gladly seize upon any pretext in order to stir up strife. The constables have many times had to interfere in order to prevent cannibalism and human sacrifices, both of which were very prevalent when the country was first taken over by the British.

When information is brought in of the existence of a ju-ju temple, where the witch-doctors perform their rites and ceremonies, a little expedition is organized in order to destroy it, and so prove to the superstition-ridden natives that the Government is stronger than the witch-doctor, and that they need no longer go in fear of the incantations and threats of the latter, but live in peace.

Such an expedition may have to travel in dug-out canoes, which are often upset, or have to force its way through the thick bush, through slimy swamps, across unsteady native bridges, enduring many discomforts and dangers before reaching the temple, usually hidden away in the bush. When it is finally reached, the gathered natives, worked up into a frenzy by the ju-ju man, may put up a fight, using all manner of weapons, from rifles to the dreaded poisoned arrows, or they may give way to the Government representative, by persuasion or force, and the temple is completely torn down and dismantled, with its various ugly carved idols of wood, decorated with grasses, nails, bits of metal, or bones.

It takes, however, many years to combat successfully the centuries-old superstitions of a people, and the witch-doctor, with his hideous make-up, and still more hideous customs, is still a power in the land, and the police have to keep a close watch on him and his activities.

The towns also are policed by natives, and the accompanying drawing shows how smart a constable looks, in his clean white uniform, down at Lagos, a large town on the coast.

In East Africa use has been made of the Sikhs, those big, dignified Indians who are also to be seen solemnly patrolling in Zanzibar, an island off the coast, and the most important city in East Africa.

What the Hansa have been to the British, the Senegalese have been to the French. They make splendid soldiers and policemen for the French West African colonies, where they have the same difficulties to contend with that we have further south.

In Northern Africa, the French have excellent mounted police that roam the borders of the great Sahara desert, in the south of Algeria and Tunisia, and keep the roving bands of nomads and other desert folk in order. The Touregs, a fierce and intractable tribe of born thieves, have given much trouble and require a heavy hand to keep in some sort of order.

Morocco, that ill-governed, tumble-down empire, was, until recently, policed only in the region of the coast towns, and it was a dangerous matter to venture into the interior unless under the protection of a well-armed force. The Moors, who hate all Europeans, are a savage and fanatical race, who loved suddenly to attack a town, robbing and murdering right and left, as happened not many years ago at some of the coast towns, when the French were obliged to land sailors and troops in order to rescue the Europeans who had taken refuge in the British and French Consulates, and who were rescued only after some severe fighting. Since then, the French have established adequate police forces in the towns, backed up by troops, and Morocco is gradually falling into line, so that it is safe to travel under police protection.

The Egyptian police force has been entirely organized by British officers, and is a very efficient force. The men, big square-shouldered fellows, wear a uniform very similar to that which we are all so used to seeing in our streets, but instead of a helmet, they wear the red tarboosh, which is like a large fez with a flat top, and they look very smart indeed.

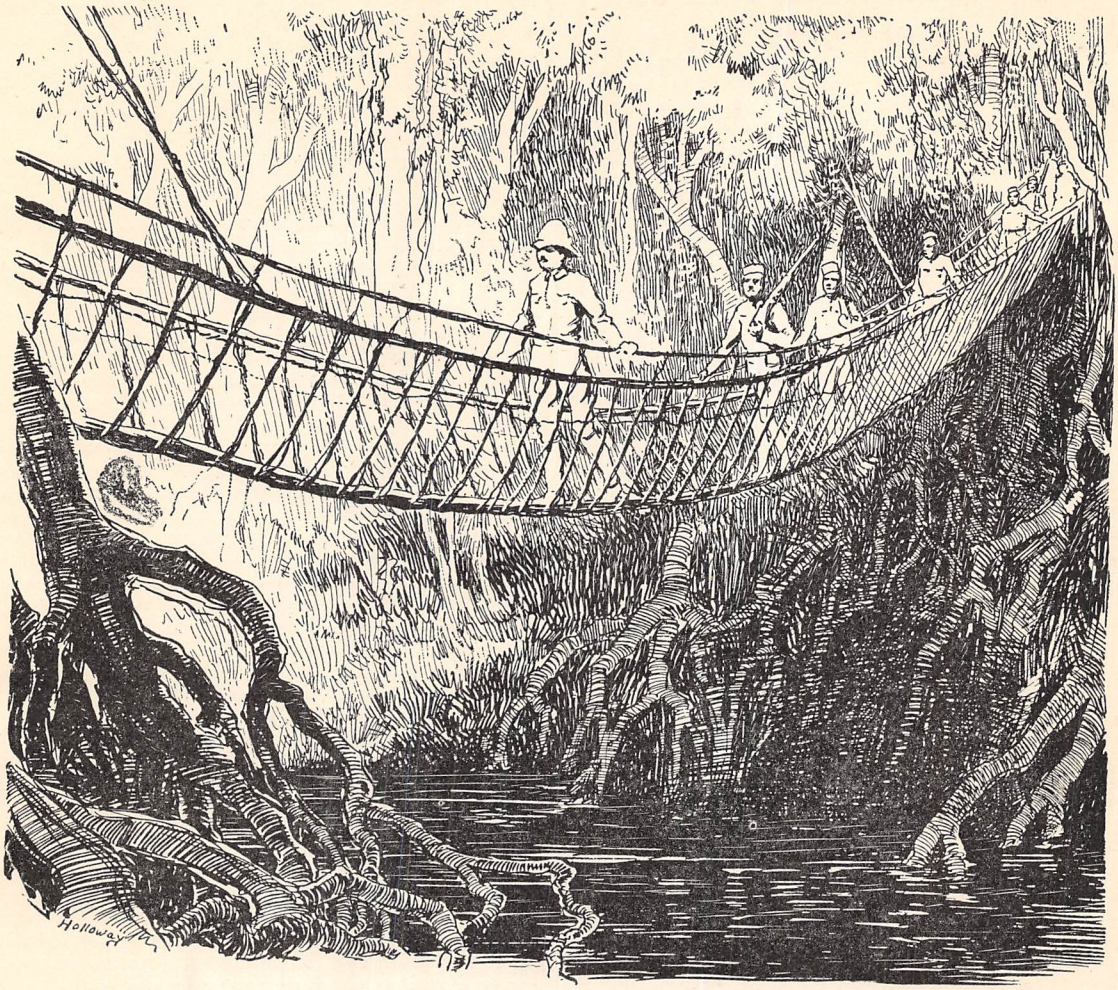
In the large towns, such as Cairo and Alexandria, the constables are natives with a sprinkling of Europeans, but in country districts, purely native, except for some of the superior officers. In recent years they have had some very serious riots and disturbances to deal with, particularly in the large towns, where the turbulent students, and other political trouble-makers have engineered various anti-European outbreaks.

The great sub-continent known as South Africa has had various police organizations in the different states and colonies, and it is only since these states and colonies have been welded into one, the Dominion of South Africa, that the various police forces have been amalgamated into a single force.

The Cape and Natal mounted police forces were deservedly famous, and we will return to speak of them in a later chapter.

The towns have their own local forces. One of these, which may appear rather quaint to English eyes, is the native police of Durban in Natal, who wear a uniform like that of the London police, except that the trousers stop at the knee, from thence downward the strapping great constables are absolutely bare, giving them at first glance, a rather quaint appearance. They deal only with natives, and carry the knobkerrie, which is a stick with a stout wooden knob at the end, sometimes studded with nails, and which makes a very efficient weapon with which to tap any obstreperous citizen on his thick skull.

The Germans, when they possessed colonies in East



"Across unsteady bridges."

and South-West Africa and the Cameroons in the West, had very efficient, well-drilled native police forces, but they were rather more military in spirit than most of such forces, and inclined to be over-rough and forceful in their methods, for a policeman, even though armed, should remember that he is there to protect, and not to bully and browbeat. When these colonies came under French and British rule, many of them enlisted in the new forces, and, under their new officers, proved to be very useful recruits to the police force in the newly conquered colonies.

The French, who have great possessions in Africa, have made much use of the Senegalese, a reliable tribe of fighters similar to the Hausa. Under the leadership of French officers they make most excellent soldiers and military police, and have been of great assistance to the French in their West African colonies. In Senegambia they had to contend with powerful native kings and chieftains, such as Samoury, who for a long time kept the French forces at bay, several times succeeding in inflicting severe defeats upon them. They also had a great deal of trouble fighting the Arab slave-raiders, who, being well armed and moving rapidly, were difficult to catch.

In the Ivory Coast and Dahomey the French have had the same difficulties to overcome that our own native police have had to tackle in Nigeria and the Gold Coast—witch-doctors, unrest, and an occasional outbreak.

In parts of Algeria there are a sort of native police, the *Gouins*, mounted on camels, and one of their duties is to follow and capture men who have deserted from the Foreign Legion, and who are trying to make their escape to the coast, in the hope of getting safely away, a hope that is but rarely realised, for the *Gouin* on his camel soon overtakes a weary man plodding along.

BY A QUIET STREAM.

The islands round Africa belong to many nations; some, such as Madeira, which is Portuguese, are policed by a force similar to that in Europe.

The Spanish islands, such as the Canaries, are policed as in Spain, and very effectively too.

The largest island, Madagascar, belonging as it does to the French, is well looked after, for the French keep their colonies in good order, and are believers in a powerful and well-equipped police force, which, being more effective than a weak one, often causes those desiring to foment trouble or start a revolt, to think twice before so doing, for they know that a strong detachment on the spot can deal promptly and severely with any trouble-makers.

In most forces of native police one of the greatest difficulties that the white officers have to contend with

TYPES OF AFRICAN POLICE.

1. Sudanese. 2. Somali. 3. Armed Police on Strike Duty, Johannesburg.
4. German-trained Cameroon Police. 5. Moroccan Gaoler. 6. Egyptian Police.
7. Durban Native Police. 8. French-trained Moroccan. 9. Lagos, West Africa.

is the fact that they cannot rely on them to tell the truth, which may easily result in a miscarriage of justice, and the wrong man being punished. The native has quite a different point of view to our own, and if he can save himself any trouble by telling a lie, will cheerfully do so. This, and the habit of many to use their authority in order to extort, from their less fortunate countrymen, money, or anything else that they may covet, make it necessary to keep a very close watch on their doings.

When serious trouble comes, and there is fighting to be done, then they are all smiles and at their best, and often have done deeds of heroism, and sacrificed themselves for their officers. As with all races, they have bad points and good, and are steadily improving, so that some day they will no doubt be quite as reliable and trustworthy as a well-trained European force.

Africa, not so long ago known as the Dark Continent, is now far better policed, and safer to travel in, than many other lands. W. Herbert Holloway.

NOT WANTED.

WHERE are you going to, Butterfly gay?—
I'm going to flutter by clover and hay.

May I spread a wing with you, Butterfly, pray?—
No, sir, you've a sting with you—please go away.

Lilian Holmes.

LITTLE OONAGH AND THE MAGIC FERN.

(*Concluded from page* 183.)

'MAKE haste, Oonagh! Throw a pinch of fern-seed into the well, and wish!' cried an elf; and the girl thanked him and did so, wishing that she might have a pretty green frock and red shoes and stockings to wear to the Feast.

The words were hardly uttered before the garments appeared on a flat rock near the well, and the sprites bade her put them on and see if they fitted; and in a trice Oonagh was arrayed in the silken frock and stockings, and the pretty red shoes were on her little feet, and a party of sprites flew up with a wreath of fern-leaves, all sparkling with dewdrops, and placed it on her golden hair, and bade her look at herself in the wishing well; but Oonagh could hardly believe that the lovely, richly dressed lady who smiled at her from its depths was her poor little shabby self.

'Now you had better be getting home—the dawn will soon break,' said one of the elves, and the girl exclaimed in dismay:

'Oh! but how can I go back to the farmhouse in these grand clothes! The farmer and Sorcha and Abina will say I stole them, if they see me, and I am sure the girls will take them from me, and forbid me to go to the Feast. I never thought of that. What am I to do?'

'Why, you know that you can go invisible, now you have the magic fern-seed,' said a sprite. 'All you have do to is to hurry back to the farm, and if any one appears while you are crossing the yard, you have only to wish, and they will be unable to see you. Perhaps you had better get your work done before you go to the Feast, so when you get to the hay-loft, take off your pretty clothes and hide them there, though I don't fancy your master or his daughters will trouble to go up there before they start for the Feast. You can go out as usual with the sheep and goats, and as soon as you see the farmer's family go off, slip back to the loft and dress yourself, and run down to the Feast.'

'But oh, dear! I can't leave the sheep and goats alone on the hills!' said Oonagh.

'Yes, you can, the old sheep who spoke to you is a fairy herself. She will take care of the others till you come back!' said the elf, and Oonagh thanked him again and again, and ran off down the hill just as the first rosy streaks of dawn appeared in the sky.

She met no one on the way, and when she reached the farmyard, she could hear the whole family snoring loudly in the house, but in case any of them chanced to wake, and look out, she wished to be invisible, and realised that she was so, for the cat who was prowling about the yard did not get out of her way, but stood right under her feet, and seemed quite unconscious that Oonagh had stooped to stroke her.

When she entered the loft, she took off her fine clothes, and put on the old rags which she had brought back in a bundle; she hid the silken garments in the hay, and then, wishing to become visible once more, she slipped down the ladder and entered the kitchen just as the two girls appeared and scolded her for not having the breakfast ready, for they were impatient to be off to the Feast.

As soon as they had gone, Oonagh returned to the loft, after she had put the flock in charge of the old sheep, and dressing herself in her finery, hurried off to the village green, where a number of people had already assembled, and dancing was in full swing. Every one wondered who the lovely lady in the silken frock could be, who danced so gracefully and sang so sweetly, and Sorcha and Abina tried to get a good look at her, but somehow directly they tried to push their way through the crowd towards her, they lost sight of her, and of course could not understand that the stranger had the power of becoming invisible at will.

A rich nobleman had come to look at the Feast, and he was so charmed with the mysterious lady, that he asked her then and there to be his wife, and she promised that she would, and bade him come and fetch her on the following morning by the Wishing Well on the hill.

Then she hurried back to the farm and found the sheep and goats safe and well in charge of the old sheep, and drove them down to the farmyard for the night, and when Sorcha and Abina returned there she was sweeping up the yard, in her old rags. The girls told her about the green-clad lady, declaring that she must be some damsel of high degree, who had come to the Feast for a joke, but Oonagh said nothing.

Next morning she told the two girls that she was going to leave them, and when they poured a volley of abuse on her, to their great amazement and alarm she suddenly vanished, and they were left to explain matters as best they could to their father, who was very angry at losing such a cheap and useful little servant.

But Oonagh dressed in her fairy clothes, and hurried up to the Wishing Well, where the young nobleman had just appeared on his big white horse, and he swung

Oonagh up to the saddle behind him, and they rode off to his castle beyond the hills, and the wedding feast took place that day, so little Oonagh the goat-girl became a fine lady, and we hope they lived very happily. MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By EDNA LAKE.

(Continued from page 179.)

THIS was serious, as all the Warreners knew. Tickato was so very much a law unto herself. When she took it into her head to do a thing, she usually did it without consulting any older and wiser person. Now she had evidently decided to go out, unless—— Janet's usually bright face clouded. There were those two sham policemen to be thought of. What could have happened? Had Tickato's disappearance anything to do with them? They had taken away the package she had found—'her treasure,' as she called it—and could she have gone out to find them? It was a mad idea, of course, but then Tickato was really very wild. Janet suggested this to the boys.

'Oh, rot! She would not be so silly as all that,' declared Humphrey, as the three of them walked across the clearing towards the camp fire. 'Besides, those two made off last night, and even if she went out to find them, she would not succeed. We are very sure that they are not hanging about anywhere.'

Janet could not feel so sure, but she made no reply, for they had reached Billy and Martin, and these two had to hear the news of Tickato's disappearance.

'Are you sure she's not hidden up? Tickato does things like that at home sometimes—just for fun,' said Billy, anxiously.

'We thought of that. But we have looked everywhere,' said Nora.

The children looked all about the clearing; but as Humphrey said, it was no good their going into the wood itself just yet. Perhaps she had not gone far, and would soon be back again.

'Though we haven't the least idea how long she has been gone,' said Janet, as they got the breakfast ready.

'Let's begin to search for her now, and not stop for anything to eat,' said Nora; but the others said that this was a silly notion, seeing that they could not go altogether without food, and Tickato might, for all they knew, be back again in a few minutes.

'It is naughty of her to play such tricks,' said Billy. 'But she often does things like this. She does not think, but starts off just as soon as an idea comes into her head. Do you think she has gone to look for that package with the lace in it?'

'We did wonder, at first; but I rather believe it is Mascot she has gone to find,' said Humphrey, and as they ate their meal, they talked over the best way of searching, if it happened that the little girl should not return to the camp in a short time.

'We'll give her till half-past nine,' said Janet. 'That will leave us time to put everything straight. And then, if she has not come back, we must start off. What about going down for Slowsure, Humphrey?'

Humphrey considered for a moment. Then he said, 'I think we must leave that for the present. If we find Tickato, or if she comes back, we can go, but till she has been found——'

'Oh, I do hope we shall find her. Suppose she has got hurt, or something like that,' cried Billy, greatly distressed. 'If you don't mind, I should like to go off and look for her now, at once.'

Humphrey shook his head. 'No good doing things like that,' he said, soothingly. 'We must search in an orderly manner, and be sure that we cover all the ground. It will not do to go at random, and some one will have to stay here all the time in case she should come back.'

There was so much wisdom in what the older boy said that Billy curbed his impatience till the meal was ended. Then they hastily made the camp tidy and took down the tent. Martin discovered the key of the caravan, which had been lost for a couple of days, so they were able to lock the door of this. Then came the question, who should stay by the camp?

'I would so much rather be doing something, if you don't mind,' said Nora, when it was suggested that she, as the youngest of the Warreners, should remain behind.

'Why should any one stay? We have locked up, and even if Tickato did come back she would not be surprised at not finding us, and of course she would not go away again,' said Janet; and in the end it was decided that they should leave a note pinned to the caravan door telling Tickato where they had gone, and that they would soon return.

The fire was banked up, and when at last they were ready, Humphrey said, 'My idea is to divide into two parties. One lot can go to the right, and the other to the left. We will go along this path to the place where it forks, and then separate. Then we must remember to work away from one another, so as to cover the largest amount of ground.

Then followed some more directions as to the place where a return to camp was to be made. The Warreners knew that part of the wood fairly well, and there were landmarks familiar to all four.

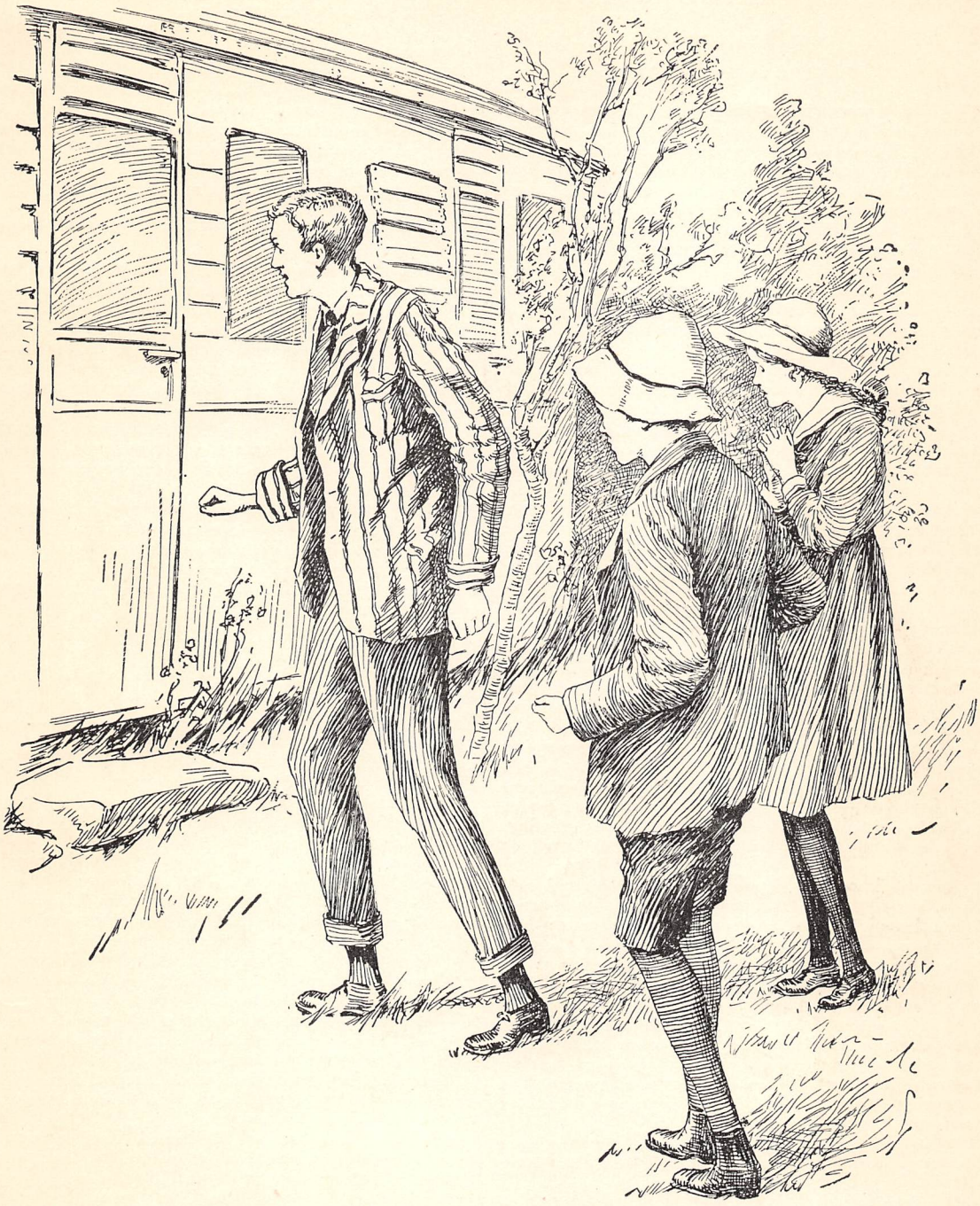
'We shall get as far as that oak that was struck by lightning, I think,' said Janet. 'Will Martin come with me, Humphrey?'

'Yes, you and Martin will be all right together, and I will have Billy and Nora. That will be the best arrangement. You go to the right, and we will go to the left. Of course, we can keep a good look-out for any sign of Mascot at the same time,' said Humphrey, as they set off in single file along the narrow path that led away from the clearing, and which it seemed most likely had been the one taken by Tickato.

There was not any doubt that the little girl had gone into the wood for something, and had missed her way back to the camp. There was nowhere else for her to go, and she had completely disappeared. They had spent some time before setting out in calling and whistling to her, but all in vain. Billy was terribly worried, but strove to hide this fact from the Warreners. 'We seem to have brought you no end of bothers,' he said, apologetically, as they discussed plans for finding his twin. But the others had only laughed, while Martin said, 'You are helping us to see life, but we rather like it. Only I hope we shall not have to spend all day hunting for Tickato. There are so many other things to be done.'

(*Continued on page* 194.)

"'I should like to go off and look for her now, at once.'"



"They came up close to the queer-looking little shed."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 191.)

NOW they went off at a good pace. The sun was hot, but under the trees its rays were not unpleasantly warm. All the mist had cleared away, and the sky was a deep blue, flecked here and there by fleecy white clouds. It was a perfect late summer day, and if they had not been so worried over the disappearance of Tickato, it would have been a lovely walk through the wood, where the leaves were fast turning from green to gold and brown.

'Now we must part. Remember, not later than twelve-thirty at the camp; and, of course, if any luck comes to either of us, we shall be back before then.' So said Janet, as their ways parted.

'Right, and don't get lost. Remember the landmarks,' said Humphrey, and away they went, he with Nora and Billy as companions, and Janet with Martin.

'How the paths wind about. We could get on much faster if they were straight,' said Billy. He was so eager to find Tickato, and the twisting paths took so long in getting anywhere, as he said.

'Never mind. See, here is a fresh one; it goes away almost at right angles, but I think somehow it will be worth while going down here. It is rather a jolly path, and if Tickato did come this way she would most likely turn into it,' said Humphrey, carefully examining the ground for any chance footprints which might help them. Unfortunately it had been fine for so many days now that the ground was hard and dusty, and there were no tracks of any kind to be seen. That was certainly a very pretty little path, but also a very narrow one. It twisted in and out, as the others had, and it led for some distance down a gentle slope. At the bottom of this there flowed a little stream, gurgling along in a leisurely manner over its stony bed. It had cut out a deep channel for itself in the sandy soil, and now flowed along between high and overhanging banks, on the top of which thick moss and grass was growing, with here and there a bush of chestnut, or hazel, or beech.

'I must have a little water. I'm so thirsty,' said Nora, stooping down and making a cup of her hand. The others followed her example, for Humphrey saw that the water was quite clear, and guessed the stream to be a branch of that from which they got their water at the camp. Climbing the bank once more, he noticed something he had not seen before.

'I say, see that shed over there?' he asked, pointing away through the little valley they were in, to where the roof of some shed could be seen peeping through the trees. The wood had been cleared in that part a few years previously, and the trees and bushes were only half grown now.

'What is it?' asked Nora, shading her eyes with a hand, and staring in the direction in which Humphrey pointed.

'It's a house, isn't it?' asked Billy, all interest at this discovery.

'It isn't a house, but a shed. We'll go and take a closer look at it. Come along here. There is a path, of sorts, the other side of the stream,' said the older boy leading the way. The others hurried after him. Something seemed to say that they were on the verge of making a discovery of some kind.

There was a path, of sorts, as Humphrey had said. It was narrow and ill-defined, but still, a path. They went along it, Humphrey leading.

'See, it brings us straight to it. I expect it is a place used by the woodmen when they work here,' said he, as they drew nearer. The others saw that the shed was painted a dingy pale blue, and it had rather a strange appearance.

'Why, it is just like a railway carriage,' cried Nora.

'It *is* a railway carriage,' shouted Billy. 'What fun, and how queer!'

'Yes, it's a railway carriage—or it was—once,' said Humphrey. 'The windows have been all painted over, see, and look, there are some words painted on it.'

As he spoke, he pointed, and they all ran the last few yards along that path, and came up close to the queer-looking little shed. There were words printed in gilt paint on it, but they were almost obliterated by many rains and suns. Billy tried to spell them out.

'Burma and something or other Railway,' he said. 'How strange! I wonder what it was put here for, Humphrey?' He turned to the older boy as he made the remark.

'I expect it was——' began Humphrey, but he got no farther, for all at once there came a furious knocking on the inside of the shed, and a voice was heard saying loudly and angrily, 'Let me out, can't you? Let me out I say!' Then followed more furious banging on floor and walls.

CHAPTER XII.

Tickato was very tired. Her legs ached too, so that although she quickly fell asleep, she roused every now and then, to wonder where she was, and why she felt so chilly, when the sun was shining brightly.

'Oh dear! I hope they will soon come and find me,' she sighed to herself in a sleepy manner, and then she dozed off again, while the sun mounted higher and still higher in the sky, and the hot August day wore on towards noon.

Still no one came to find the little girl, and strangely enough, the fact that she was lost no longer seemed to trouble Tickato. She was so sleepy, and it did not matter at all what happened to her, so long as she was left alone to doze as much as she wanted to.

What had really happened was that Tickato had taken a bad chill. To begin with, she had been over-tired for the last two days, and though she had wakened so early that Wednesday morning, she was not really rested. Then she had got her feet thoroughly soaked in the long grass early that morning, and this had done the trick. She was dozing and chilly now, because she was really not at all well, and ought to have been comfortably tucked up in bed.

The day wore on, as I have said. Neither party of searchers had the luck to take the path that Tickato had taken, which was one that was often used by people going through the wood on their way to the village. Martin and Janet crossed it once in their search, but they felt that Tickato would not have gone in that direction, and went into a less-used path that led right away from it.

It was getting late in the afternoon before any one

chanced to go that way. Tickato still slept, unconscious of anything but the fact that her head ached, and also her legs, and that her throat felt hot and smarting. She was thirsty, too, but not hungry, despite the fact that she had had no food that day.

(*Continued on page* 207.)

A VISIT TO GRANDMAMMA.

I LIKE to stay with Grandmamma,
Although our house is wee,
Because she has so many things
For little folk to see;
A sampler that she worked at school,
Such long, long years ago!
And pretty mugs and china dogs
All standing in a row.

She has a painted tea-set, too,
With flowers bright and gay,
But she has plainer ones as well—
We use them every day;
And I am very glad of that,
It would not do at all
If I should chip those pretty plates,
Or let the tea-cups fall.

I love my grannie very much,
She is so good and kind,
But when she says, 'Behave yourself!'
One really has to mind.
She makes me such a heap of things—
I help her when she bakes—
I'm sure that no one in the world
Can bake more tempting cakes!

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE COMING OF SANTA CLAUS.

WHEN the Christmas stars shine over the snow,
And the Yule-log burns with a ruddy glow,
We should love to sit by its dancing light,
Till kind Santa Claus looks in to-night!
We want to see him, and thank him, too,
For Robin and Dolly and Baby Sue,
And Cousin Jennie, and Jack, and I
Have been so good, he won't pass us by!

I cannot think why we should go to bed;
He could give us his parcels down here, instead
Of mounting up such a lot of stairs,
With his great sacks laden with Christmas wares!
Just think of the distance he has to climb!
And I'm sure he hasn't a lot of time,
For he goes to houses both great and small,
It's wonderful how he can find them all.

The Carol-singers chant merrily,
They're only children, and yet you see
They can be out of doors though it's very late,
And the snow lies thick by our garden gate.
I s'pose there's no one to make a fuss,
Because they haven't a nurse like us;
And there she is at the open door,
So there's no use in arguing any more!

M. E. S.

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

VII.—IN THE WILD WEST.

WHO is there that has not read exciting stories of the sheriff, his deputies, and the sheriff's posse, pursuing horse-thieves and other desperate criminals in the wild west of the last century? Wild stories of wild days when every man carried his 'guns' and was ready to use them on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all.

The early mining rushes following each fresh discovery of gold, brought some of the toughest of bad characters, and the state of lawlessness and violence was almost unbelievable, and in many places continued unchecked for a long while.

In some places the more serious-minded banded themselves together and formed a sort of secret society for mutual protection and the punishment of criminals. These societies, *Vigilantes*, as they were called, helped considerably to damp the ardour of the wilder spirits, and maintained some sort of order, but it is the sheriffs and marshals that have carried out the greater part of the work of rounding up desperadoes.

The sheriff was nominated by vote, and had to be quite a remarkable type of man to carry out his duties with any success. Good horseman, a dead shot, cool in any emergency, and endowed with courage and endurance beyond the ordinary, the good sheriff was usually a man of commanding personality and iron will.

The men with whom he had to deal were not usually Indians, but the worst and most reckless of white men, criminals of the most callous and violent type, many of them with numerous murders against them, and who stopped at nothing, from horse-stealing and cattle-'rustling' to hold-ups and bank robbery. Single outlaws and small gangs have sometimes succeeded in remaining at liberty for years, by leaving a district that had become too hot for them, and moving on into another, or taking to the wild mountains. This presented no very great difficulties in a country of thousands of square miles, and usually very sparsely inhabited.

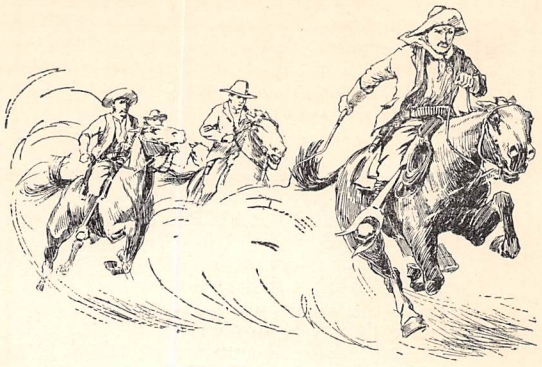
The 'bad-men' of the West lived fully up to their unpleasant reputation, and not many cared to tackle a man known to be of deadly speed and accuracy with his gun, and a ready willingness to pick a quarrel.

When a sheriff was notified of a hold-up or other crime, he would quickly gather his posse, which consisted of the best men in the town, and start off in pursuit of the criminals. After a long and weary gallop the gang would perhaps be located at bay in some easily defended spot, and a battle to the death would ensue. Crack shots all of them, on both sides, to expose any part of one's body meant receiving a bullet in it, and many a deputy has lost his life in such an encounter, so all fire from the cover of rocks, trees or stumps, aiming at the slightest mark shown by an incautious enemy. The bandits, knowing that hanging awaits them if caught, rarely surrender, preferring to fight to a finish and die with their guns in their hands.

Possibly the pursued, instead of making a stand, will scatter in different directions, arranging to meet at some place well known to them all, thus forcing the posse to split up into small parties. Many tricks are resorted to. Riding over hard ground or along the bed of a stream in order to hide their tracks is a favourite one for gaining time and putting the pursuers off the scent. Sometimes one bold spirit is left behind in order to

engage the posse and hold them off whilst the rest of the gang make good their escape. Occasionally they will double back, or actually ambush the sheriff's party. Should the scent be fairly old, Indian trackers, with their almost uncanny skill, are made use of. Nothing escapes their sharp eyes, every little thing conveys a message with a meaning to them, a broken twig, a torn leaf, or some bruised blades of grass will be sufficient to put them on the track.

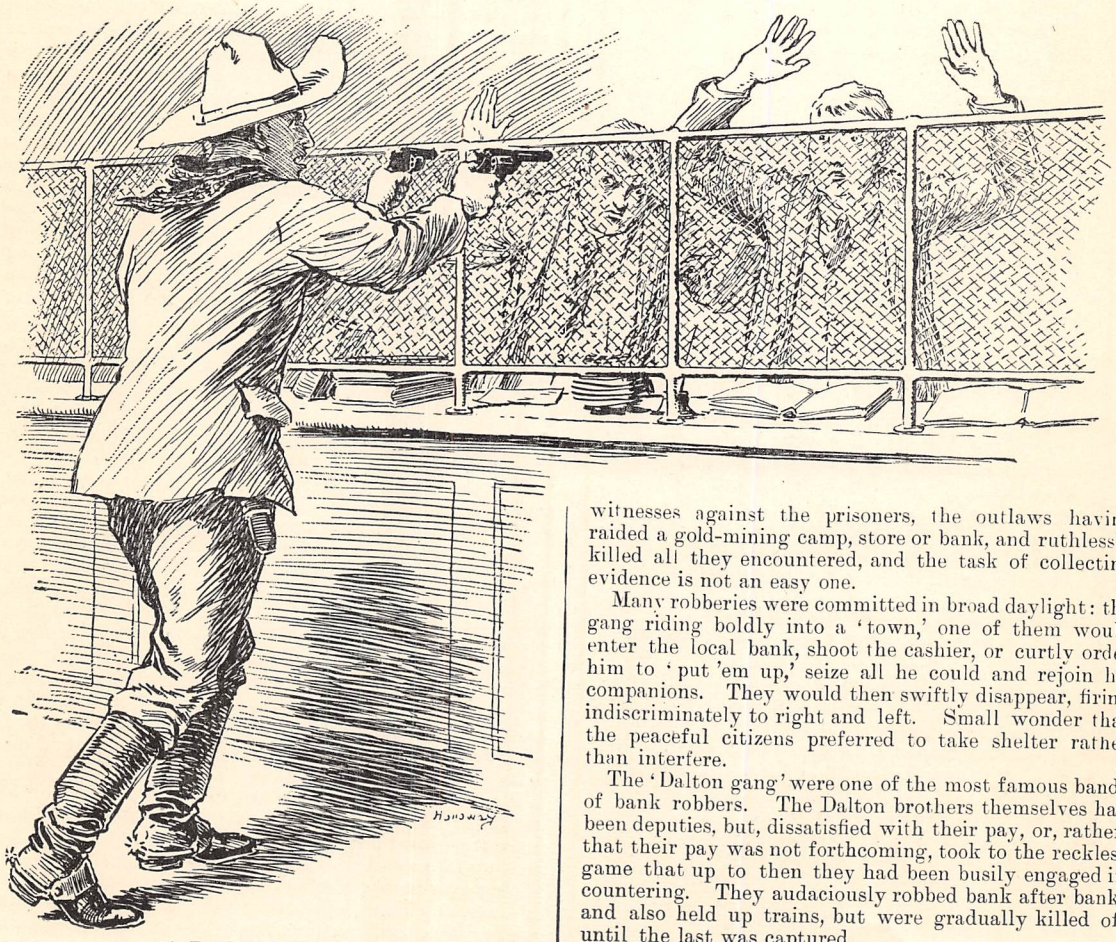
Should a sheriff succeed in capturing a desperado, his troubles are still not over. To begin with, he must get him safely to the gaol, which is probably merely a strongly-built log hut, and then be prepared to defend him against the infuriated townsmen and ranchers, who may well make an attempt to lay hands on the prisoner, in order to lynch him without waiting for the formality of a trial, for the Westerner has scant respect for the 'dignity of the law,' and it is one of the sheriff's duties to prevent their carrying out their intention if he possibly can, and he may even be forced to use his rifle against his fellow-townsmen, the very men who have elected him, in order to uphold the right of a



A Sheriff on the trail.

prisoner, however plain his guilt may be, to have a fair trial.

Frequently the forces of law and order are greatly handicapped by the impossibility of obtaining any witnesses against the prisoners, the outlaws having raided a gold-mining camp, store or bank, and ruthlessly killed all they encountered, and the task of collecting evidence is not an easy one.



A Bank "Hold-up."

Many robberies were committed in broad daylight: the gang riding boldly into a 'town,' one of them would enter the local bank, shoot the cashier, or curtly order him to 'put 'em up,' seize all he could and rejoin his companions. They would then swiftly disappear, firing indiscriminately to right and left. Small wonder that the peaceful citizens preferred to take shelter rather than interfere.

The 'Dalton gang' were one of the most famous bands of bank robbers. The Dalton brothers themselves had been deputies, but, dissatisfied with their pay, or, rather, that their pay was not forthcoming, took to the reckless game that up to then they had been busily engaged in countering. They audaciously robbed bank after bank, and also held up trains, but were gradually killed off until the last was captured.

As railways were extended out West, train hold-ups

Flight.

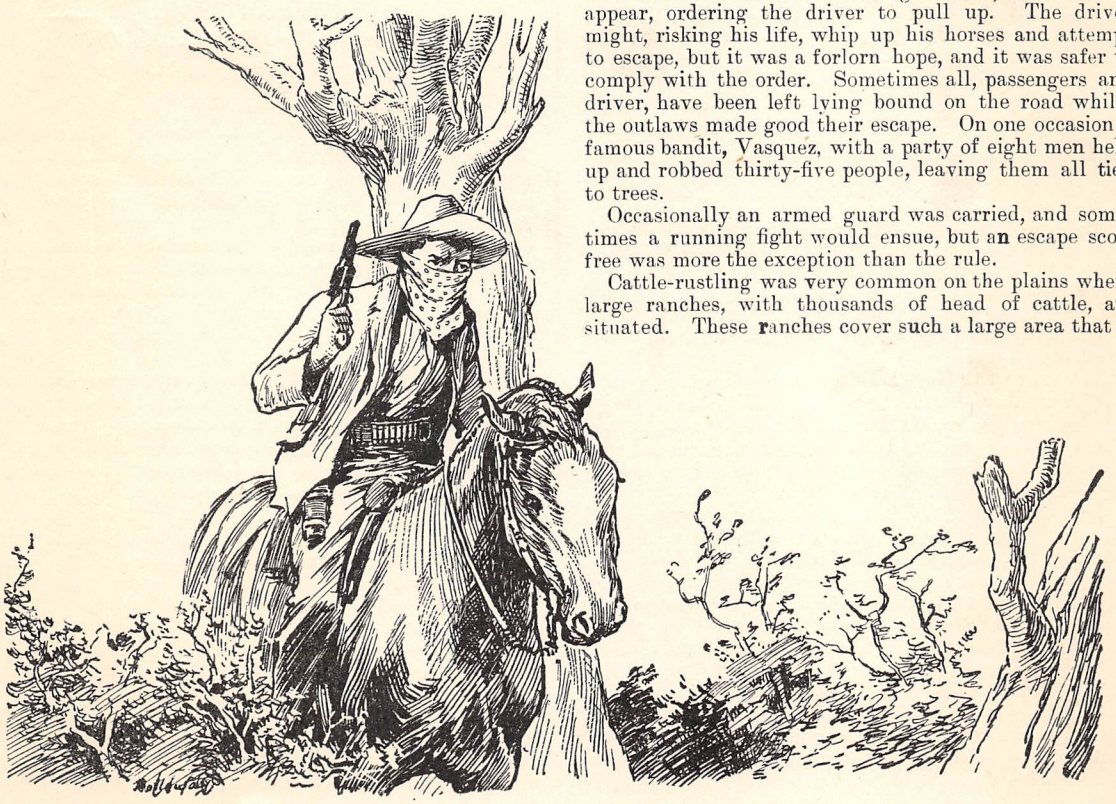
were of frequent occurrence, and still occur. The robbers often netted large sums, not merely relieving the passengers of their valuables, but blowing open the safe and decamping with its contents. This in spite of the fact that deputies frequently travelled on the trains in order to assist the express-man in charge of the safe.

Holding up the mail-coach was another very commonplace occurrence. The small towns and camps received their mails once or twice a week, and a rare passenger or two, by the coach. This lumbering vehicle, drawn by a team of six horses and driven by a veteran that knew every inch of the road, would often contain amongst its mail, a large consignment of gold-dust or nuggets, a prize worth having, and one that the gentlemen of the road were always on the look-out for.

Usually with a confederate in the town to advise him of the departure of a valuable consignment, the outlaw would lie in wait for the coach in some quiet spot, a dark cloth or handkerchief hiding his face, and suddenly appear, ordering the driver to pull up. The driver might, risking his life, whip up his horses and attempt to escape, but it was a forlorn hope, and it was safer to comply with the order. Sometimes all, passengers and driver, have been left lying bound on the road whilst the outlaws made good their escape. On one occasion a famous bandit, Vasquez, with a party of eight men held up and robbed thirty-five people, leaving them all tied to trees.

Occasionally an armed guard was carried, and sometimes a running fight would ensue, but an escape scot-free was more the exception than the rule.

Cattle-rustling was very common on the plains where large ranches, with thousands of head of cattle, are situated. These ranches cover such a large area that it



"In wait for the coach."

is not possible for all parts to be safely looked after, and the rustlers will drive off a herd into another region, a safe hiding-place, or over the Mexican border. Many of these rustlers were Mexicans, 'greasers,' as they are called locally, and once over the border were soon in hiding. It is the sheriff's duty to pursue, and if possible restore the stolen cattle to their owner.

'Boot-legging' is a peculiar trade. A boot-legger is a man who contrives to bring spirits into a district where the sale of liquor is forbidden. It is a risky business, and the bottles used to be concealed in the large boots the pedlar wore, hence the distinctive name. Boot-leggers and saloon-keepers were often a thorn in the sheriff's side, and he would have to be very sharp to catch the men with the liquor on them, and pretty careful too, for, like the rest of Western law-breakers, they would think nothing of using their guns in order to make a safe get-away. Indians, who, more than any, have suffered from the degradation that strong, rank spirit brings, have been of great assistance to the sheriffs, and some of them, resolute, fearless, and enthusiastic teetotallers, have been the terror of the whisky pedlars.

Redskins have also been useful as policemen in the Indian Reservations. These Reservations are territories reserved for the use of the Indians, who once roamed as masters over the whole country, and in 1880 covered an area well over the size of Germany, though they are now less than half this size. Here the Indian policemen, knowing their own people, and used to their ways, manage to keep order pretty successfully, and have proved themselves to be trustworthy and reliable.

The Wild West has altered considerably the last fifty years, but the sheriff and his men still have plenty of work to do hunting down the 'bad-men,' authors of shootings, hold-ups, and other crimes of violence.

W. Herbert Holloway.

TEDDY'S TRANSFORMATION.

HAD any one asked an inhabitant of Whitechurch about him, he or she would doubtless have replied 'that he was the greatest young scamp in the village,' and would in all likelihood have added that it was very surprising, because he was the Vicar's grandson.

'I simply cannot understand the boy being so wild,' the Vicar himself would say, shaking his white head. 'His father was a God-fearing, hard-working missionary, and his mother—' then the Vicar would pause and wipe his eyes, for Teddy's mother had been his youngest and dearest child, who had died before she was twenty, leaving a fatherless and motherless baby to the care of her own father and half-sister Eliza.

Teddy's Aunt Eliza did not even try to understand his wild, high-spirited ways. From the first she had resented his presence in her already over-busy life. And how far his naughtiness was the result of her want of sympathy and affection, only those who realise that children need love and understanding, just as plants require light and sunshine to develop properly, can guess.

Teddy's home life was therefore made up of endless scoldings and punishments, and when he first attended a small private school kept in a neighbouring town by a certain Dr. Summers, things were hardly better. For he went there with the name of being a good-for-nothing imp of mischief, and with the perversity of childhood he felt he must live up to the character.

He was not unpopular with his fellow-pupils—if the truth had been known, he was regarded by them as something of a hero—but if mischief was brooding in the school, he was in the thick of it, and the ring-leader in all escapades. In the holidays and play-time, he was in trouble almost as often as during the hours of study.

One summer—the summer that Teddy was eleven—his evil-doings seemed to reach their height. He and several of his friends planned to make a camp in the wood above the village—which also lay just beyond the grounds of the Manor.

'He cannot mind us lighting just one little camp fire,' one boy said. We'll take turns of being cook, and whoever is will watch the fire and kettle all the time; nothing can happen!'

Nevertheless, something did happen.

On the day that Teddy was cook, the flames spread to some fallen leaves, which at once caught fire.

The Squire, sitting in his study, saw the yellow flames. He was very proud of his trees, and seizing a big stick, he strode out across the rose gardens and lawns, which divided him from the wood.

The boys—all but Teddy—fled before the tall, angry figure. Teddy remained by the now extinct embers, and believing him to be the sole culprit the Squire gave him a severe birching with his heavy cane.

(*Concluded on page* 206.)

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 186.)

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a choppy sea, the boat rose and fell, grinding against the fender; though not of activebuild Tallerman hopped on board the vessel like one accustomed to his surroundings—it was not his first visit to a submarine. An officer appeared at the hatch and together they descended into the interior. A number of seamen now set about removing the stores from the boat by the use of a light crane, the drums of petrol and boxes of provisions being lifted from the boat, swung inwards, and lowered into the vessel's hold, without rattle of chain or sound of machinery.

Bully and I, being in the after-part where there was no cargo, were undisturbed; we sat huddled together, as miserable a pair as can well be conceived. The night was chilly and we had been sitting on the boat's bottom in a puddle of water, we were dispirited by a sense of failure, and were hopeless as to the future. If we could have done something—made some effort to escape, however hazardous—it would not have been so bad, but to lie there like sheep took all the pluck out of us. The less one says about one's feelings the better, but this I will say, if I could have sent one little message home, I think I could have resigned myself to whatever might be in store for me.

Sourcrout took no part in the unloading of the boat, but kept his seat in the stern, and there we sat with our heads on a level with his knees, every movement we made being resented with a kick from his heavy boots, and if we so much as whispered we felt the weight of his hand. Bully seemed to fall into a doze and I gazed vacantly at the scene before me—the cold starlit sky above, the inky water, the dark figures of the seamen

moving noiselessly, the swaying drums and packages as they went aloft and decended over the hold of the submarine, the glint and swish of the water as it swept over the half-submerged vessel and receded from its rounded side, the lift and fall of its bow, its humped conning-tower with the boat's number and the ominous letter U in bold characters.

Like Bully, I was dozing when rough hands laid hold on us, and, dragging us to our feet, hoisted us on to the landing-stage. We were in the grip of the German seamen who, though silent in their movements, were far from gentle in their handling; we were hustled to the hatch and bundled down the steel ladder to the depths below, like bales of merchandise. With little ceremony we were thrust into a narrow, low-pitched cabin, where an electric light, hanging level with our eyes, caused us to blink like owls, and it was some seconds before we realised that we were in the presence of Tallerman and an officer in naval uniform. The compartment was as bare as it could well be: at the side a bunk with curtains drawn, a folding chair in a corner, and a mess-table suspended from above and running down the middle. On the table a chart lay spread out and beside it a litter of papers and a revolver; at the further end the remains of a meal and an open box of cigars; these and a pile of magazines in a corner were all I saw. The two men were conversing in German and took no notice of our entry; they stood at the table turning over various papers and did not even look up. The officer, who wore the stripes of a senior lieutenant, made notes in his pocket-book and occasionally turned to the open chart on which he traced a course with his forefinger; there was no display of friendship between the two. Tallerman, it is true, smiling as usual, adopted an ingratiating manner, but the other encouraged no friendly advances, being formal in his manner and curt in his replies. Tall, spare, clean-shaven, with steely eyes that showed no shade of feeling, and hard lines about the mouth, there was nothing in the officer's appearance to afford us much comfort. Five minutes passed before the two men turned their attention to us, then the officer, having folded his papers, rested his knuckles on the table and looked us in the face, one long minute he fixed us with his hard eyes without uttering a word, then, to our surprise, addressed us in good English.

'Do you not know how to salute an officer?' he inquired harshly.

Compelled by his immovable gaze we instantly saluted.

'So you are scouts—spies,' he said slowly. 'Do you know the penalty for spying? It is death.' For one instant he withdrew his eyes from us, and darted, as I fancied, a malicious glance at Tallerman who still leaned over the table arranging his papers. 'When the spy is captured he is shot'—he paused a moment to allow these words to sink into our minds.

Truly they did so. I had never thought of death but as a far-away possibility, and now the strange thing had come to me and I must pass through it—whether I squealed with fear or bore it like a Christian, I must pass through it. The revolver that lay on the table drew my eyes and held me fascinated. In that moment of silence the air seemed buzzing in my ears—'the penalty is death—death.'

'Man, woman, or boy,' he continued, each word falling on my ears like the toll of a bell, 'the penalty is death. Such is the law of warfare.'

'We are not spies,' cried Bully passionately. 'We are not spies, we came here against our will. We were frightened and jumped into this man's boat to hide ourselves, and they put out to sea. We are not spies.'

Bully's words broke the spell that had fallen on me with paralysing effect and I added my voice to his: 'We are not spies, we are Coast Watchers doing what we can to defend our shores from invasion. We did not come here of our own will.'

'No, you came not on my ship of your own will, that I believe. You are not so foolish as to put your head into the mouth of the lion. I will tell you what you were doing, you were seeking information that would lead to the capture or destruction of my ship. That is so. For less, many men have been shot, but I shall not shoot you—I may take you as prisoners to Germany—what say you to that? Also there is an alternative, I may set you at liberty on parole—on giving your word of honour—you are English, you know what that means?'

Here Tallerman interrupted, shrugging his shoulders and speaking sarcastically.

The officer replied coldly and would again have turned to us, but for Tallerman's persistence. A discussion ensued during which Bully and I, not understanding one word that was spoken, stood anxiously scanning the faces of the two men, conscious that our fate was in the balance. Tallerman ceased to smile, his mildness vanished and he became assertive; as his warmth increased so did the other's frigidity, till turning abruptly from him whilst he was still speaking, the officer addressed us in English.

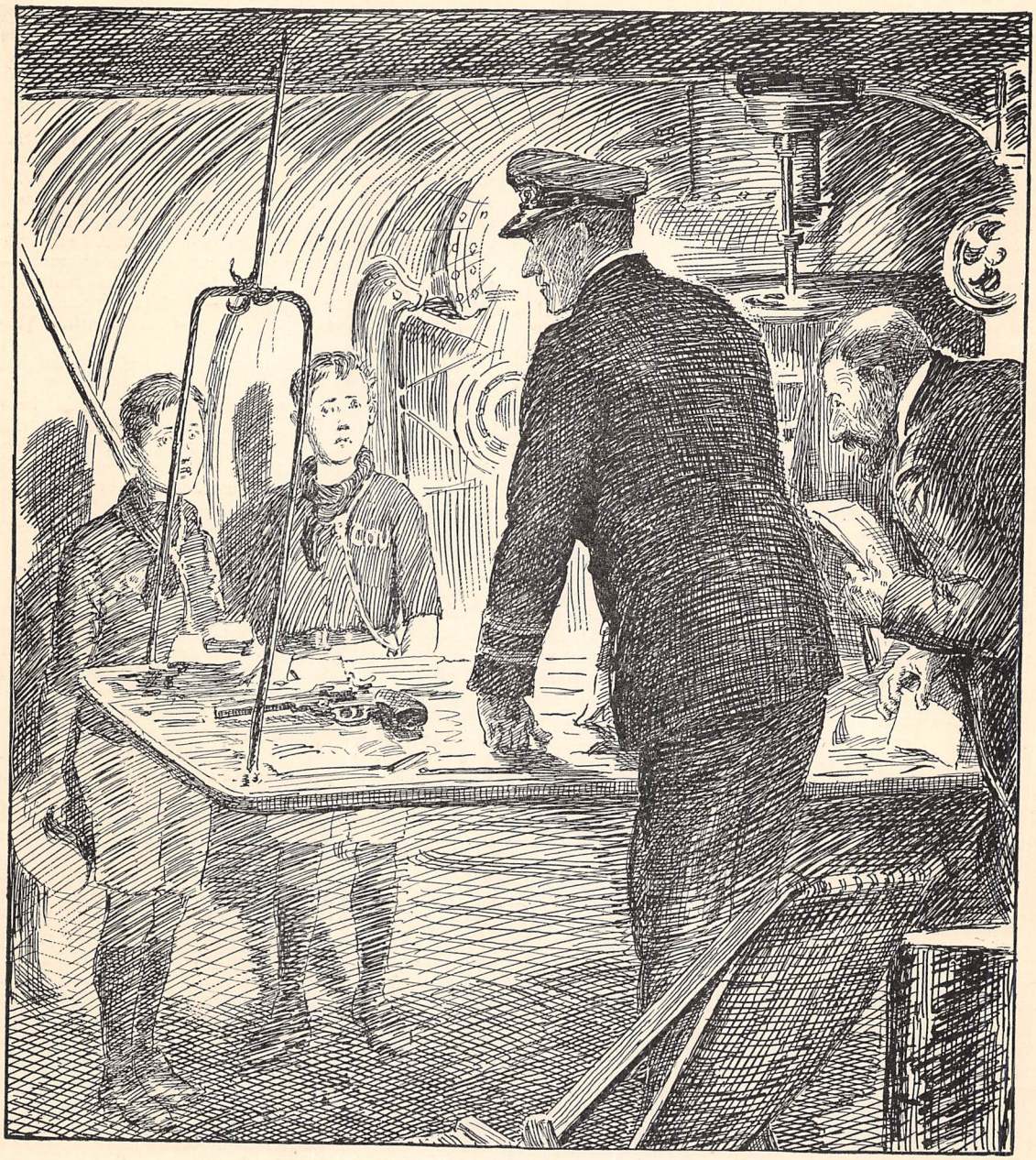
'You are my prisoners; if I liberate you do you give me your word of honour to take no part by word or action in this present war, and to make no statement respecting your visit to this ship till war ends, in fact to remain as totally out of the war as if you were actually prisoners in Germany? On condition that you solemnly give me your word of honour as Englishmen and gentlemen so to do, I will give you your liberty, and you will return with this gentleman as you came, and I hold him answerable for your safety.

Needless to say Bully and I unreservedly gave him our word of honour, determined to abide by it faithfully.

Tallerman eyed us wickedly a moment, but speedily regained his complacency. 'Well, well, Herr Lieutenant,' he said, 'perhaps you are right; at any rate, you are captain of your own ship. I have no right to interfere, I simply speak what is in my mind. Perhaps I am too outspoken, it is my temperament—frank and free. We all have our little weaknesses. But I can also be discreet at times. I shall now take me to my little boat. 'So good-night, Herr Lieutenant and *bon voyage*.'

Ascending the ladder we passed out into the darkness which seemed intense after the glare of electric light in the narrow cabin below, and feeling our way by the hand-rail stepped on board the boat. We were greatly elated at our escape from the U-boat and its commander, the reaction from the strain of that terrible quarter-of-an-hour listening to the harsh voice, that seemed to balance life and death with complete indifference, was such that the schoolboy within us came to the surface with a bound; we had, however, sufficient sense to see that we were not yet out of the wood—the sinister figure of Sourcrout in the stern of the boat was enough to impress this fact upon us.

(*Continued on page* 202.)



"'Do you know the penalty for spying? It is death.'"

"'Keep him back, Dave,' shouted Nick Tubson."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 199.)

As we paused a moment on the small stage before stepping on board I whispered to Bully, 'Let us go forward, for I don't trust Tallerman one little bit, and I'm not going to sit within arm's-length of Sourcrout.'

'Right you are,' replied Bully. 'Let's get back to our old dug-out in the bows.'

As the German made no movement to prevent us, we did so, settling ourselves comfortably among empty boxes and oil-drums at the back of Nick Tubson and Dave. A seaman cast off the line and we began to move away from the submarine. Tallerman made no trouble about our changed position, he seated himself in the stern, arranged the cushion at his back, crossed one fat leg round the other, stuck his hands in his pockets, leaned back and hummed with content. We pulled a short distance from the submarine and watched her submerge. Crane, rails and landing-stage were laid to her side, the last man disappeared down the hatch, and gradually she sank till the water washed the foot of her conning tower, then, bow first, she dived. The sight impressed me amazingly; she seemed to leave so strange an empty space on the sea where she had been, and the thought of that brilliantly lit cabin somewhere down below in the inky water, the sombre lieutenant perhaps still bending over his chart and papers, seemed incredible.

Bully and I sat close together for warmth, pulling a tarpaulin over our knees, tucking it round about us, and making ourselves as snug as possible. We congratulated ourselves on our improved position and on the easy indifference with which Tallerman regarded it. The figures of Tubson and Dave, interposed between us and the men aft, gave us a feeling of security; doubtless the Cornishmen were a brace of scoundrels, but they were English, and in our plight we would rather be at the mercy of English scoundrels than foreign ones.

'How goes it Bully: how's the leg?' I inquired.

'Oh, that's all right,' he replied. 'In fact, I had forgotten all about it; that ghostly lieutenant gave me such an electric shock when he called us spies, and said the penalty—you know—I clean forgot all about my leg and haven't felt it since—talk about shell-shocks—I thought our last hour had come, Pen—we're lucky to have got off so easily. When we get back we shall have to send in our resignations to the P.C.W. and retire into private life after that promise we gave—hard lines—but not so bad as being prisoners in Germany till the end of the war, is it? It's a trifle cold—this thing isn't much of an eiderdown—I feel sleepy.'

Bully yawned and I followed suit, whereupon Bully yawned again, but rousing himself and stretching to look over an empty crate, said, 'Look at that luxurious beast Tallerman, he's got out a lunch-basket and is stuffing himself.'

To see the two men seated in the stern pegging away at meat pasties made us realise that we had partaken of nothing since mid-day with the exception of a mug of tea at headquarters just before starting. To see Tallerman pressing good things on Nick Tubson and Dave without offering us a crumb was tantalising in the extreme. Tallerman was in a great good-humour, rallying Sourcrout, playfully poking him in the side, and otherwise treating him like a tame bear. He produced a spirit flask and passed it round freely, Tubson and Dave coming in for their full share.

'Take another drink,' he cried, 'it will keep out the cold. Don't you be afraid, it's not the stuff you poison the men with at the Ferry Inn—he-he!—genuine pre-war—you couldn't get it for a guinea a bottle now. Now then, drink to the health of—you know what—we have done good business, I can tell you, and there are some nice pickings for you; your share will run into three figures or I'm much mistaken. Small profits and no risks is all very well for bread and cheese, but when things are stirring and there are big prizes for the man who has the pluck to grab them—— What say you, Tubson? Nothing venture, nothing have, eh! I'm out for the biggest loaf myself, and I don't care who knows it.'

'Greedy pigs,' muttered Bully, turning away and again yawning: 'I don't want their beastly spirits, but I'd give something for a cup of cocoa, steaming hot.'

Again I yawned, and the vision of a cup of steaming hot cocoa passed before my eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

I was awakened by a heavy jolt and the violent rocking of the boat, and was dimly conscious of some one passing over me; Bully was on his feet lunging into the darkness with a boathook; Nick Tubson, with feet wide apart and the boat's heavy oar uplifted, stood as if prepared to strike—amid a babel of angry sounds his bull-voice rose highest. I started up, instinctively clutching the first weapon that came to hand—a heavy bottle rolling at my feet. 'What is it, Bully?' I cried, but Bully did not heed.

'Keep him back, Dave,' shouted Nick Tubson. 'Drive your oar into his ribs if he tries it again.'

Then I heard Tallerman's voice in rasping tones unusual to him: 'Don't be a fool, Tubson; stand aside, I don't ask you to do anything; just you stand aside.'

I had been asleep and it was to this scene of confusion I awakened. Bewildered as I was by the suddenness with which it burst upon me and by the uncertainty of objects in the surrounding darkness, I heard and saw enough to grasp the peril of our position.

'Not me,' shouted Tubson, 'I'm not going to stand by and see murder done. Keep that German brute off or I'll smash his skull in.'

'Don't you go against me, Tubson. If you do I'll ruin you—so I warn you. I've broke many a better man than you. Just you listen to reason. If you've got a grain of sense you must see there's a rope round your neck as well as round mine—it's their lives or ours. I don't ask you to do anything; just you attend to your business and look after the boat.'

'I won't stand by and see murder done, I tell you—I've gone quite far enough as it is, so keep that tiger of yours off. Shove your oar into him, Dave, if he comes near. Don't I tell you I'll take charge of them till the *Rose Ann* sails?'

'Yes, and a pretty mess you'd make of it. You've let one of them slip through your fingers already. I tell you it's their lives or ours. I've no mind to be strung up and I guess you haven't, either. You get to your oars and I'll attend to the steering—I'm a bit short-sighted, and don't see well in the dark. Of course

I shall do my best to restrain him, but he's little better than a madman.'

'I'll have nothing of it; I'll split his skull with this oar if he comes forrard. I tell you I'll take them on board the *Rose Ann* this very night; I'll land you at the usual place and take them round in the boat and see them on board before daylight. Isn't that good enough for you?'

(*Continued on page* 215.)

'RATS, MICE, AND SUCH SMALL DEER.'

WE need not puzzle over why Shakespeare (quoting from an old romance when he used this queer phrase) referred to rats and mice as 'deer'; the word formerly simply meant any undomesticated animal, as the German *Thier*, from which it is derived, still does. The poet also refers to the belief, current till long after his day, that in Ireland rats were got rid of by being 'berhymed.' Ben Jonson also mentions this:

'Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats,
In drumming tunes.'

It was, however, not only in Ireland that these very unpleasant rodents were supposed to 'breathe in soft music their spirits away!' The ancient Greeks held a similar theory, and we all know the legend of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.'

Not many years ago, a high official in the Caucasus, when Southern Russia was much perturbed at the probability of the plague being introduced from Manchuria and the Khirgiz Steppes, where it was prevalent, suggested that the hypnotic influence of music upon rats should not be overlooked, as by this means they might all be collected in one given spot, and destroyed. There is no doubt that the plague and other terrible diseases are spread by rats, and they may be more or less attracted by music, but one can hardly imagine that it would have sufficient charms to lure the whole tribe of Russian rats to march to its sweet strains to a given place of execution. Even the biting satires of the Irish and Scotch bards in olden days do not seem to have succeeded in ridding their lands of destructive rodents.

Although it is apparently a very long time since we rhymed the animals to death, or tried to exterminate them with music, till quite recently the custom prevailed of writing a letter to rats, asking them to go away, if they became uncomfortably numerous in a house or barn. Sometimes the missive was simply laid near their runs, in the hope that they would take it away—and, I suppose, read it! In other cases a rat was caught in a live-trap, the letter was tied round his neck and he was set at liberty to carry the message to his friends. Occasionally people who had a spite against a neighbour, advised the rats to go to his house. A few years ago, there was a swarm of rats in Cork Market, and I was told by a woman there that they had all gone, because somebody set a charm for them. I do not know if such an expedient has been tried in the recent plague of rats that has prevailed in many parts of the country.

Although so abundant in our isles nowadays, it is certain that the common brown rat is not really a native of Britain, and some naturalists, the famous Frank Buckland included, think that even the old black 'English rat,' was introduced from France, for the ancient Welsh name for it is 'the French mouse,' or Llygoden Frengig. The brown species, wrongly called 'the Norway rat,' is a native of India and Persia, and did not reach Western Europe till long after his black brother, which is a much less fierce, destructive, and horrible animal. It is now almost extinct, having been driven from its old haunts by the very undesirable alien, the brown rat.

These animals have always been partial to taking voyages, which accounts for their spreading all over the world. As early as Shakespeare's day the belief was current that the knowing brutes will forsake a sinking ship. Swift also refers to it. To this idea the phrase 'ratting,' applied to those who forsake the losing side, is due.

Mandeville, who saw so many wonderful things in his travels, solemnly declared that he came to one place where the rats were as big as dogs: he did not specify whether they attained the proportions of a toy terrier or a mastiff! Another old traveller, Jordanus, claimed that he saw rats in India as big as foxes; these, however, are supposed to have been bandicoots, which are rather rat-like animals—in fact their name in some of the Indian dialects means 'pig-rat!' Our ancestors included all sorts of strange creatures among rats and mice—Pliny thought that ermines, stoats, and marmots belonged to them, so it is hard to say what animal Mandeville may have taken for a rat 'as grete as a hounde.'

The old Greeks seem to have tried to drive away these creatures by means of satires, just as the Irish and Scotch bards did. Rats are reported to have left one of the islands of the Hebrides, being lured away by music in a fashion something like that of the 'Pied Piper.' Up to a century ago many people believed that these animals could not live at Roseneath, on the Clyde. It was said that the brutes constantly arrived there in ships, landed, and promptly vanished! The story goes that a native of the place, who had acquired a sugar-plantation in Jamaica, took out a shipload of Roseneath earth with him, but apparently it lost its virtues in the West Indies, for it had no effect upon the rats.

In North-Eastern Scotland it is supposed that if rats suddenly come to a house the inmates will shortly remove from it, for the animals have come to 'summon them out.' Rats suddenly forsaking a dwelling-house were supposed to indicate that one of the family would soon die, or else that the building was going to tumble down! I suppose this was following out the theory that rats forsake a sinking ship! Scotch folks share our Irish belief that the head of a rat is poisonous, and that is why cats commonly leave it untouched when they eat the body.

In China rats and mice are commonly eaten, as they were in Paris during the siege, while in Uganda, and other parts of South and Central Africa, there is an edible rat, which is regarded as a delicacy by the natives. Rats have swarmed in many parts of our isles the last year or two, devouring great quantities of grain and other food, for while these animals will eat all sorts of refuse, in case of necessity, they like the best of food if they can get it, and in Egypt they were formerly regarded as a symbol of judgment, because they were supposed always to choose the best bread for their food.

They also, however, symbolised 'total destruction,' though they were deified by the Egyptians. Pliny tells us that the Romans drew omens from them, and thought a white rat a sign of good fortune.

It seems odd that 'as drunk as a mouse' should at one time have been a favourite simile! Chaucer mentions the belief, but while rats are sometimes known to drink beer or stout, it does not seem that mice are addicted to strong drink! There was a very strange and unpleasant idea in bygone days that roast mice were a good cure for whooping-cough and jaundice. Fried mice were one of the ancient remedies for small-pox. Some of the old-fashioned cures must have been almost worse than the diseases, and it seems odd how such weird beliefs arose.

Swarms of mice are said to have formerly over-run the country, devouring everything eatable they could find. Stow, the chronicler, declares that such a plague of mice once infested the marshes in Essex, where they 'gnawed the grass, tainting the same with their venomous teeth, so that the cattle were poisoned and died!' The inhabitants were perplexed how to get rid of the pests, till numbers of owls gathered from the country round, and soon cleared the marshes.

MAUD E. SARGANT.

TOP O' THE TREE.

THERE'S a motto that's good for each lassie and lad
Who would wish for a place in the sun,
And those who don't heed it will wish that they had
Long before their life's journey is done.
It is this: when you're starting on work or on play,
Just resolve your position shall be,
Whatsoever the obstacles set in your way,
Not below, but at Top o' the Tree!

It's a jolly hard task, as you'll all of you find,
To keep pace with the others that run!
And you soon will percieve you are falling behind
If you slacken before you have won.
You must brace yourselves up as you make for the goal
And from faltering shake yourselves free;
For you never, if laziness gets the control,
Will arrive at the Top o' the Tree!

So all lassies and lads who decidedly feel
That they'd like a nice place in the sun,
Should be putting their shoulders right well to the wheel,
And make sure it is kept on the run.
Oh, for sure! A back seat is a poor sort of post
From the which life's surroundings to see,
And it's up to your own common sense to know most
Of good fruits at the Top o' the Tree.

FLOWERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

V.—STARWORT, SEA SOUTHERNWOOD, AND SCURVY GRASS.

IN this article I will give you an account of some plants I found at a small village along the lower reaches of the river Thames. It was rather late in the year when I went there, in fact it was autumn, but the season had been so hot from early spring to late autumn that plants seemed to have lost all sense of time; some had come up very early, and some very late. You see, the summer flowers were forced forward by the early heat, and the autumn ones came on early and went on blooming late, and even some summer ones started to bloom again. But in telling you of flowers which I found, I will name their proper time for blooming.

First of all, here is one of the most beautiful and striking flowers of our sea-shores, the Sea Aster, or Starwort. In fig. 1, I give a sprig and some small details. This plant is very variable, as you will find if

1 SEA ASTER OR STAR-WORT

you look up about it in books. Its variableness is caused by the accident of its home, I think, more than by anything else. Sometimes it grows in salt marshes right in the mud, and then it is a poor-looking thing. At other times, it grows up the cliffs by the sea as well as on the beach among the shingle. I am told that the cliffs at Broadstairs were covered with it that autumn, and so fine were the flowers, that nine people out of ten said they were Michaelmas daisies! This is quite a natural mistake, because they are very like them, and are in fact very near relations.

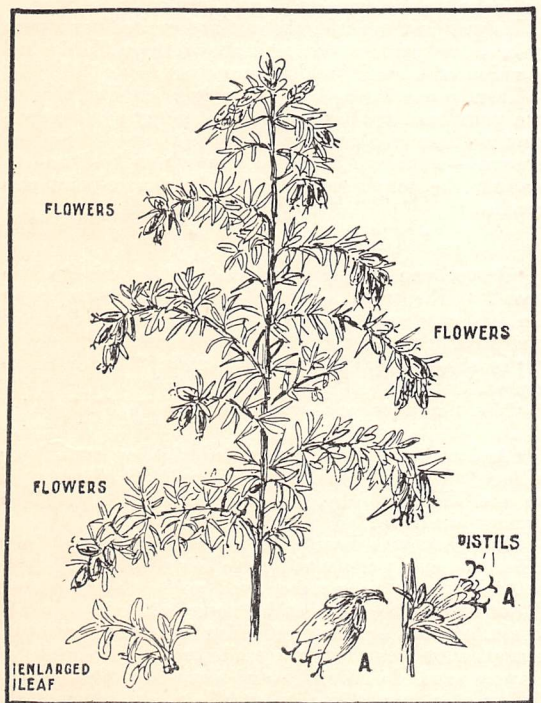
The plants I found were on the beach, and were about eighteen inches high. As a rule the flowers are produced in a rather flat head, but these, I found, were more or less all up the stem, as you see. (This may be

something to do with the unusual season.) The whole plant is rather succulent, as are so many of the sea-shore plants. The leaves are thick, grey-green in colour, have entire edges, and clasp the stem at the base. The root stock was thick, and was giving off many little off-shoots for next year; these were tinged with red. The main stem was very deeply grooved and much coloured with reddish-purple. The flowers themselves have numerous yellow tubular florets in the middle, and were fringed with pale mauve strap-shaped florets.

At A, I show a single flower, and here you see that the outer florets are sometimes blunt-pointed and sometimes cleft. Each flower is surrounded by a few oblong rather bulgy bracts (B). Of course you realise that a 'flower' as shown at A, is really many flowers, for it is 'compound'—that is, built up of a number of florets of two varieties. Now this is where the variableness of the plant comes in; sometimes there are only a few mauve florets, and sometimes none. You can quite understand that the loss of those pretty outer florets would entirely alter the appearance of the plant and make it quite uninteresting. The Sea Aster usually blooms through August and September.

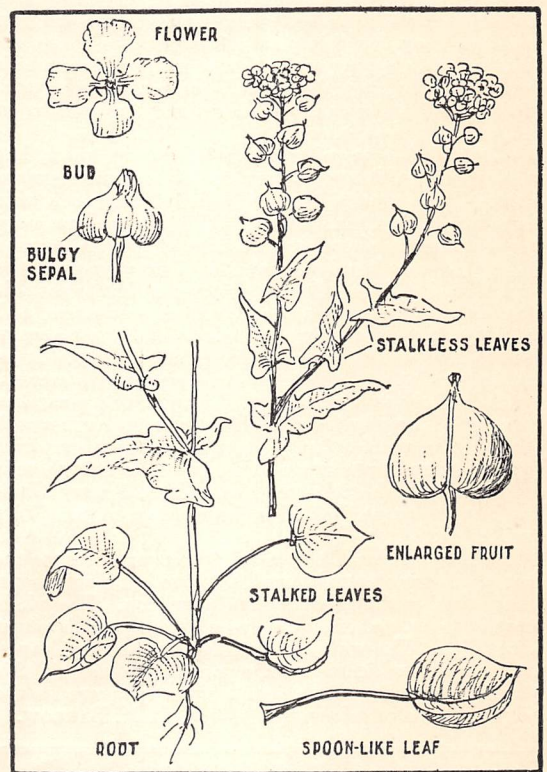
On this same shore I found specimens of Sea Southernwood or Wormwood, as it is sometimes called. This I identified first by its scent. Do you know the old-fashioned plant of our gardens of the same name, also called Old Man? It has the same pungent, aromatic scent, and I suppose I must have trodden on a plant, for I was suddenly aware of the strong scent, and I remarked, 'There is Southernwood here somewhere'—and there it was, and in bloom too!

Here, in fig. 2, I show you a sprig. The foliage is



2. SEA SOUTHERN OR SEA WORMWOOD

very finely cut and is all covered with a white cotton down which gives it a decided grey colour. The flowers appear at the end of the shoots which are inclined to droop, as though with their weight. These flowers are very tiny and inconspicuous, in fact most people would not recognise them as flowers at all. But you know, a flower, to be of true use to the plant, need only have stamens and pistils; the petals and sepals are only for show. Now, at A, I show you a 'head of flowers.' There are three there. You would



3. SCURVY GRASS

not think it, would you? You see, they have just stamens and pistils, and a few green scales round them, and that is all. The most noticeable part is the cleft stigmas which stick out at the top. There are usually three to five flowers in a group, but mine only had three. This plant can always be identified by its scent, and its very grey foliage. In olden times, sprigs of this plant, as well as the garden variety, were placed among clothes to keep away moth!

There is another variety which has upright shoots on which are the flowers, so do not think you have not found Sea Wormwood, if the specimen you find is not drooping. The Sea Wormwood is a low-growing bush, often having branches trailing on the ground. It is quite common, so look out for it.

Another plant which is common and the remains of which I found by the Thames, is Scurvy Grass. This is not a 'grass' at all, but a member of the wallflower

family, the Cruciferæ family. There are several varieties, all of which have special names, but the main points about the plants are all alike; the only great difference seems to be in the size of the plants and that is often only a case of soil.

In fig. 3, I give a sprig of Scurvy Grass. It has the characteristic four-petalled flowers of the order, which in this case are white. The fruits are fat little pods with the remains of the style still sticking out at the top. You will note in my illustration how the flowers keep developing at the top of the stem and the fruits are lower down on an extended stem. There are two kinds of leaves to this plant; those on the stems are stalkless and clasping with a few lobes, and those which spring directly from the ground are heart-shaped and stalked. It prefers muddy shores and grows also in hedges near the sea-shore.

Why it should be called 'grass' I do not know, but in olden times, it was a very useful and much-prized plant. There was a terrible malady for which this plant was a cure, viz., scurvy. This disease was very frequent among sailors, and was caused by the scarcity of vegetables on board ship, and the long voyages of the days of sailing ships. It was discovered that to eat this plant as a vegetable was a cure and a preventive, and so sailors, whenever they could get to land at all, always used to keep their eyes open for Scurvy Grass. It is said to purify the blood in the same way as watercress, which is of the same family. Of course, the plant has gone out of use now, because there are so many means of obtaining vegetables for voyages now; there are dried vegetables, and tinned vegetables, but of course there is nothing like fresh-cut vegetables. Thus, Scurvy Grass has lost its value, but it is interesting to recall its ancient use.

The plant is sometimes called Spoonwort, because the root leaves are often hollowed, so as to suggest spoons. I have tried to show this in my illustration. The whole plant is fleshy, and of a grey-green colour, and is about a foot high. The white flowers, and two forms of leaves, are the points which will make you able to identify this plant, so remember these details when you are in the neighbourhood of salt water. E. M. Barlow.

TEDDY'S TRANSFORMATION.

(*Concluded from page* 198.)

IT would have been more severe still had not Molly—the Squire's ten-year-old daughter—arrived on the scene. Molly held quite a different opinion from the rest of the world about Teddy, for he had once saved her kitten from being drowned by her father's groom.

She now pleaded with her father for her friend, and Teddy, seeing the expression of trouble on her face, vowed he would never offend the Squire again.

Nevertheless, not a month later, he was again in his bad books—this time for disturbing a nest of young pheasants during a school 'paper-chase.'

It was useless to argue that he had come upon the nest by accident—the Squire was as proud of his birds as he was of his trees.

'You'll have to send that boy away,' he told the Vicar. 'This sort of thing can't go on.'

'If he has to go, I must go also,' the Vicar said. 'He was my daughter's legacy to me.'

Aunt Eliza was not so resigned. 'It is dreadful to think that, all through you, we may have to leave the home that has been ours forty years,' she said to her nephew, 'and after all that we have done for you!'

Teddy listened, but his expression was more sullen than repentant, for he knew it was useless to try and make Aunt Lizzie understand that half the time he did not wish or want to be naughty.

That had happened a week ago, and now he was again in disgrace. He and Bertha Summers (Dr. Summers's daughter), had been playing blind man's buff in the vicarage dining-room, and they had knocked down and broken a vase of Aunt Eliza's.

Before hearing who was the culprit, or waiting for an explanation, Aunt Eliza had shut Teddy into the schoolroom. She had locked the door—just as if she could not trust him to stay there without doing so.

His heart felt hard and bitter as he stood looking out of the window. It was several feet above the ground, and, having no bushes or trees in front of it, commanded an excellent and extensive view of the high road.

Suddenly Teddy's figure stiffened and his heart seemed to stand still, for coming down the road at a reckless gallop was Molly Maxwell in her pony-cart.

In a second he realised that she had lost all control of the high-spirited pony, and that if she did not recover it before she reached the vicarage she and the cart would be overturned at the sharp corner made by the road.

A second more, and Teddy made up his mind what he must do in order to save her. He leapt from the schoolroom window, falling as he reached the ground; but, without pausing to discover if he had hurt himself, he dashed to the drive-gate and hence on to the road.

He was just in time: the cart and excited pony were only a few yards away, and above them Teddy had a vision of a small, white, convulsed face.

Then he caught the loose hanging rein. But, though the pony was small, she had the strength and nerve-power of her breeding, and Teddy felt himself dragged, dragged—would he have the strength to hold on—to slacken the pony's pace before the danger-point was reached?

* * * * *

'Bravo, you stopped her—and not a minute too soon!' The words, in the Squire's voice, rang in Teddy's ears as, a few moments later, he lay exhausted and panting on the grass-bank by the roadside.

'Is she—Molly, I mean—all right?' Teddy murmured.

'Yes, thanks to you—you saved her life, I believe.'

'And to think I nearly hunted the boy out of the village,' the Squire said, in relating what had happened to the Vicar. 'Why, we all ought to be proud of having him here!'

And that was how Teddy was transformed from being the scamp of the village to being its hero.

And, strange to say, he lived up to the character. I don't mean to say that he never got into mischief again, or that he went on doing heroic things; but, somehow, it seemed worth while trying to keep out of scrapes and do things they liked now that people believed in him. For, after all, what other people believe us to be makes a good deal of difference to what we are. Helen M. Turner.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 195.)

'DEARIE me, if it isn't a little girl lying there! And all alone too,' said a comfortable, motherly voice, almost in Tickato's ear. She had not heard any one approach, and now she opened her eyes in astonishment, to see, bending over her, a fat woman, whose face seemed oddly familiar.

'That's right, dearie. Don't be frightened. It's only me,' said the fat woman soothingly, seeing how startled the little girl looked.

'I know it's only you,' said Tickato sleepily. Somehow that seemed the only possible answer to make.

'Well, if it isn't the little girl what was in the train on Monday,' went on the woman, talking to some one whom Tickato had not seen.

'Oh, you've seen her before then, Auntie?'

'Seen her before? Yes, to be sure I have. She and her brother was in the train on Monday, and they were twins, I should think. How comes it that the poor little lamb is lying out here? Where's your brother, dearie, and are you lost?' she went on, addressing the question to Tickato, who had again closed her eyes. Evidently the child was not well, as the woman saw at a glance. Languidly Tickato opened her eyes once more.

'I am lost, but Billy is with the caravan cousins, at the camp. I must get back there again, when I've had a rest,' she said, and once more closed her eyes.

The fat woman, whose name was Mrs. James, turned to a girl of about fifteen who stood just behind her, on the path.

'She isn't well, Amelia. We'd best take her home with us. It's clear enough that she's lost, and I don't doubt but that she's a little off her head. You heard what she said about "caravan cousins," whatever they may be?'

'All right, Auntie, only how can we take her with us? She can't walk, can she?' asked the girl, coming a step forward, and looking more closely at Tickato.

'She can't walk, but I can carry her, and I will,' said the fat woman stoutly, as she went closer to Tickato. 'Just to think of the poor child being all alone in the wood like this, and her ill! It is dreadful to think of. Why, it might have been Susie or Kenneth lying here like this. I know how I should feel about it if they were lost. Now, dearie,' she went on, speaking to Tickato, 'you just let me carry you for a spell. You are that tired you can't go a step further, but I can take you—just as easy as if you was in a carriage.'

Tickato again opened her eyes. 'You are very kind,' she said. 'I remember you in the train the other day. How funny to find you here in the wood.'

'You didn't find me. It's I that found you, dearie,' said the woman, as she lifted Tickato gently, and stepped back on to the path. 'Now I and Amelia are going home—she's my niece you know, and I live at Cowley. You will be safe with us, and——'

'But I must get back to the others—they will be looking for me,' said Tickato, and then went on to tell that she was hunting for Mascot, and that if only Uncle Opportune had been there, all would have been well.

The fat woman looked at her niece, and said under her breath, 'Poor lamb! Wandering again! Uncle Opportune, indeed, and Mascot! Did you ever hear such names! But she'll be all right when I can get her home, and into the spare-room bed.'

Tickato heard part of this conversation, but she felt so very tired that it did not seem worth while to tell Mrs. James that she was wrong in thinking there was no such person as Uncle Opportune. The little girl wondered a little bit about the spare-room bed. There were no proper beds at the camp, and no spare rooms either. But it sounded rather nice, and this kind woman knew all about it. It was better to leave things to her.

'Let me carry her a little way, Auntie. You will be ever so tired,' said the girl addressed as Amelia, when they had walked for some distance in silence.

'Tired? With carrying this mite? Not likely. She doesn't weigh more than a pound or two,' said Mrs. James. 'I can't think where she has come from, though. There isn't any one like this staying in the village, is there?'

'I don't know, Auntie. I only came yesterday, you know.'

'Of course. And I've been away for a spell, too. Well, we must send round to Diggleson's, and ask them. Grocers mostly know all the news there is to know,' said Mrs. James, as they came to the stile that led into the meadows through which the children and Uncle Opportune had gone when they went to the station.

Tickato roused as they were crossing the second of these meadows. 'Are we near the camp?' she asked.

'We are almost home now, dearie,' said the woman, soothingly; and once more Tickato closed her eyes, opening them a second later, to say, 'I am so glad, because they would have been worried about me. Thank you very much for bringing me back.'

'There, there, that's all right,' said Mrs. James. 'You go to sleep again, and you'll be in bed when you wake up.'

'But there aren't any proper beds in the caravan—only things like shelves—but they are very nice,' protested Tickato, but the fat woman only looked at her niece, and shook her head.

'You'd best just call at Dr. Ransome's, and ask him to give me a call, as soon as convenient, Amelia,' she said, as the two entered the village street. 'It may be only a chill, or something of that sort, but you never know. Besides, the doctor may be able to say where the child belongs.'

Mrs. James was a widow, her husband having been killed in the war. She had two children, a boy and girl, and in addition a little boy, the child of a friend who was in hospital, was staying with her. Now she had a niece visiting her as well, so her tiny cottage was almost full to bursting-point. Still there was, as she had said, the 'spare room.' This was small but very clean, and neat as a new pin. The little window was painted white, and curtained with the most dazzlingly clean white curtains, fastened back with curtain bands of a wonderful crochet, done in red wool.

There was a little single bed with white hangings, and into this Tickato was put on her arrival, clad in one of her hostess's ample nightdresses. A hot bottle was put to her feet, and something warm was brought for her to sip.

'Now, drink that all up, and go to sleep, and you'll be as right as anything when you wake,' said Mrs James, in her comfortable way.

(*Continued on page* 210.)

"'You've seen her before, then, Auntie?'"

"'I wonder if they are coming to look for her.'"

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 207.)

TICKATO was very content to be where she was, but every now and then she remembered about the others. 'They will be looking for me. I thought you were going to take me back to the camp. Will you tell them, please?' she murmured, but then she was asleep again, before Mrs. James had time to ask her where these others were to be found.

'I don't know what to do about it,' said Mrs. James as she and Amelia got the tea ready. The three children had been left with a neighbour while the aunt and niece were out, but now they were home again, clamouring for their meal. 'She is a little lady—you can tell that from the way she talks. And it's not reason to suppose her people won't be worried about her. But I don't like to wake her up to tell me where she came from. Besides that——' Mrs. James paused in the act of measuring tea into a brown earthenware teapot. 'That was the front gate.'

'Perhaps it's the doctor,' said Amelia. 'No, Tommy,' she went on, addressing the little boy of five or so, who sat drumming on the table with a spoon, 'don't fidget, there's a good boy. Run and tell Susie and Kenneth to come in as soon as their hands are quite clean—they are in the scullery. It is the doctor, Auntie. I'll let him in.'

Amelia ran and opened the front door, which led into a tiny hall, from which a steep flight of stairs led upwards. Mrs. James set down the teapot and followed her niece. 'Good afternoon, doctor,' she said. 'I'm sorry to trouble you, but it's a little girl I found in the wood. 'I'm afraid she is ill, and I don't know who she belongs to.'

As she told the story of her discovery of Tickato, the good woman led the doctor upstairs to the room where the little girl lay in an uneasy sleep. The doctor examined her swiftly, even while she dozed.

Once she opened her eyes and said, 'Oh, it's Uncle Opportune! I'm so glad,' and then she went to sleep again.

The doctor looked at Mrs. James. 'A little bit light-headed, I should say. She has evidently taken a chill, and is a delicate child to begin with. Keep her in bed, and I'll send down some medicine—or perhaps you could send up for it?'

'Yes, I can send,' said Mrs. James. 'Do you know anything about her, doctor?'

'I am just trying to remember. Yes, I believe I do. There is a caravan party staying somewhere about here. You found her in the wood, you say?'

Mrs. James repeated that part of her story which dealt with the finding of Tickato.

'Well, ask at the grocer's, as you suggest. They will probably be able to tell you. But I have heard of the caravan. It is a party of children, and this may easily be one of them. Don't disturb the child, but if she wakes, try to find out more about her. Her friends must be worried, if she is really lost—and it looks like that.'

With a few more instructions as to treatment for Tickato, the doctor hurried away. Mrs. James dispatched Susie to the grocer's shop, as soon as tea was over with a note

'That will be the best way. Mr. Diggleson will let me know all he knows when he's read it,' she said as the child ran off.

'I hope the little girl won't be very ill. Do you think she will, Auntie?' asked Amelia, as they washed up the tea-things.

'You never can tell, in these cases,' replied her aunt. 'I hope she won't, too, but she doesn't look strong. A mad idea, I call it, letting a lot of children go out in a caravan. I wonder what their parents are thinking of!'

'Look, Auntie, here come a boy and a girl! I wonder if they are some of them, coming to look for her?' exclaimed Amelia rather incoherently a moment later, as the front gate opened, and two figures were seen coming down the path to the front door.

CHAPTER XIII.

The voice in the shed was angry, without a doubt. More than that, it was a boy's voice, not a man's or a girl's. Whoever it was that was imprisoned in this shed, it was not Tickato. The two boys and Nora had time to think all this while the prisoner was hammering on the door.

'I say, no good doing that. Tell us who you are, and what you are shut in this place for, and we'll try to get you out,' shouted Humphrey at last, when the noise was stayed for a moment or so.

'I'll tell you all there is to tell, plus a little more, if you'll let me out,' came the reply. 'This door is locked, or something, from the outside. Can't you see how to open it?'

Humphrey was already busily employed with the lock. 'I may not be able to pick it, but I'll have a shot at it,' he answered. 'If we can't get you out this way, though, how about smashing the windows?'

'No good; iron bars across them,' came the reply from inside, and then there was a stifled sort of groan.

Nora turned startled eyes on her brother. 'Oh, Humphrey, did you hear that? Do you think he is ill, or hurt?' she asked rather breathlessly. Humphrey's face had grown grave, and Billy looked as he felt, in a 'blue funk.'

'I say, what's wrong?' called the older boy; 'are you damaged anywhere?'

For a moment there was silence in the shed. This was even more worrying than the groaning had been.

Humphrey picked away at the lock, but so far it resisted all his efforts to burgle.

'Oh, Humph, what can we do?' cried Nora, almost beside herself with alarm. The shed was so silent now, and after the groan they had heard this was truly alarming.

Humphrey only shook his head for answer, while he worked at the lock. After a moment he said, 'If I can't force this thing, we must batter the door in; but that will take a lot of doing. It is so jolly strong, worse luck!'

'What is the matter? Are you hurt? Do try to tell us,' pleaded Nora, speaking close to the hinges of the door.

A rather weak edition of the voice they had heard before answered her, saying wearily, 'Oh, I'm not hurt, but it is that beastly chloroform, I rather guess. Say, will you be long?'

'Oh, he is alive, after all!' cried Nora, in great relief, just as if she had feared the moment before that the

boy inside the shed was dead. 'Can you do it, Humphrey?' she went on; 'or shall we all bash the door in?'

For answer, Humphrey gave one last dig at the lock, with the large blade of his knife, and lo and behold! the latch flew back. 'Done it!' he cried triumphantly, and open came the door.

That was a thrilling moment for every one concerned. The shed was dark inside, owing to the paint with which the windows had been coated. In the dim light, it was not easy to see the owner of the voice that they had heard. Still, they had not long to wait for a sight of the prisoner. He got up slowly from the floor, and staggered towards the open door.

'Gee whiz! How good the air is! But I do feel beastly,' he gasped, and indeed the face on which the three children looked was testimony to the truth of his words.

Asking him no questions, Humphrey and Nora helped the boy out of the hut, and found him a seat in the shade of the large oak that was growing close to the shed.

He was a boy of tbout thirteen or fourteen, to judge by appearances, and his face was deathly pale, except for a few red patches round about his nose and mouth. He looked about him in a dazed sort of way, and then closed his eyes, and leant against the trunk of the tree.

(*Continued on page* 223.)

SETTLED BY DAISIES.

PEOPLE can seldom agree as to the exact day when Spring may be said to begin, but to the country boy this is always decided by one invariable rule. When he can place his foot on nine daisies at once, then he knows for a certainty that Spring has begun.

IN APRIL WOODS.

THE primrose stars are lit
In woodlands leafless yet,
Where brooding thrushes sit
When primrose stars are lit,
And building robins flit
O'er boughs with dewdrops wet;
The primrose stars are lit
In woodlands leafless yet.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE MIDNIGHT CAMP.

'NOW look here, Annice, be sensible and don't cry. Whoever heard of an ancient knight who cried because he banged his head?'

Jack came hastily down off the pig-sty roof, and stood before me with his hands behind him and his legs spread out at the argumentative angle.

'What's the matter?' asked Patricia, running up. 'Is that Annice in trouble again? Well, if she won't be an ancient knight properly at once, she'll have to go into the dog-kennel and be the imprisoned retainer, that's all.'

'Well, I can't help it,' I said. 'I fell out of the tree, and I'm sure any ancient knight would cry if he only hurt himself half as much.'

'Nonsense,' said Patricia, who is always very brave, in her severest tone. 'Why, they died with a smile, and never even said a word.'

I felt I ought to say something stinging in reply, and after I was in bed that night I did think of lots of quite clever answers, but it was too late then—that is what always happens: I cannot think of things to say in emergencies.

'I'll tell you what,' said Jack, 'Crusades are a bit slow. Let's have a Midnight Camp, with Indian attacks and scalps and things.'

'But there's nobody to scalp,' said Hugh, coming out backwards from the kennel.

Hugh is like me, he likes everything as real as possible.

'Oh, but we can soon get some, that is part of the game,' said Patricia. 'There are all the gardeners and the hen-boy—yes, let us have a camp.'

That was how it all began.

It was summer-time, and we were stopping at Elmdon Court with Cousin Leonard (only he had gone to London). He is an M.P. and a bachelor. I do not know which of the two makes him dislike children, but he says they worry him, though he is always very good to us. He generally gives us ten shillings each and remarks on the way we have grown, asks us our ages all round, and then says to Nurse: 'Let them run about and make mud pies; don't dress them up like fashion-plates, and keep them out of the library'—and after that we do pretty well as we please.

Elmdon Court is very beautiful. It stands on a hill, with gardens and green lawns sloping down to the river; and when Cousin Leonard is abroad they are thrown open to the public.

The part we like best of all is the wilderness beyond the walled garden, where the grass is nearly as high as we are, and a tiny stream runs among the little larches. Beyond the wilderness is a sandy lane, on the other side of which are more gardens belonging to a very beautiful house called The Cedars.

Sir Edward Sinclair lives at The Cedars, and once he and Cousin Leonard were great friends, until they quarrelled as to who was to have the sandy lane, and now they never speak to each other.

Nurse says it is dreadful to let little differences part friends, and we often wished we could help to make it up again, for it must be very dull for them, living in their two great houses alone, with that little dull lane cutting their friendship in two as it does their estates.

It was down in the wilderness we first made the midnight camp, and it was a grand game. The only part that did not work very well was taking the scalps. The hen-boy ran for his life when Jack pounced out on him, wrapped in an old dust-sheet with his face painted, and cried, 'Huh! I have got a scalp!'

And Macpherson, who is the head gardener and rather a cross person, locked the door of the walled garden and forbade us to go into the potting-sheds, because he came upon the tribe lying in ambush behind the frames, headed by Jack with a hatchet.

'Nay, nay,' he said as he took it away. 'Stap yer claverings and gie me yon axie. 'Tis no fur bit bairns like yersel'.'

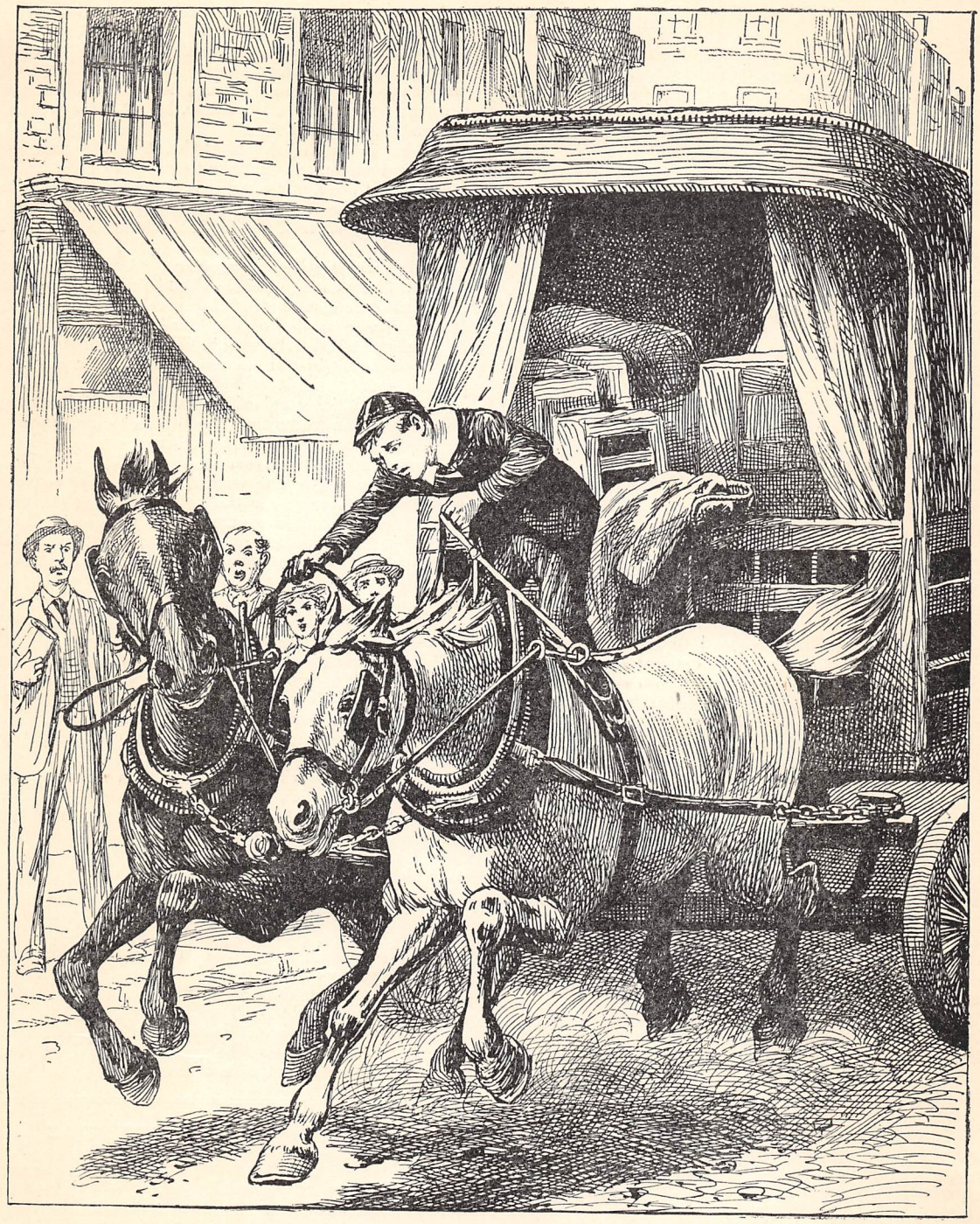
Jack was dreadfully offended, and the whole tribe went into council in the wilderness.

"The hen-boy ran for his life."

'"Bit bairn," indeed!' said Jack. 'I wonder if he knows I started carpentering last term? I hate Scotch people! It's no fun playing when old Mac. is about. I'll tell you what—we'll have a midnight camp at night!'

The tea-bell rang just then, so we had not time to discuss it any more at the moment; but I noticed that Jack was very thoughtful, and I knew he was thinking over the idea.

(*Continued on page* 229.)



"Phil, by a great effort, succeeded in catching the reins."

PHILIP'S FREE RIDE.

'I DON T know what to do!' sighed Philip Kidson to himself, as he sat in the old apple-tree that grew close to the garden wall, and which commanded a good view of the main road. 'Jolly dull, these holidays. That's the worst of having whooping-cough, and being thought germy. Hullo! here comes old Dilnot with his van. If I'd got a halfpenny on me, I'd go to town with him!'

But Philip's pockets, which he hastily searched, would not yield so much as a ha'penny. And Dilnot charged eighteenpence for the ride to Oakden and back. Phil ground his teeth in rage. 'Just like me,' he fumed. 'No money, no friends, no games, no sprees of any sort. Only stuffy lodgings in a silly old farmhouse, while the rest are all having the time of their lives up in Scotland. Why on earth did I get whooping-cough?'

All this time the carrier's two-horsed van was coming creaking down the hill past the farm. Philip watched it, fascinated. Then, as it drew up before the yard-gate, and the elderly carrier got stiffly down from his seat and went for orders, a bright idea came to the boy.

'I'll be a stowaway. There is lots of room at the back! Why not have a free ride to town and back? I can easily give old Dilnot the slip,' he said to himself, and swinging down from a low-growing branch of the tree, he dropped neatly on to the road, outside the garden wall. It was the work of a moment only to climb into the van, make his way into the dim recesses at the back, and settle himself as comfortably as possible amidst a strange collection of articles, ranging from clothes-baskets to cans of petrol and baskets of eggs. Phil had been quick, but not too quick, for the carrier was already climbing into his seat even as the boy squirmed down close to a roll of linoleum, and carefully elbowed a basket of eggs out of his way.

'Hope to goodness the old fellow doesn't want any of the stuff from back here till we get to Oakden,' thought our traveller to himself. 'It would be unhealthy for me if he came nosing round for these eggs, say, or this linoleum.'

But fortunately Dilnot seemed to have no need for any of his goods at present. He cracked his whip, and his horses set off at a good pace. Both seemed rather fresh Phil thought, and the old van creaked and swayed as they bumped along the country roads, between high hedges all overgrown with 'traveller's joy.'

'Ripping, but a bit stuffy in here. I don't mind how soon we get to the town. Let's see, it is a good five miles yet,' Phil told himself, peering out through a crack in the side of the van nearest to which he was stationed. Thanks to the gloom his presence had been up to the present quite unsuspected by the carrier. Now, however, danger threatened. Somewhere near to him was something that smelt like pepper. It tickled Philip's nostrils dreadfully, and sneeze he must, sooner or later.

'Bother! What a nuisance. It will just about give the show away,' thought the stowaway ruefully. 'What does one do to stop a sneeze? Hold one's breath, or . . . oh . . . a-tishoo!'

The sneeze had come at last, and it was the loudest of its kind that Phil had ever given vent to, or so at least he felt at the moment. Surely Dilnot must have heard it! But no. A passing motor had obligingly sounded its horn just at the right moment, and the sneeze had passed unnoticed. Philip was safe once more.

On went the van, with now and again a stop at some cottage or farmhouse, where the carrier had to call for orders. Fortunately, he did not unload any of his merchandise. Evidently that was all to be taken right into the town. At last the van began to bump over cobbles. They were entering Oakden, and for the first time that morning, Philip wondered what he would do for a dinner.

'Bother! I didn't think about that! No money means no grub; and Dilnot never gets back till about six o'clock in the evening. I'll be mighty hungry by that time,' thought the boy ruefully.

Now they were travelling along the High Street, with its wider road and larger shops. Evidently Dilnot had some business to do here, before he stabled his horses. Drawing up at the door of a shop, he got down from his seat and vanished inside.

Peeping out, Philip saw that the streets were full of people and traffic, and that the town wore an unusual air of gaiety. 'Why, of course, it is the cricket week!' he thought to himself. 'Wish I had some money. I could spend the day there if I—Hello!—Great Scott!—now we are off!'

Philip's words were only too true. A passing car had startled the two horses and they had bolted, tearing along the High Street at a frightful pace, the van rocking dangerously from side to side. Phil, in the back of the van, realised his deadly peril. With streets so full of traffic these maddened horses would soon come to a terrible end.

'Now for it. I wonder if I can do it!' Phil crawled carefully out on to the footboard of the rocking van, and by a great effort succeeded in catching the reins. People were standing on the pavement, or running alongside the van shouting, but no one seemed to have the sense to stop the horses, or rescue the boy. Gripping the reins firmly, Phil got somehow on to the driver's seat. Then, very gently, he pulled on the reins, just as he had watched Dilnot do that very morning, and as he did this he spoke to the horses quietly, in tones as much like their master's as possible.

'Gently, Sharper—steady, Violet! Way there, way, my beauties!'

By a miracle the van escaped collision with any other vehicle, and in a couple of minutes Phil had brought it to a stand. Springing down, he patted the sweating horses, speaking soothingly to them. Even as he did this, Dilnot, surrounded by quite a crowd of sympathisers, hurried up.

'Young sir, I thank you,' he said in a shaken voice. 'If anything had happened to those hosses—why, it's you, Master Philip! Where did you spring from?' The man's face was full of surprise as he recognised his helper.

Phil's face got rather red. 'I was in your van all the time,' he confessed. 'I wanted a ride to town, and I hadn't any money, so I thought I'd be a sort of stowaway.'

How Dilnot laughed. 'That is the best thing you ever did, young sir,' he said. 'Hope I don't mind? Why, what d'you think? If you hadn't been there, stowed away, as you say, where would my van and hosses have been now? You come along with me to my niece's when I've put the van up. You'll be ready for a bit of dinner, or I miss my mark.'

HOW THE SMALL BOY WAS CAUGHT.

SOME years ago a small boy, who was 'out of bounds' in the town, saw, to his alarm, the 'head' coming down the street.

Quick as thought, the small boy jumped into an empty cask, which happened to be standing outside a grocer's shop, and stooping down believed he was well hidden.

But the master walked straight up to the door of the shop, and, after tapping the cask all round with his cane, told the grocer that it was exactly the sort of cask he wanted, and that he would like it sent up to his house at once, just as it was.

The headmaster, however, only did it to frighten the small boy, and he did not receive any other punishment.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 203.)

TALLERMAN returned to his seat railing at the stupidity of his followers and, from the sounds that followed, vented his spleen on the German. Tubson and Dave sullenly took to their oars and there was a lull, for which Bully and I were grateful. 'He nearly had you over the side, Pen,' Bully whispered. 'I tripped him up with the boathook and gave him one in the back he won't soon forget. Tubson was more than half asleep; he'd taken too much of that drink—whatever it was—the brute slipped under his oar—a good thing I'm a light sleeper.'

There was no more dozing for us, you may be sure. Whether Tallerman was pacifying the German or inciting him to further acts of violence was uncertain. We were, however, not going to be again taken by surprise—Bully had his boathook, which he would gladly have exchanged for something shorter, as he had found its length a disadvantage, and I my bottle, which, held by the neck like a truncheon, was a formidable weapon. The burly forms of Nick Tubson and Dave partially shielded us, and for the rest we made a barricade of boxes, crates, and drums. Thus fortified, we felt more than a match for the German.

We had the two men in the stern well under observation. Tallerman was still seated at the tiller, but Sourcrout had moved to the port side where, instead of being hidden by Dave as had before been the case, he was well in our line of view. Bully and I had just arranged to keep watch, turn and turn about, when we noticed a suspicious movement on the part of the German. He had been sitting with his legs outstretched, his profile towards us; now he slowly turned, gathering himself together like a creature about to spring; we saw a glint as of metal, and the next moment were startled by the report of a pistol—a bullet struck the drum in front of me with a loud 'ping,' and, glancing off, carried with it a splinter from the side of the boat. As I ducked there was another report and a bullet whizzed over my head.

Nick Tubson was on his feet again in a towering rage. Turning to us he cried: 'Keep down, you young idiots—don't you see what the brute is at? If you get a bullet through your heads you've only got yourselves to thank. Don't you see I'm doing the best I can for you?'

Then turning aft he bawled: 'Sink me if I stand this any longer; take the pistol away from that lunatic. If another shot's fired I'll bring this oar down on his head; I'm not going to sit here and be made a target of; another shot and down this oar comes—so I warn you.'

Bully and I took cover fast enough; we crouched behind our barricade, not daring to raise our heads above its level. We had not reckoned on bullets flying. Whilst flattering ourselves that we were keeping watch on the German, we were exposing ourselves; no doubt he could see us as plainly as we saw him, and probably but for the motion of the boat he would have had one of us.

'Thank goodness we are getting near the shore,' said Bully, with a deep sigh of relief. How the words heartened me up! I brought my eyes to the level of the boat's bows and sure enough dimly against the sky I saw the forms of the Chimney Rocks and the white line of surf at their base. Another ten minutes and we should be in safety. In our tense state, each moment expecting some fresh assault from the murderous German, we counted the two Cornishmen friends and protectors, and doubtless we owed our lives to them; we had almost forgotten Nick Tubson's words—his intention to put us on board the *Rose Ann* that very night—a fate little better than that from which he now shielded us. The nearer peril excluding from our minds that which was more remote, we looked to the nearing shore as if it were to be the end of our troubles.

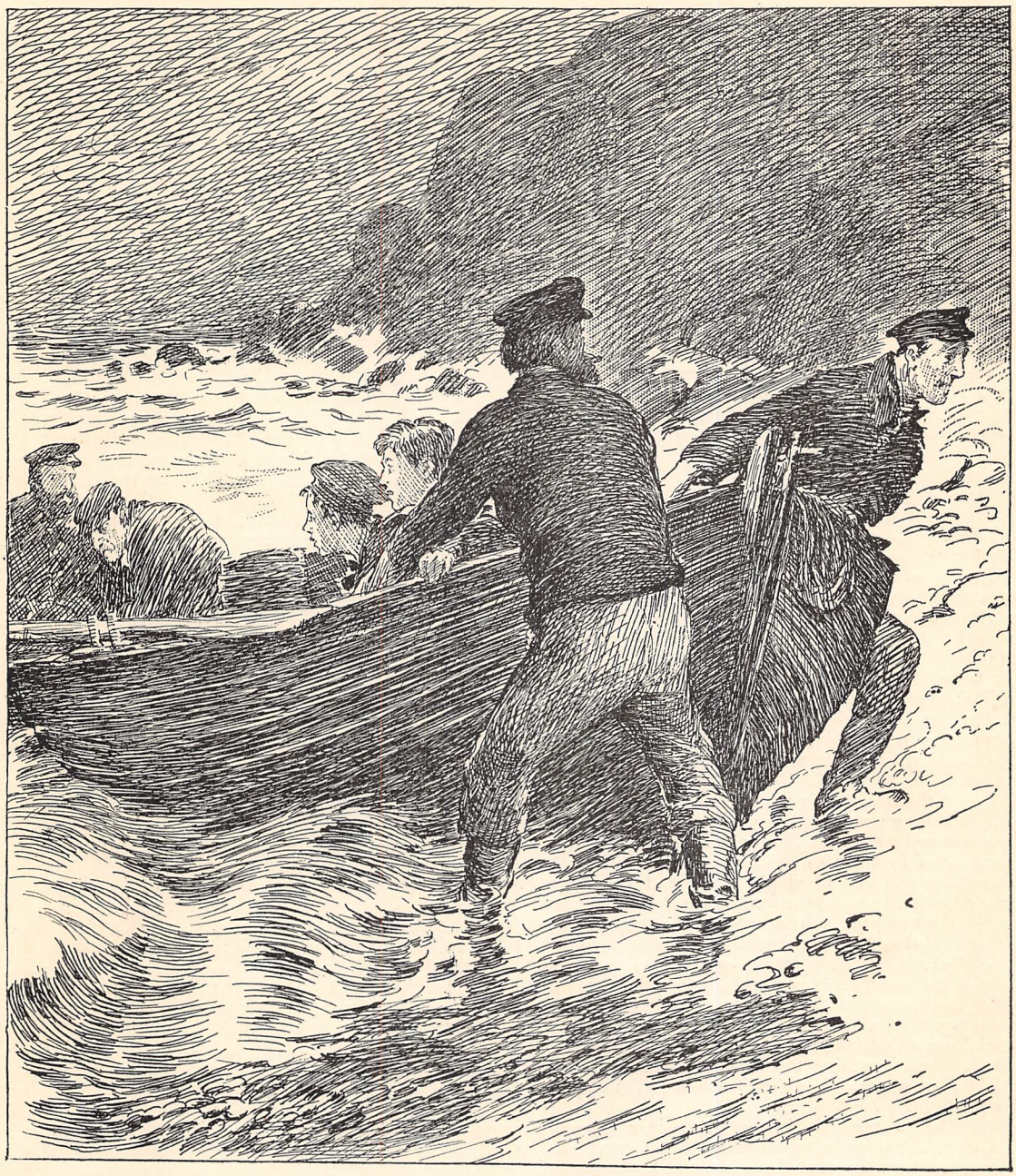
Without further alarm the boat drew near the Chimney Rocks, and skirting the surf that broke on their outer ledges, the boatmen sought some landmark indicating the entrance to the channel, which, being found, we were soon in quiet water, slowly feeling our way through a watery labyrinth till the cliff towered over us, then a sharp turn of the boat brought 'Porson's Hole' in view.

Bully and I looked up the steep face of the cliff and at the gloomy cavity beneath with strangely mixed feelings. The prospect of being no longer in terror of our lives in the narrow confines of the boat inspired us with new courage, for to be free from the murderous attacks of the German was our first thought. Surely the land would afford some means of escape. We looked at the cave and wondered what had become of our comrades; from their elevated position they must have seen in the light of the torch the lading of the boat and her departure seaward. Did they guess that we were aboard, or did they fancy that we lay hidden in some corner of the cave waiting till the boat was gone? Had they found some means of descending, or had they retraced their steps through the rocky galleries? Had they reached home and given the alarm? These were questions that we had put to ourselves many times as we lay among the crates and oil-drums.

'I wonder what Treagus and the other fellows are doing?' I had said more than once to Bully. 'Perhaps they've got the boats out searching for us.' This latter idea obtained such a hold on us that, as we neared land, we peered across the dark waters in hope of deliverance, seeing boats in jutting rocks and crests of waves. So now again, as we looked up at the cliff and at Porson's Hole beneath, we questioned and wondered.

With a few rapid strokes the bow of the boat was driven on the shingle, the boatmen drew in their oars, and, springing into the shallows, drew the boat higher on the strip of beach.

(*Continued on page* 218.)



"The boatmen drew the boat higher on the strip of beach."

"He fought like a wild beast."

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 215.)

At that instant, as we moved further aft to lighten the bow, a sudden rattle of shingle under heavy feet startled us. There was a rush of dark figures from the recesses of the cave, a shout, and the upspringing of a brilliant light that illuminated all around. Nick Tubson and Dave made one vain effort to push the boat back into deep water, then turning, faced the foremost of their assailants, striking out left and right with their fists, but, taken at a disadvantage, they were quickly borne to the ground. Bully and I were thrown down by the lurching of the boat, and boyish figures passed over us as they scrambled in. A lad of fifteen, lean as a ferret, was first into the boat, and, springing aft, hung on to Tallerman as a stoat hangs on to a rabbit. It was Dicky Jolliffe; close behind came Lawyer, and between them they had Tallerman down on the stern seat before he had time to recover from the lurch of the boat. Treagus had closed with the mad German and was getting the worst of it. The Microbe, wading into the water, had tried to climb in at the stern, causing the lurch which threw him backward with a prodigious splash; dripping from head to foot he crawled over us shouting, 'Go it, boys. Down with them. Haul the beggars out.' Recognising us he set up the most weird yell imaginable. 'Hurroo! Here's old Pen and Bully, hip! hip!'

Seeing that Treagus was in trouble, Bully and I sprang to his assistance, and were just in time to prevent the German from using his weapon. With an upstroke of my truncheon I sent the pistol flying and Bully tripped him up. He fought with tooth and nail like a wild beast as we tried to secure his arms, and I fancy we should have come off second best had it not been for unexpected help. Of all the surprises of that night none was greater than to see the Gyppo in the boat; how he should be there seemed strange beyond measure, but there he was, and as cool as could be. 'Here, I'll quiet him,' said he, 'then you just tie his hands behind him. Here's a nice little bit of line.' And quiet the raving madman he did. How, I can't say, but he did it. As we gripped the German's arms he simply laid hold on him, forced back his head, and gave him two or three taps, and Sourcrout gave in. We trussed him up without further trouble.

Then I found Treagus shaking my hand, the Microbe shouting in my ear, and a big Coastguard, whom I had never before seen to my knowledge, grinning at me, as if he had known me from infancy.

'We've bagged the lot,' exclaimed this individual, puffing for breath. 'I wouldn't have missed this for a gold watch.'

There sat Tallerman, a podgy dilapidated figure, with all the self-assurance knocked out of him, his knees up to his chin, his arms tied behind him, his cap over one eye, his false beard gone; and there sprawled Sourcrout beside him still breathing out slaughter—there they sat at the bottom of the boat, in the very place where Bully and I spent such an uncomfortable hour.

'Now we have got 'em, what are we going to do with them,' inquired the Coastguard, stroking his jaw, on which there was a nasty bruise. 'We can't get 'em up the cliff the way we came down—somebody would get his neck broken. It would be a pity if it was one of these beauties.'

'Why not take them into Polperro?' exclaimed the Microbe. 'We'd rouse the whole village—ripping—"See the conquering hero comes"—what a chorus there'd be!'

'We must take them to Fowey, and give them up to the police,' said Treagus.

'We can't get them up the cliff way, that's very certain,' said Dicky; 'here's the boat, what more do you want? If we can find our way out into the open, we should be in Fowey in an hour's time.'

'Pen and I can find the way through the channel. Can't we, Pen? We've made the trip twice—worse luck,' said Bully.

'Right,' said Treagus. 'That's the best thing to do, in fact, it's the only thing. Hardy, bring the other two into the boat. We'll have all the passengers together in the stern, then we can keep an eye on them. Pen, you take the tiller.'

Accordingly, Nick Tubson and Dave, with arms firmly secured, and looking much the worse for the drubbing they had received, were brought into the boat, and made to go aft.

I could not help feeling pity for these two, for, bad as they were, they had certainly saved Billy and me from a violent end.

The Coastguard stirred up Tallerman with his boot to make room for them, but he treated Nick Tubson with some respect.

'That chap's got a fist like a steam-hammer,' he confided to me. 'He caught me one under the jaw, and I thought my head was off, but I'm used to knocks. 'Tisn't the first scrap I've been in. I like a fellow who hits back, you know, or else there's no fun in it.'

There was none too much room in the boat for such a company—Hardy the Coastguard, the Gyppo, we six boys and the four prisoners—a pretty good load, bringing the boat's gunwale low in the water.

With plenty of willing hands we soon had her afloat, and threading the narrow waterways, we poled her, and passed her along by hand, as Tubson and Dave had done, taking to the oars wherever there was enough sea-room.

Twice we lost the channel, and were brought in pockets where there were no outlets, causing delay and vexation, but eventually we were clear of the maze of rocks, and out in the open sea; we then fell to with our oars in good style.

It is a wild coast with jutting headlands and submerged rocks on which the surf beats with violence, the set of the water shoreward being very strong, so I kept the boat well out to sea, trusting to my knowledge of the coast for striking the opening of the Fowey river.

(*Continued on page* 231.)

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD.

The Redbreast, or Robin—*Erithacus rubecula*—is perhaps one of the most familiar and popular of our native birds, and is specially connected with Christmas, for he is a frequent visitor to our thresholds or window-sills at this season, when his cheery song echoes on the wintry air, and we see him perched on rail, gate-post, or tree, watching the gardener, plough-

man, or woodman, in the hope of getting worms, grubs, or insects that may be brought to light by their operations.

The hen robin is not quite as brilliantly coloured as her mate, but the difference is not very striking, while the young birds in their immature speckled plumage, show their relationship to the thrush, with whom the 'American robin' is more closely connected, for he is *Turdus migratorius*, and is a bigger bird than our robin, and his breast is a much less brilliant red. There is said to be a distinct species of robin in the Canary Islands, but our own robin is found all over Europe, though it is rare in Russia and in the extreme South. It is also found in Northern Africa.

It is supposed that many Continental robins migrate to our shores for the winter, and even resident ones migrate from one part of our isles to another, and retire to woods and lonely regions to a great extent in spring, coming back to the neighbourhood of houses in the autumn and winter. Of course, a great many of these birds nest in towns, and close to houses. and at all seasons robins are very fearless of human beings.

The bright, ruddy breast has caused the robin to be connected with many legends. The most familiar is that, at the Crucifixion, this bird, which was then all brown, hovered round the Cross, trying to pluck the thorns from the Saviour's crown, and draw the cruel nails from His hands and feet, till its own soft breast was pierced and blood-stained, and as a reward it was told that it should bear evermore the marks of the sacred blood, and be regarded as the friend of man, and that at the season when we celebrate the Birth of the Christ-Child it would come unhindered to our homes, while at all seasons those who hurt or molest this bird would meet with misfortune:—

'The robin, with the red breast,
The robin and the wren,
If you take them out of their nest,
You'll never thrive again!
The robin, with the red breast,
The martin and the swallow,
If you take them out of their nests,
Ill-luck will surely follow.'

In Ireland, however, the 'droleen,' or wren, was not associated with the sacred robin; on the contrary, the latter little bird is regarded as ill-omened, and is still cruelly persecuted on St. Stephen's Day, when it is stoned to death or knocked down with a stick, and then carried about on 'the wren-bush'—a great branch of holly, ivy, or furze, adorned with ribbons, paper flowers and gay streamers, while the 'wren-boys' who bear it sing a queer doggerel rhyme, beginning:—

'The *wran*, the *wran*,
The king of all birds!
St. Stephen's Day
He was caught in the furze!'

Even the most mischievous 'gorsoon' or 'colleen' in the Green Isle spares the 'spideog' or 'robineen,' and neither kills him nor robs his mossy nest, with its pretty white, red-spotted eggs. There is an Irish legend that the bird covered the Saviour with moss to hide Him from the Jews, but the wagtail pulled it away, and ever since the latter bird has 'three drops of the Devil's blood' in its body.

An old North-country and Scotch rhyme says:—

'The robin and the wren
Are God's cock and hen!'

To this day, people may be found who consider that the wren is the hen-robin—a piece of 'Un-Natural History' perhaps due to the nursery rhyme relating the marriage of 'Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.'

In Scotland the bird is not only known as 'robin redbreast,' but also as the 'ruddock bonnie,' a name known to Chaucer, for it is the old Saxon word. Our ancestors also knew it as 'hrodbeorth' or 'hrodbright' (flame-bright), also a title of Thor.

The Welsh call him 'Bron-rhuddyn' (breast-burnt), and have a beautiful old legend which tells that the little bird flies day by day to a land of darkness, woe, and fire, the home of evil spirits, bearing in his bill a drop of water to relieve the anguish of the souls imprisoned there, flying so near the flames that his soft breast is scorched and burnt. This forms the subject of one of Whittier's poems, for the legend travelled to New England with the early settlers.

The story of 'The Babes in the Wood,' whose bodies were covered with leaves by pitying robins, reminds us of another queer old belief—that these birds covered a dead body with moss or leaves—a superstition referred to by Drayton:—

'Covering with moss the dead unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charity.'

Shakespeare, too, speaks of 'the ruddock, with charitable bill,' covering a dead body, and many other old writers refer to the belief.

Throughout our isles there is, or was, an idea that if a robin comes into a house during the summer months, or taps at the window of a sick-room, a death may be expected before Christmas.

In Scotland and Ireland, a robin coming into a house very early in the autumn is said to be a sign of a long, severe winter. As a matter of fact, the bird appears round human habitations when food becomes scarce in the woods and open fields.

The dainty little creature, with his brown wings, back, and tail, and vivid red breast, his particularly bright, full black eyes and his merry song, is almost as much a feature of old-fashioned Christmas stories, pictures and cards, as snow and ice, holly and mistletoe, roast beef and plum-pudding! His cheery warble is very sweet on a cold morning when all other birds are silent.

Various disasters are supposed to befall those who molest him; in some cases, those who kill robins or rob their nests are supposed to break their bones! Another theory is that lumps will grow in the hands of those who rob their nests, and I have heard a country boy say that his hand shook because a robin died in it! According to another version, material ill-luck follows those who kill or molest these birds.

Strange to say, somewhat similar beliefs are connected by both white people and Indians with the American robin, whose nest is spared even by naughty boys.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

VIII.—MOUNTED POLICE.

THERE are many mounted police forces in Europe, mostly very fine bodies of men, military, or semi-military in character. The Spanish Civil Guard, or *Guardias Civiles*, are among the best. Not so long ago, travelling in Spain was quite a dangerous proceeding,

that most nervous people undertook only when it could not be avoided, and then only after many preparations, leave-takings, and in fear and trembling. The country being with comparatively few railways, it was necessary to make most journeys by coach, or on horse or mule-back, and this provided many splendid opportunities to thieves and brigands to make rich hauls, as

The Spanish Civil Guard attacking a brigands' lair.

in the 'Stand and deliver' days, in the England of days now happily gone by.

The Spanish highwayman was particularly ungentle in his methods, for instead of making the time-honoured request to the unhappy traveller to stand and deliver up his possessions, he would usually fire first, and then rob his victim. Wealthy travellers were often kidnapped and held to ransom, securely hidden away in a wild mountain lair, or some other hiding-place. Should their friends or relatives not be willing to promptly pay the heavy ransom demanded for their release, they were tortured or killed.

In some, indeed many parts of Spain, kidnapping was a regular trade or profession, the kidnappers, or *sequestradores*, working in large, well-armed bands, having their headquarters in some almost inaccessible spot in the wild mountain districts. They terrorised the surrounding country, and few dared to brave their anger and give any information concerning them, or guide the troops during their occasional raids, for the vengeance of the outlaws would be terrible. Usually, they were left pretty well undisturbed, for even the soldiers did not particularly relish attacking them in their easily defended stronghold.

In league with the inn-keepers and peasants, and with their spies in neighbouring towns, they soon obtained information about intending travellers, and were thus able to lay their plans for capturing them, likewise they would soon hear of any movements of troops or armed escorts.

To such an extent was this nefarious trade carried on, and so numerous and daring were the criminals, that in 1845 the Civil Guard was established, its chief duties being to patrol the highways, protect travellers, and make a serious attempt to put down brigandage.

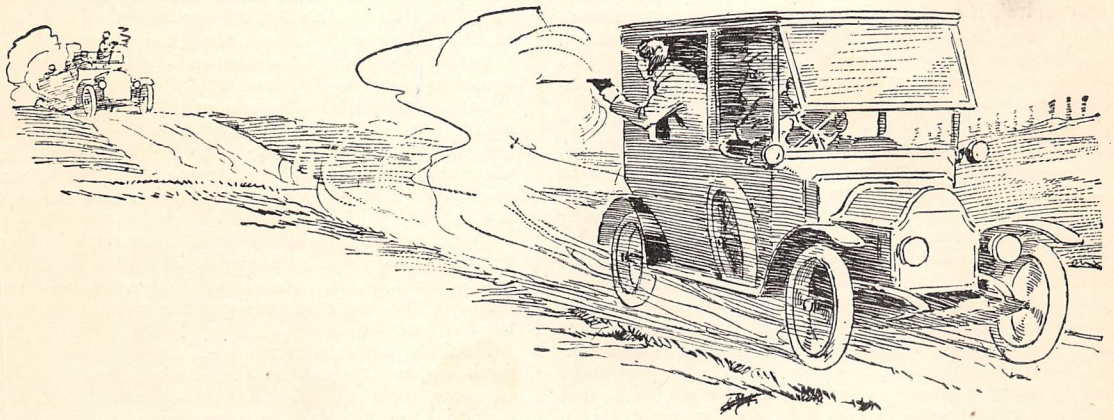
1. French Gendarme in undress uniform.
2 and 3. Italian Carabinieri in full dress and with cape.
4. Spanish Civil Guard in full dress.
5. Civil Guards escorting prisoners.

TO THE RESCUE.

The Italian Carabinieri at work: Searching a Village.

To break up the brigands' gangs was no easy matter, for many parts of Spain are wild, desolate, and sparsely inhabited, and the *secuestradores* elusive and difficult to trap, but the guards persevered, and gradually reduced the number of robberies and attacks on travellers.

The suppression of kidnapping was a particularly difficult undertaking, for often enough the kidnappers, when pursued, would murder their prisoner in cold blood, so the Civil Guards, when in pursuit of such a gang, would find themselves in a most unenviable position, for to continue the pursuit of the hard-pressed



A Motor Pursuit.

bands might mean the sudden death of the unhappy prisoner.

Still, in the end, the forces of law and order had the best of the argument, with the result that the countryside is now comparatively safe.

The Civil Guard are scattered all over Spain in pairs or squads, and always patrol in couples. A military force, they are fine-looking men, and their old-fashioned uniform, with a heavy Spanish cloak over all, is most picturesque.

Not all are mounted, indeed the majority are not, but it is the horsemen that are the best known and that did most of the work of suppressing brigandage. Two of these foot-guards used invariably to travel on every train to guard the passengers from attack at some lonely wayside station, or desolate part of the country. When the train stopped at a station, they would alight and solemnly patrol up and down until the signal went for a resumption of the journey.

The *Guardias Civiles* have far greater power than is the case with most police forces, indeed their power is almost absolute, and it reflects great credit on them that they never, or rarely, misuse their authority, and if they do, it is not the peaceable citizen that suffers, but the criminal, which, after all, is as it should be.

A similar force to the Spanish Civil Guard exists in Italy: the *Carabinieri* are a justly famous force, and look extremely smart in their old-fashioned cocked hats, dark blue tail-coats and trousers. Besides patrolling the country roads, the task of putting down brigandage fell to them.

As in most of the Southern European countries, brigandage has been very rife in Italy, more particularly so in the south, and in the two islands, Sicily and Sardinia. It was indeed, at one time, not safe to venture far from the walls of some of the island towns.

The *Carabinieri*, largely recruited from Northern Italians, were less susceptible to local influences than the ordinary police, and undertook the suppression of outlaw bands with enthusiasm and success. They have had many a stiff fight with the evildoers, with casualties on both sides, and in spite of the assistance the brigands obtain from the peasants, and their intimate knowledge of mountain passes and paths, the trained men usually surmount all difficulties and succeed in the end.

Not so long ago, the country, even a few miles from the capital, Rome, was not over-safe, not so much from the depredations of large bands, as from isolated armed robbers, and one would, at frequent intervals, meet two of these fine military policemen, patrolling, or, in the hills, stationed on foot, rifle in hand.

The South of Italy is the home of many criminal secret societies, such as the *Mafia* and the *Black Hand*, societies of almost unlimited power and thousands of members. They add greatly to their strength by having members amongst all classes, so that those endeavouring to deal with them have to proceed with extreme prudence and caution, for the very officials that should be doing their best to hunt them down may be members themselves, and will be certain to warn their comrades of any danger that is afoot, and of any steps that are contemplated for the purpose of bringing them to book.

Their spy system is, in consequence, nearly perfect, and their vengeance on a traitor or informer swift and pitiless, so that few dare to assist the authorities to stamp out this serious evil.

The man who receives a notice to pay up so much without delay, prefers to comply and say nothing, rather than live in fear of the punishment that he knows will, sooner or later, overtake him or his family.

It is the regular police and detective force that have to deal with this serious evil. They are handicapped for the reasons already mentioned, even members of their own force being in league with the criminals, so it is not a matter for surprise that the latter have so often escaped.

These societies operate mostly in the towns, such as Naples, but they do not disdain to make their presence felt in the country districts, and here the *Carabinieri* act with their usual vigour, and do their best, regardless of danger to themselves, to stamp out this evil.

Though the power of the criminal societies has been considerably reduced, they, and their branches in other countries, more particularly in the United States, are still in existence and a very real danger.

Most people quite incorrectly speak of the French policeman as a *Gendarme*, which is a mistake, for the town policeman, that many of us have seen directing the traffic, or patrolling the streets on foot or cycle, is the *Sergent-de-ville*, or *Sergot*, as he is slangily called.

The *Gens d'armes*, literally 'Men of arms,' are the fine police corps, military in character, stationed in small detachments all over the country. A force of picked men, wearing, when in full dress, a large cocked hat, and carrying sword and carbine, the French *Gendarme* has far less onerous duties to perform than his comrades in Spain and Italy, for in France brigandage has been suppressed years ago, and the mounted policeman's duties are now on a par with those of own County Police.

The life of a mounted policeman is far more pleasant than that of a foot constable and the pay is higher; it is therefore always easy not only to obtain recruits, but recruits of a very good class, anxious to join the force.

Nowadays, policemen that are not on foot are not necessarily mounted on horseback, for in order to cope with up-to-date law-breakers, cycles, motor-cycles, and motor-cars have been pressed into use. For giving chase to reckless drivers of cars, who, after knocking down a pedestrian, or causing a collision, speed callously away, a swift police-car has been found very effective, as also have motor-cycles. So much so, that in some large cities in Europe, and more particularly in America, motor-cyclists are stationed along the important roads, ready to give chase at a moment's notice to motorists ignoring the speed-limit rules.

In many cases, cars have been essential for the pursuit of criminals, likewise in cars, such as the Bonnot gang in France, for a car-load of police can get from place to place far more rapidly than by horse or train, so at headquarters, in most large cities, cars are kept in readiness.

The French police have for a long time had cycle patrols, riding in pairs through the streets in doubtful neighbourhoods, and when they hear a brawl or cries for help, they can reach the spot far more rapidly than the foot patrols.

Mobility becomes more and more important, and doubtless, as time goes on, the number of men, mounted in some form or other, will be increased in most countries to cope with the increasing mobility of those it is their duty to watch and capture.

W. Herbert Holloway.

NOT ASHAMED TO ASK.

'HOW is it that you have attained so high a degree of knowledge?' was the question once put to an Eastern sage.

'My son,' answered the wise man, 'my knowledge has come to me in a way that thou canst easily follow What I knew not, I was not ashamed to ask about, and by this means have gathered much wisdom.'

SPRING IS WAKING.

SPRING is waking from her sleep,
Where on mosses green she lies,
In a valley fair and deep,
Spring is waking from her sleep.
See! the golden sunbeams creep
Gently o'er her opening eyes,
Spring is waking from her sleep,
Where on mosses green she lies!

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By EDNA LAKE.

(Continued from page 211.)

'I SAY, will you have a little water?' asked Humphrey, who was feeling rather at his wits' end. What ought they to do for the boy? He had spoken of chloroform, and the red patches on his face suggested that he had been given an anæsthetic. All at once, Humphrey remembered that any one who has had an anæsthetic, ought to lie flat. 'Here, you'd better lie down for a bit,' he said. 'Nora, run and get a little water in this bottle. It is clean, but rinse it out.'

As he spoke, Humphrey took a small bottle out of one of his pockets, and gave it to Nora. Then he helped the boy to lie down flat on the ground. 'Now you'll be better in a brace of shakes,' he said cheerfully. 'See, Billy, you might as well just run and shut the door of that shed. We will leave it as we found it.'

'No, you won't. I shall not be in it,' came the unexpected rejoinder from the boy on the ground. He was feeling better already for the fresh air, which had at first made him feel dizzy and sick.

He drank the water that Nora brought, and then lay for a little longer, resting, and looking up dreamily at the branches of the tree under which he was lying.

The others were longing to hear his story—for surely he had one to tell—and they were also eager to go on with the search for Tickato, but nothing could be done just yet. When he was better, the boy would no doubt speak.

Humphrey drew Billy aside, and said quietly, 'Do you think that you and Nora could find your way back to the camp, if he is not ready to be moved for a time? One of us must stay with him, and I think I ought to be the one to do that, in case whoever put him in that shed comes back.'

'Oh, Humphrey, can't we all go back?' cried Nora in dismay. It was too dreadful to think of Humphrey staying there with the sick boy. Both of them might be spirited away.

'Well, we will see in a little while. He looks better, but it is rather a tramp back, and he may not be fit for much for some time,' came the reply.

They went back to where the boy lay on the ground. His face had lost its deathly pallor, and he was looking much more alive. He greeted them with a smile. 'Well, what about it? Do you mean to stop here all day, or what?' he asked.

'We are only staying here on your account. We can't leave you, and you aren't fit to walk just yet, are you?' asked Humphrey.

'Yes, I can toddle a little way, I guess. Say, who are you, and how did you come to happen along just when you were most needed?' asked the boy.

Humphrey explained who they were, and why they happened to be in that part of the wood.

The stranger gave a low whistle when Humphrey told of Tickato's disappearance. 'Say, but this is a queer sort of place isn't it?' he inquired. 'You'll be wondering who I am, and how I came to be here, but if you are wanting to get a move on, I'll put off telling my yarn till later on. I guess I can go a bit now. But I'll introduce myself first: David Orlando Chalmers, very much at your service.'

As the boy pronounced his name, he tried to make a bow, but he was sitting down, and it hardly came off.

'How much?' inquired Humphrey, taken aback by the high-sounding Orlando.

'Oh, it's all right. I'm David O. for all practical purposes,' came the reply. 'Ever heard of me?' The boy turned a rather amused eye on his listeners as he put the question.

There was a general shaking of heads.

'Though we ought—with that name,' said Nora.

David Orlando bowed again. 'You ought,' he agreed. Well, I'm worth a pretty good few dollars in my country. Rather a priceless thing in boys, to tell you the truth. My father was the Chalmers of steel—you may know about him?'—once more the boy turned to Humphrey, who nodded now.

'Yes, of course. I suppose most people have heard of him,' he returned. 'Your pater, did you say?'

'Yes, my very own. He died a couple of years ago, though, and I am worth all his dollars, and precious little else—at present. It's my dollars got me into this fix. But I'll tell you later. See here, can you give me a hand?'

The boy struggled to his feet, with help from Billy and Humphrey. He was still rather white and shaken-looking, and it seemed doubtful if he could do the long walk back to camp.

'Lean on me. I can help you along, and we will have a few rests on the way,' said Humphrey, and off the little procession started. Time had been passing rapidly, and it was now well after twelve o'clock. They were due back at the camp, but it was no use to worry about that.

'But when we are a bit nearer, you and Billy had better tear on, and tell Janet and Martin; they will be worried,' said Humphrey to the other two.

David Orlando protested that he was a nuisance. 'Just leave me to find the way alone,' he said. 'I shall manage it in time,' But of this Humphrey would not hear.

'Anything might happen,' he said. 'Besides, there is really no need. 'Nora and Billy can go on alone, and we can follow. I do wonder if they have found Tickato.'

(*Continued on page* 226.)

"'Do you mean to stop here all day, or what?'"

"Mascot was very lame, but delighted to see them."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 223.)

WHEN they were near enough to the camping-place, Nora and Billy went on ahead, and being unhampered by the invalid boy, made the rest of the journey in record time, not stopping to say anything to one another of the strange adventure they had had.

'We shall be longer if we talk,' Nora had said, and Billy agreed.

'Only I do hope they have found her,' he said, alluding to Tickato.

'Of course,' jerked out Nora, as they raced along the winding paths that seemed longer than ever now.

At the camp they found Janet and Martin anxiously awaiting them, but no sign of Tickato. Billy's heart seemed to sink right down into his boots when he saw that the two searchers were alone.

Janet's first words were, 'Oh, isn't she with you? But where is Humphrey?'

The story was soon told, and Billy begged for theirs.

'There isn't anything to tell,' said Janet. 'We searched, and that's all. We did not see anything of her. Oh, what must we do? I think we had better go down to the village at once, and try to find out there. Some one must have seen her.'

'Yes, but we must wait till Humphrey and David O. get here,' said Nora.

'How strange—finding that American boy in the shed,' said Janet, her attention taken for the moment from Tickato's loss.

'Wish I'd been there,' said Martin ruefully.

'We don't know how he got there. He'll tell us that later,' said Billy. 'But Janet, Martin, do look! What is that thing over there?' As he spoke, he pointed away towards the edge of the wood. Something was moving there—something small and white, and it was coming slowly towards them.

'Why, it's Mascot. It is—I am sure it is!' cried Nora, and at her words they all sprang to their feet and rushed towards the white object that was coming so slowly towards them.

It was indeed Mascot. When he saw the children he tried to run, but he could not. Something was the matter with one of his hind legs.

'Oh, poor dear! He must have gone hunting, and got caught in a trap!' cried Janet.

'Or hurt with something else. Oh, Janet, his poor leg! It is all covered with blood!' cried Nora, as they got closer to the dog.

Mascot was very lame, but delighted to see them. He licked the hands of every one who was sufficiently near to be licked, and he did not utter one protest when Janet tenderly examined his bad leg.

'Why, it must have been shot I think!' she cried. 'See, there is a little hole this side. Whatever it was, it went right through it.'

This was true. There was the tiny wound, made by fine shot, and it went right through one of Mascot's hind legs. He was weak from loss of blood, and of course the wound was very painful. Besides this, he was very dusty, and looked as if he had been in some dirty places.

'Poaching, and shut up by keepers. There are pheasants in these woods,' said Janet, as she gently picked up the dog, and they all went back to the caravan. Here some warm water was brought, and the leg bathed. That was all they could do for the present.

'But when the others come, we simply must go to the village at once, and try to find out where Tickato is,' said Janet as they got a meal ready. 'It is too dreadful for anything, having her lost like this. And it is getting so late. What is the right time, Martin?'

'Half-past one,' came the reply.

'I think we had better have our dinner, and not wait for Humphrey and that boy,' said Janet at last, when two o'clock had come and there was still no sign of Humphrey.

'Yes, and then some of us might go down to the village—don't you think so?' asked Martin.

But Janet said no to this. She felt they were safer all together.

'We might have some more disappearances if we separated,' she said, trying to get up a smile.

But when four o'clock came, and there was still no sign of Humphrey and the American boy, she felt that something ought to be done.

'Oh, it will be night, and Tickato not found,' she said with something very like despair showing on her usually bright face.

CHAPTER XIV.

'How stupid of us! We ought to have gone to look for them. Perhaps that boy you found has been taken ill, and Humphrey can't leave him,' said Janet, in reply to a suggestion from Nora that they might have gone back for the other two.

'We have been so busy thinking about Tickato that we forgot everything else,' said Martin. 'Still, I may as well just trot off now, if——'

But the sentence was not finished, for just at that moment Billy called out that some one was coming. 'And it is Humphrey. I can see his blazer. It shows up a lot,' he cried.

'What a blessing!' exclaimed Janet thankfully, and they all left the camp and went to meet the two boys, who were walking quite briskly.

'Sorry we are so late, but we sat down to have a rest, because David here felt so rotten, and I'm hanged if we didn't both go off to sleep,' shouted Humphrey, when they were close enough to make talking possible.

'Oh, so that was it! We were awfully worried, thinking something dreadful had happened to you,' said Janet.

'Just fancy your being asleep, when we were imagining all sorts of horrors,' said Nora.

'Sorry we can't oblige you with thrills. But we are most fearfully hungry,' said Humphrey, and then he looked grave, as he asked, 'No news of Tickato, I suppose?'

'No, nothing at all. We didn't see a trace of her. I should have gone off to the village, to make inquiries there, only you and David had not come back, and one felt it was better to stay at the camp,' said Janet, as they turned and walked back to the caravan. As they went, Humphrey told again of how they had gone to sleep, and had slept so soundly that they had not even dreamed.

'But I'm sorry you all had the worry of wondering what had happened,' he said. 'Now, as soon as we've had something to eat, I will shoot off down to the village and see if there is any news of Tickato there. If only Mr. Norbury would turn up now——'

'Mr. Norbury? A naturalist?' asked David Orlando, who had been rather silent up till now.

'Rather! Do you happen to know him?' Martin it was who put this question.

The American nodded his head several times. Then he said slowly, 'One of the very best. Met him a couple of years ago, at my home. He was on an expedition of some sort with Uncle Francis, and they both looked us up. It was just before my pater died.'

The boy's voice held a note of sadness, which Janet was quick to feel.

'I am so glad that Humphrey found you,' she said, 'and it is lovely that you know Uncle Opportune. He had been with us a lot, but yesterday he had to go off in a hurry to see a friend who is ill. Just think! It was only about this time yesterday that he went! What ages and ages it seems!'

'Because of all the bothers of one sort and another. But this about Tickato is the worst we've had so far,' said Humphrey as they all sat down to have the tea which had been ready for an hour at least. The children were all too much excited and worried to linger over the meal. Even the American seemed to share in the general excitement. Martin asked for his story, but he said that it would have to wait, at least, till Tickato was found.

(*Continued on page* 238.)

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

V.—THE GRAND TOUR.

IN mediæval times—the times of pilgrimage and crusade—foreign travel was a duty. Then it became a business, and later, an education; while nowadays, to many people it is merely an amusement, and they look upon Europe—or they did before the war—as a great playground, where summer holidays may be spent and winter sports enjoyed.

Our ancestors, however, took things much more seriously, and, in the seventeenth century, a journey to the Continent was an arduous and important affair, which could not be undertaken without due preparation and consideration. In earlier times still, a man rarely set out on any journey unless he were obliged to do so, but when Elizabeth came to the throne, and there was peace between France and England, conditions began to improve.

It soon became fashionable for people to want to see something of the world, and the boys were sent abroad when they had finished their University courses at Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed, three hundred years ago no young gentleman's education was considered to be really complete unless he had made what was called 'The Grand Tour.'

This Grand Tour would not, perhaps, seem very grand to modern travellers who go to Paris for week-ends—by aeroplane, it may be—and embark lightly for a voyage round the world; but in those days, when ships and coaches were the only means of conveyance, even a short journey was something of an adventure, and Switzerland, Italy, and Spain were unknown lands. The Tour usually began with Paris, and looking back through the centuries, past the crowds of modern trippers, with their skates and tennis-rackets and red guide-books, we seem to see discreet companies of travellers—young men accompanied by staid, elderly tutors—crossing the Channel on what we should consider most uncomfortable vessels, making their way in lumbering carriages along the straight, poplar-shaded roads of northern France, and, after several days of dust and jolting, looking out eagerly for a first glimpse—not of the Eiffel Tower, but of the spire of St. Denis and the sturdy twin towers of Notre Dame.

On leaving Paris the route generally led southward over the mountain passes into Italy, where Venice, Florence, Naples, and, of course, Rome were visited. The Eternal City, indeed, was often the goal of the journey, but sometimes more wealthy and more enterprising tourists went further afield and explored Spain, Portugal, and even Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt.

The Grand Tourists, it must be noted, did not care much for beautiful scenery, and one traveller describes the Pyrenees as being 'less high and hideous than the Alps.' Cities and buildings, works of art, and antiquities were what they had left England to see, and many letters describing places that had been visited and admired were dispatched to stay-at-home friends and relations. From these letters, and from the journals which many of the young men kept, we can learn what the travellers did and what they saw in the strange foreign lands through which they passed.

There is a quaint old book called *Instructions and Directions for Forren Travel* that was published in the reign of Elizabeth, and it shows us what a very important matter a trip abroad was in those Tudor days.

'The first country that it is most requisite for the English to visit is France,' the writer begins; and then, having explained the difficulties and beauties of the French language, 'a bold and hardy speech,' he declares that, 'being come to France, the traveller's best course will be to retire to some University,' where the language may be carefully and leisurely studied.

It is not many present-day travellers who could afford the time or the money for this programme, so we will pick up another old volume and accompany its author, Mr. Thomas Coryat, a more homely tourist, on his journeys. This gentleman visited Paris, which must have been a very different place from the splendid city of to-day, for he describes it as an unkempt and unsavoury capital, and declares that its ancient name of Lutetia was derived from the Latin word *Lutum*, meaning dirt, 'Because some of the streetes are the dirtiest that ever I saw in my life.'

From Paris Coryat went on into Italy, noticing on his way the wooden shoes for sale in the shops, and the house windows at Lyons, which were made of paper instead of glass. On reaching Italy he was surprised to find people using forks at their meals, instead of eating the food simply with knife and fingers—as was, evidently, still the fashion at home in England. In Venice the wine seemed to the tourist to be expensive, although a good draught could be obtained for a halfpenny; and he was much impressed with the Doges' Palace and with 'a marvellous faire pair of gallowes, made of alabaster, which serve no purpose but to hang the Duke, whensoever he shall happen to commit any treason against the State.'

Coryat also noticed—as any tourist may notice to-day—the curious old clock over the entrance to the Merceria in St. Mark's Square, with its two brass figures of wild men, that strike the hours with hammers on a large bell, and he describes a 'very tragical accident' which occurred during his stay in Venice, when 'a certain

fellow, who had charge of the clock,' being busy mending something that was amiss with the bell, one of the wild men struck him on the head with his brazen hammer, giving him such a violent blow that 'therewith he fell down dead presently in the place and never spoke again.'

Coryat rather prudently remarks after telling this Traveller's Tale, 'Surely I will not justifie this for an undoubted truth, because I saw it not, for I was at that time in the Duke's palace, observing other matters.'

Another seventeenth-century traveller, who also visited Italy, was George Sandys. His journal begins at Venice, and from there he sailed down the Adriatic, stopping at Corfu and other of the Greek islands. Sandys evidently considered that places near home, which other travellers had described, were unworthy of his notice, and the greater part of his book is concerned with his experiences in Turkey and the Near East. He returned to Europe by way of Malta and the Straits of Messina, spending some time at Naples, from which city he made many excursions.

One of these trips was to the famous Grotto di Cane, where, as our modern guide-books tell us, 'the ground being impregnated with carbonic acid gas, dogs are rendered insensible in a few seconds by fumes.'

Another interesting illustration in this old book shows Vesuvius with a dome-shaped summit, as it was before the great eruption of 1631, and Sandys informs his readers that the mountain is now called Somma, having lost its name of Vesuvius (meaning a fire) with the cause for which it was given.

A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

A Draughts Board made of Sand, as used by the Arabs.

"A procession on tip-toe crept down the staircase."

THE MIDNIGHT CAMP.

(*Continued from page* 212.)

WE all rushed back to the wilderness after tea and talked it well over. Jack was to warn us when a suitable moment came; we were all to creep silently down to the garden-room, which had an easy window, open it, and crawl out.

It sounded very nice in the daylight, and we got quite excited; but when night came and it grew darker and darker, I could not help hoping that Jack would forget about the camp, or be too sleepy when the time came.

I am sure that night I had only been asleep two minutes when I felt a sense of suffocation, and opened my eyes to see, by the light of a big moon which was looking in at the window, Jack standing by the bed with his hand over my mouth, softly pulling my hair.

'Quick!' he whispered, with an anxious glance at the door of Nurse's room, which was a crack open. 'Get dressed and come down. It is the very night for the camp.'

We managed to wake Patricia, and while Jack stole away to unlock the door of the garden-room and open the window, we tumbled into our clothes, and very soon a ghost-like procession on tip-toe crept down the great staircase, across the moonlit hall, and out on to the terrace.

'Are we all here?' whispered Jack.

'N—no,' I said, shivering a little. 'Where's Hugh?'

'Oh, he said he'd got tooth-ache and wouldn't come,' said Jack. 'I'm afraid he was frightened.'

The world looked very strange by moonlight—much more so than it does when only seen through the window. Everything was so still, and the warm breeze which rustled every now and then sounded like footsteps. I did not half like the adventure, and would have given worlds to have been safely back in bed; but Jack and Patricia seemed to enjoy it, and I could not say I was afraid.

We crept down to the wilderness and played camp for a little, but it was not so successful as it had been by daylight, in spite of old Macpherson.

'Jack,' said Patricia suddenly, pausing in the war-dance which was taking place round the stone of sacrifice, 'I'm going back to bed. It's naughty to be out here—Nurse wouldn't like it.'

She spoke jerkily, as she always does when she has been making up her mind about a thing for some time and has just managed it.

Jack stopped dead, and his face grew scarlet with disappointment. 'I believe you're funking,' he said.

Patricia drew herself up—she can look very dignified, even in curl-papers. 'I'm not,' she said. 'But I'm sure we are being naughty, and I am going back to bed.'

'All right,' said Jack; 'go, then, and spoil the whole camp. I think it's mean and horrid of you.'

'I don't mean it horridly,' said Patricia, 'and I think we had better all go.'

'Frightened of the dark,' remarked Jack.

Patricia turned her back upon him and walked away towards the house. We stood gazing after her; then I turned to Jack.

'I believe she is right,' I said. 'We never ought to have come. Do let's all go back, Jack; it isn't half so nice as in the day, and we can't let her go all that way alone.'

'*I'm* not afraid,' said Jack, 'and I don't see anything wrong in it.'

He planted his foot upon the stone of sacrifice, and the obstinate look came into his face.

'You go too if you're afraid,' he added. 'I'm going to stay and have a camp by myself.'

'No,' I coaxed, 'I don't want to go without you—do come.'

I think he was on the point of relenting, for he is a very good boy really, although he is obstinate and takes a lot of persuading; but just then something happened.

We were standing under the larches on top of the bank just above the sandy lane when, looking down, I saw a man approaching from the far end. He did not come straight along, but seemed to slink among the shadows, and close behind him was another.

Jack and I clutched each other and watched in breathless silence while the pair pushed open the little gate in the opposite wall and entered the garden of The Cedars.

'What can they be wanting?' I whispered. 'Nurse said the house was shut up and under police protection.'

'I expect they are protecting it,' Jack replied. 'Let's stalk them. I don't think it would hurt to play camp just a minute longer. Come on,' and he immediately began to slide down the bank.

I cannot say I felt so keen about it as he did, but he was already half-way across the lane, so of course I followed.

We pushed open the gate and peeped cautiously in. There was not a sound, but in the moonlight we saw the two men walking quickly up a long straight path towards the house. We followed at a distance, hiding behind the bushes, and at last came to a halt among the laurels and rhododendrons which edged the terrace.

(*Concluded on page* 235.)

THE ROBBER.

I AM hoarding heaps of money,
And a bank my treasure holds;
Just a grassy bank, and sunny,
For my coins are marigolds.

Soon a fortune I'd be making,
For my treasure grows and grows,
But a thief—the Wind—comes shaking—
Presto! *off* my fortune goes!

LILIAN HOLMES.

A GREAT EXPLOSION.

IN the year 1772, the powder-mills at Hounslow blew up, and the effects of the explosion were so great as to cause much talk in London, in consequence of which many extraordinary stories were related. Foote being in a coffee-room, where the conversation turned upon this subject, heard a young ensign of the Guards declare that as he sat to have his hair dressed in his apartments in St. James's Street, his servant and himself were thrown, by the force of the explosion, out of the dining-room into the bed-chamber, where they broke a looking-glass to pieces.

The story was smiled at as an exaggeration; but Foote immediately said he was not at all surprised at it, for he himself was forced *forty feet* from the place where he sat at breakfast by the shock he received at the explosion.

'Aye, sir,' said the ensign, 'that was very strange indeed!'

'Not at all, sir,' replied Foote, 'for on finding the room shake, I ran downstairs into the street to inquire what was the matter!'

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,
Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 218.)

WE had made the Microbe as snug as possible under the little deck at the bow, where he was out of the wind; he was wet through and was shivering.

I wondered what his people would say to the night's work; they're great swells—the Trevelyans of Tregwell Court. His father is an M.P., and a J.P., and I don't know what besides; they are one of the oldest families in the county.

The Microbe is a good little chap and has plenty of pluck. Hardy fixed him up fine—wonderful fellows some of these sailors. You wouldn't think a great knock-down chap like Hardy could be so gentle.

He and Dicky were having a spell of rest. Treagus and the Gyppo having taken the oars, Dicky came aft, stepping over the legs of the prisoners and curled himself up in the stern seat beside me—luxurious beggar, he had an eye to the soft cushion at my back. He had had a rough time, so I let him have it.

I wanted to pick a bone with Dicky, so when he had made himself comfy, I said, 'Say, old fellow, how did you escape from the store?'

'Oh,' he replied, 'a friend of mine punched some holes in the side, and began to work at it with a saw, but he took fright and bolted.'

'So would you,' said I, 'if you had a fellow blazing into you with a shot-gun. But how did you get out?'

'Well, I rammed the place you began on with a post I had found. It wasn't a workmanlike job. The boards were jagged, and caught my trousers leg, and there I hung head-downward, and there I might have been till now, or till Nick Tubson came and put me out of my misery, but for Darby yonder. We looked about for you, but you'd scooted—attack of nerves I suppose.'

'I got a shot in the leg,' I said by way of excuse.

'Never knew a shot in the leg made a fellow run so fast,' said Dicky. 'However, Darby and I got away all right.'

There was a moment's pause, as I found no reply: I was not feeling very proud of my adventure at Bodinnick.

'Never mind, Pen,' continued Dicky, 'things don't always work out according to time-table. I shouldn't be sitting here now had it not been for you, and that's a fact. Only fancy you and Bully being taken on board the U-boat! I'd have given anything to have been with you. What was it like down below?'

'We had an awful time,' I replied. 'The commander spoke of shooting us as spies—an awful time, but I don't think I ought to speak of it; Bully and I are prisoners of war on parole. We have solemnly given our word of honour to take no part in the war by deed or word, and to give no information about the submarine—there was no choice between that and being taken to Germany. So it's all over with war work for us.'

'Phew! but I saw you punching into that German pretty briskly, just now.'

'Yes,' I admitted, 'but that wasn't war work, that was Coast Defence.'

Dicky laughed till the tears stood in his eyes.

'Glad you get some amusement out of it,' I said. 'I don't see where the laugh comes in.'

'You have got the funniest conscience I've met,' he said, still laughing. 'You pretty well smashed that German's hand, and you call it Coast Defence.'

'Well, I saw Treagus was getting the worst of it, and that raving maniac had a pistol in his hand, and I knew he'd use it—he had already fired three shots at Bully and me—so I knocked it up and punched into him. That comes under Coast Defence, I say. Treagus is a coast-watcher, coast-watching is for coast defence. If I fight to protect a coast-watcher, that comes under Coast Defence. And besides, we were on parole, and the German ought not to have gone for us.'

Dicky doubled himself up with laughter. I didn't see much to laugh at and felt a bit crusty. 'Who's that Coastguard?' I inquired—'Hardy you call him. Where did he drop from?'

'I picked him up in Fowey,' replied Dicky, airily; 'I had some little business in Fowey. I 'phoned the O.C. at Devonport.'

''Phoned the what?'

'The O.C.—Officer in Command at Devonport.'

'Get out!'

'Fact. Told him there was a German submarine off the Chimneys, and gave him a little information about T. and Co. Ah, my boy, we haven't finished the game yet. Hardy is the only man I could get at the Coast-guard Station, all the others are away. We came down to Porson's Hole, by a way I know, to give the boys a hand. These cushions make me feel drowsy, Pen. I haven't slept well the last few nights owing to rats and housebreakers; I'll take forty winks. You haven't such a thing as an eider-down quilt in the boat, I suppose, or a couple of sacks might do.'

'No,' I said. 'Microbe has got everything we could lay hands on; he's wet through to the skin.'

'All right; wake me up if anything happens.'

The words were scarcely out of Dicky's mouth when a heavy report out at sea caused us to start.

'Guns!' cried several voices. Report followed report in rapid succession. Flicks of light were visible in the bank of black cloud that obscured the horizon. The boat came to a stand-still: all eyes were straining into the darkness in the direction of the gun-fire. No object was distinguishable, only the spiteful flicker of the guns could be seen.

Hardy started up in excitement, exclaiming, 'They've got her, I do believe—good boys—give it her—give it her. Oh, my stars! why did I put in for a shore billet?'

Dicky, with head stretched forward, was glaring into the darkness. 'They've got her,' he muttered. 'Yes, they've got her.'

'Let's pull nearer and get a sight of them,' cried Bully.

'No,' said Treagus, shortly.

'Just a little bit nearer,' pleaded Bully. 'I fancy I can see something—I say, what's that?'

A muffled roar, at no great distance, seemed to make the air shake.

'That's a snorter,' cried the Microbe; 'something's burst.'

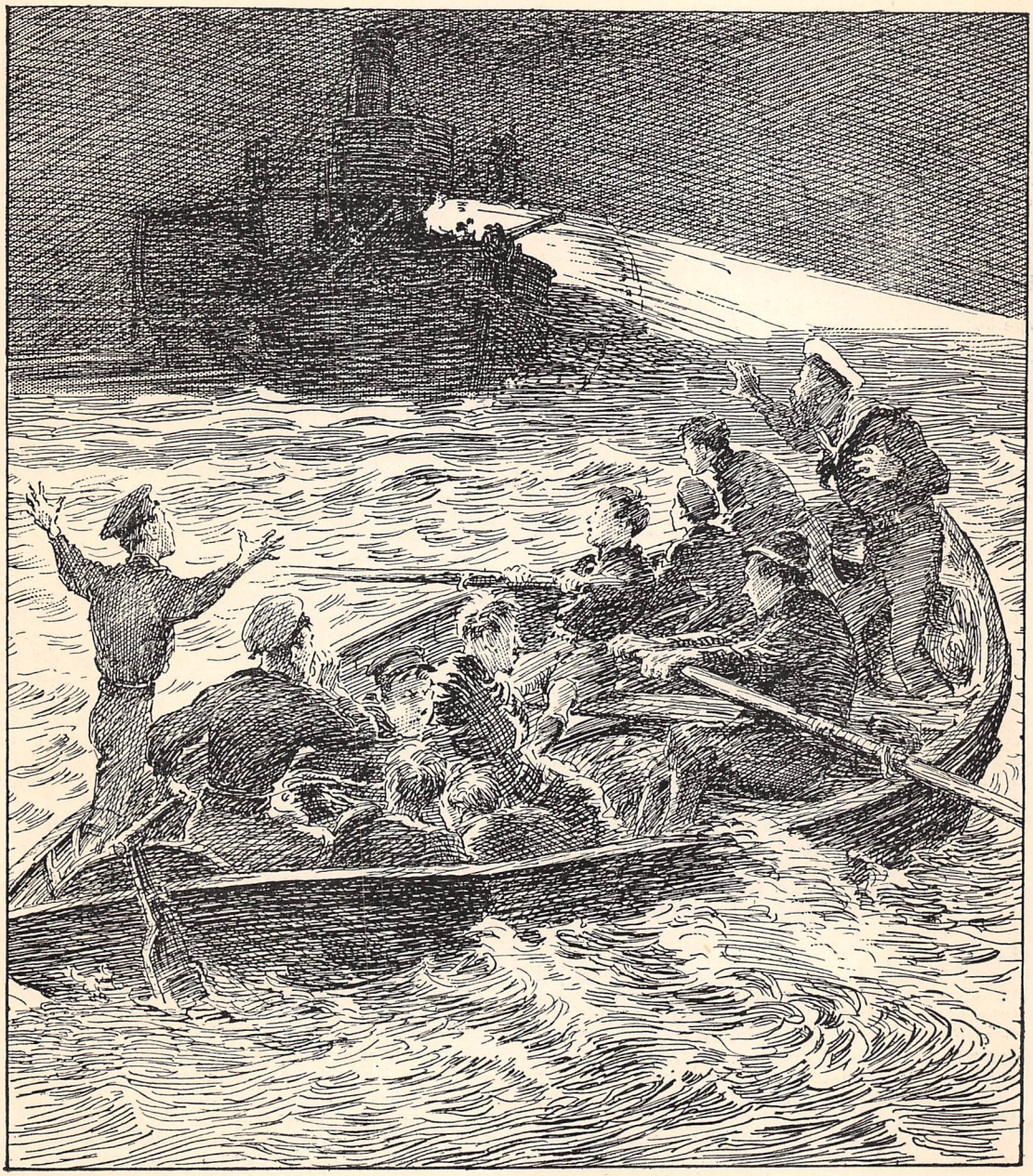
'A depth charge,' said Dicky, breathlessly.

'I can see something like a black stroke,' cried a voice from the bow.

'Destroyer,' said Hardy.

(*Continued on page* 234.)

"He was wet through and was shivering."



"'Pull for all you are worth, or we shall be run down.'"

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 231.)

ALL eyes were fixed on the spot, endeavouring to make out the form of the war-ship—all eyes but Dicky's, which, being set wide apart in his head, seemed to enable him to see all ways at once. 'Look out, boys!' he cried, springing to his feet. 'Pull, pull for all you are worth, or we shall be run down.' The great black mass of a steamer was looming out of the obscurity, bearing down upon us on the port side and threatening to cut us in two.

'Yell, boys, yell,' cried Dicky. 'Now then—all together—yell.' And yell we did, in all keys, to our utmost pitch, Treagus and I wildly flashing our torches the while.

Either our voices carried, or the men on board saw our lights—the black monster slowed down, and we scuttled from under her bows. A blinding light now swept the waters about us, and a voice hailed us through a megaphone: 'Hillo there! What boat's that? Come alongside.'

The light played on us steadily, exploring every inch of the boat. As we drew near, I heard voices on the bridge summing us up—'Rummy lot—boat-load of boys and four chaps lying in the stern like sardines.'

The vessel was not the monster our imagination had painted; she was a clumsy paddle-steamer, as harmless-looking as a ferry-boat, had it not been for the quick-firing guns mounted fore and aft. Hardy caught a rope thrown from her stern, and keeping clear of her paddles we came alongside.

'Steady on there,' cried a bulky figure leaning over the rail, 'else you'll get your boat stove in. Who's in command of this beanfeast?—you'd better come aboard and give an account of yourselves.'

Treagus found a footing and was helped on board, whilst the steamer, still going slowly ahead, towed us in her wake. Scarcely five minutes elapsed before Dicky and I were called, and scrambling up the side and across a rather untidy deck we joined Treagus in a small deck-cabin and stood face to face with the commander—a brisk, youngish-looking man in lieutenant's uniform.

'Now,' said he, 'I have little time to spare—just tell me who you are, what you are doing in that boat, and who those men are triced up in the stern; now let me have it in as few words as possible.'

Treagus gave a brief account of ourselves and our adventures, the officer making a few shrewd inquiries and jotting down a few notes. 'This is the young fellow who 'phoned the O.C.,' he said, turning to Dicky—'very smart, but I can't go into the matter now—information seems to have been correct.' Then addressing me: 'You were taken on board the U-boat—Penwarden, you said, John Penwarden—lively experience, wasn't it? You have cause to be thankful that you got out of her as quickly as you did, or you'd have been at the bottom now, if I'm not greatly mistaken. I'm not in a position to go into the matter, but shall make my report to the authorities and no doubt you will hear from them later on. Meanwhile, I'll take your prisoners on board.'

Whilst speaking, the officer had touched an electric bell, and as he ceased, a petty officer put his head in at the door. 'Dickson,' he said, 'there are four men bound in the stern of the boat alongside; get them on board and see that they are made secure down below.'

'There is one thing I want to say, sir,' I put in hastily. 'Two of the men, one named Tubson and the other called Dave or David, saved the lives of my friend and myself; they saved us when the German tried to throw us overboard and when he shot at us with his pistol—I don't want that to be forgotten.'

'You are quite right in speaking up for them,' said the officer, 'and you will have an opportunity of doing so in the proper quarter. You will hear from the authorities in due course. You have done a good night's work,' he continued, shaking us by the hand, 'a good night's work, and you will not be the losers by it. I congratulate you. Now what I want to know is, can you find your way ashore? It's a calm night and you've got an experienced seaman with you. Polperro is not more than five or six miles in a north-easterly direction. If you have any doubt, it's my duty to take you with me.'

We assured the officer that we could look after ourselves, and he wished us good-night, saying, as we prepared to cast off, 'It will be dawn in an hour's time, so if you have any doubt of your course I should advise you to lay to and wait for it.'

When the first cold streak of light appeared in the East we were off Talland and within sight of Chapel Rock. Rounding the jagged promontory that shelters Polperro from south-westerly gales, we rowed past the outer quay, catching a glimpse of the headquarters scarcely distinguishable from its background of slaty rocks, and into the inner harbour where a few boats lay, their black hulls hidden in the shadow of the Old Quay, their masts pencilling the sky. There was not a soul stirring or a light showing as we hauled the boat above high-water mark just beneath the bridge.

'Now what is to be done?' said Treagus. 'Hardy has nowhere to go——'

'Never mind me, I can walk about till daylight. I'm stiff with sitting in the boat so long. I shall get a mug of something hot as soon as the inn opens.'

'No, that you won't,' said Treagus, 'you'll come home with me. I can give you a shake-down on the sofa and a bit of breakfast, but there's Darby—and what about Microbe, he's got two miles to walk and he's done up as it is.'

'Done up be ha-ha-hanged,' said Microbe, whose teeth were chattering, 'I'm as fresh as a da-a-aisy.'

'I'm not going to knock up my grandmother, after being away three days—she'd have a fit,' declared Dicky.

'Hooray! We won't go home till morning,' Bully sang in a faint voice.

Said Microbe: 'Let's all go to headquarters and make a jolly big fire and a stea-e-eming cup of coffee. Pen's got some co-o-offee and a tin of condensed. Now then, Treagus, don't be fli-i-inty-hearted, let yourself go for once—come on—what a lark!'

The Microbe's eloquence carried the day. We went to headquarters—the eight of us. We made a roaring fire and the Microbe dried his clothes, sitting like a wingless cupid with a mug of coffee on his knee. We used up a half-pound tin of coffee and all the condensed milk. 'Now, Hardy, tell us all about the

Jutland battle,' said Microbe; but we never heard about that famous exploit from one who was there. Before Hardy had got well under way we were nodding, and we did not wake till three o'clock in the afternoon.

(*Continued on page* 247.)

THE MIDNIGHT CAMP.

(*Concluded from page* 230.)

THERE lay the big house, beautiful and calm in the silvery light. The men were too far off for us to hear what they said, but the low murmur of their voices just reached us. They walked straight up to one of the windows and seemed to be very busy over something.

We were deeply interested by now, and our surprise was great when one of them raised a window with a gentle scratching sound, and first one, then the other, crept through it into the room.

'This is the best enemy we've had yet,' whispered Jack. 'Brother, the Pale Faces seek shelter in their wigwam. Come, we will have their scalps.'

'The words of his red brother make glad the heart of the White Eagle,' I answer, dutifully, and crawling up to the big window we both peeped through a chink in the blind.

I do not know what we expected to see, but I felt a queer kind of shock when I saw one of the pair kneeling before a great cabinet, the door of which stood wide open. His hand was moving swiftly from shelf to shelf, while the other, standing by, held a lamp and an open bag.

'Let us now give the war-whoop, my brother,' began Jack; and then—I do not know why—I clutched his arm.

'Hush!' I whispered, while a cold little shiver crept down my back. 'Jack, I do believe they're burglars!'

Jack's face went rather pale; then he whispered, slowly, 'We ought to go in and take them.'

'Nonsense,' I said, almost as grandly as Patricia, but not quite. 'We're much too little. No, we must go and fetch some one—a policeman—quick!'

The village was a good distance away, but it had never seemed so far as, hand in hand, we raced down the gardens, up the sandy lane, and across the meadows. It was just like running in a dream, when something drags you back at every step, and the old church tower among the trees seemed to come no nearer, though we ran as we had never done before.

The whole village was still and quiet when we got there, but presently a man on a bicycle came by, and I sprang towards him. 'Oh, do go to The Cedars!' I panted, 'there are two burglars there!'

The man got off and stared at me, then he said, 'Suppose you come along with me to the police-station?'

It was quite near, and there we found the fat policeman who likes Nurse.

'Why, bless me!' he said, 'if you ain't got the young lady and gentleman from Helmdon Court!'

'Oh, Rogers!' I cried, 'please do go to The Cedars and catch two burglars—we are sure they are burglars. We were playing Midnight Camp, and——'

'We saw them taking things out of a cupboard,' went on Jack.

'And we ran off for you,' I continued.

Two policemen and the man on the bicycle went off together, while we sat in the police-station and talked to a very grand person indeed, who seemed quite interested, and asked a great many questions.

Sir Edward Sinclair came home next day; so did Cousin Leonard, and we were all sent for to the library soon after he arrived.

'Well, you've been burglar-catching, I hear,' he began, looking at Patricia, who went red, and said, 'No, only Annice and Jack.'

'Suppose you tell me all about it, then.'

And I pinched Jack to make him answer, which he did, and told everything, even about the camp.

'And why were only Annice and Jack there?' asked Cousin Leonard.

'Patricia came,' I said, 'but she went back again, because she thought it was naughty, and Nurse would not like it.'

Cousin Leonard smiled, which he does not often do. 'I see,' he said. 'Well, you were sensible as well as brave, and I admire that; but I think Patricia was even braver—she stuck to her guns, and did what she knew was right, eh, Jack?' Jack fidgeted. 'Well,' continued Cousin Leonard, 'I am commissioned by Sir Edward Sinclair to find out if there is anything you kiddies are particularly wanting, because he would like to—er—commemorate the event. Now, then, Annice and Jack, any special wishes, or would you like to think it over?'

'Oh—oh!' whispered Hugh, pinching me so violently that I nearly screamed, 'do say a pony, because then we can all have rides; and I would have caught them, too, only my tooth ached.'

'Stop it,' I whispered, sternly. 'I never heard anything so mean and greedy—a pony is far too much.'

'Well, a bicycle, then,' whispered Hugh, almost dancing in his impatience. 'Be quick, stupid, or Jack will say a battleship—I know he will! Cousin Leonard, please, we'd like a pony or a bicycle—quite cheap ones, of course.'

'Ah!' said Cousin Leonard, 'you there, Hugh? I haven't heard what part you took in the burglar business, have I?'

Hugh went scarlet up to the hair. 'My tooth ached,' he began, 'so'—then he stopped.

'That was hard luck on you,' said Cousin Leonard, with the funny twinkly light in his eyes which sometimes comes when we talk to him. 'Then perhaps you'd rather go and have it out, instead of going to tea with Sir Edward this afternoon.

'Oh, but it's quite well now, thank you,' said Hugh, hastily; 'I'd lots rather go to tea—are we going?'

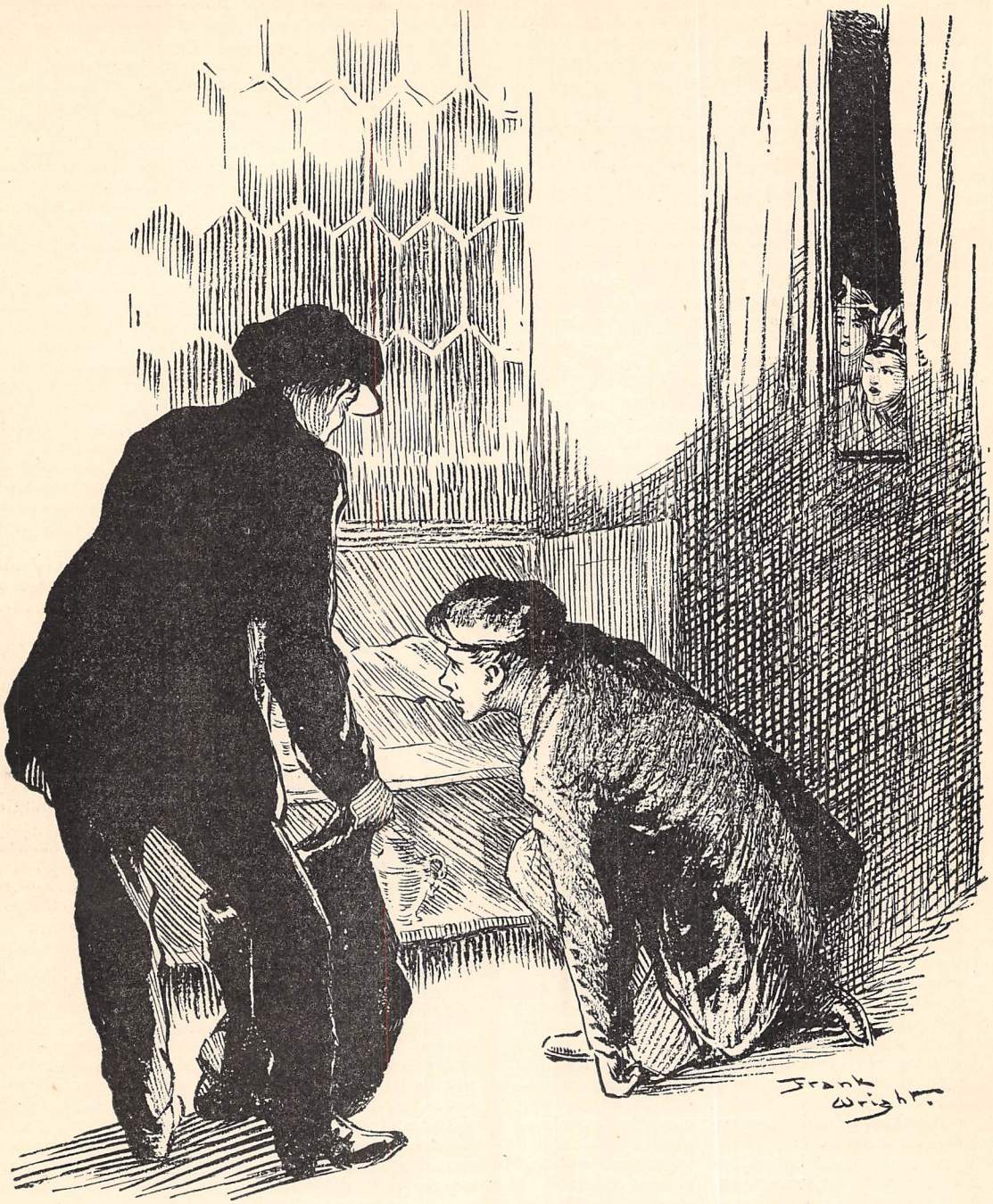
That was only the first of many tea-parties we had over at The Cedars. We had it in the burglar-room, while the quaint old ivories and jewelled gods grinned at us from the glass doors of the great cabinet.

Jack got his battleship, and I had a watch that really ticked and kept time; so did Patricia; and Cousin Leonard gave us a pony amongst us, so that Hugh should not feel left out, even though in a moment of repentance he did confess to me that his tooth had not really been *very* bad.

'I don't think I ought to have anything,' said Patricia, holding her watch up to her ear to hear the tick; 'you see I didn't really go and help find the burglars.'

'It says in the Bible,' I remarked, 'that it is better to rule yourself than to take a city.'

'Quite right, Annice,' said Cousin Leonard. 'If you examine the business critically, I suppose you and Jack



'"Jack, I do believe they're burglars."'

were pretty naughty; but the "extenuating circumstances," as lawyers call them, are in your favour. Now cut along, all of you—I'm busy.'

We never played Midnight Camps again, except in the daytime; though we all decided it was quite the most successful naughty thing we ever did—especially now that Cousin Leonard and Sir Edward are such friends again.

'"General Hamilton wants you and as many men as we can spare."'

HOW WE HELD OUR POST.

A Story of the Mutiny.

THERE is little about warfare with which we are not familiar. Our father, uncles, and even grown-up cousins fought in the Great War, while we ourselves, had our own experience of what gunfire and bursting shells were like. For we live in an East Coast town, where, during the latter months of the war, an air raid was an almost weekly event.

Yet in spite of these facts—in spite of our interest in everything that Father or the uncles, or Cousin Robin or

George could be made to tell us of their experiences in France and Mesopotamia, it was our grandfather's story to which we liked best to listen—the story of his experiences over sixty years ago, when the fate of British rule in India hung in the balance, and it seemed that the country so dearly won and held by Clive and hundreds of other brave British soldiers must for ever pass from our hands. My grandfather was at the time a boy in his teens—the son of a British officer of the Indian infantry.

'Nowadays,' he was wont to begin, 'I should have been sent home years earlier, or at least bundled off to "the hills" every "hot weather," but in those days, when the voyage to England took three months or more, men thought nothing of doing their twenty or so years of service without going home, and of keeping their wives and families with them in India. Of course many white women and children died, but a good many die even now, in spite of the perpetual travelling backwards and forwards. Anyway, I survived the climate.

'In the early months of 1857, my father was in charge of a fortified palace, which at one time belonged to some Indian prince.

'He had a captain and two subalterns with him, with their usual complement of native officers and men. They were recruited from the Bombay presidency, and my father believed implicitly, and as it was to prove rightly, in the loyalty of his men.

'Thus, when we began to hear of troubles in the north, he felt no worry on our account. I can still see my mother's white face as she listened to accounts of the outbreak of the sepoys at Meerut, followed by their triumphant march on Delhi.

'"Do not look so frightened, darling," my father would reassure her. "You are as safe here as you would be in England. I can trust every man Jack under me."

'Other officers felt the same confidence in their men, and some were to pay dearly for their credulity. Our danger was to come from another source!

'One night when we were at dinner (I had just been allowed the privilege of sitting up to dinner), my father's butler, Alla Sing, told him a messenger had come from General Hamilton, twenty miles up the line. My father rose at once and went out. When he returned his face was very grave, and, having ordered the native servants to leave the room, he turned to Captain Smith, his second in command, who was dining with us.

'"General Hamilton wants you and as many men as we can spare to go north at once. They need reinforcements. He wants you to start to-night, and with as much secrecy as possible."

'"And what is to happen to you, sir?" Captain Smith asked.

'"I have to remain here, at my post."

'"But without a garrison?"

'"With a handful of men—say twenty."

'"But how can twenty men defend this place?"

'"General Hamilton is confident the rioters will not come further than Aurapett, for Colonel Bridges will check their advance."

'"I have no right, I know, to dispute the opinion of a superior officer," Captain Smith hesitated. "But, well, only yesterday I heard Bridges was doubtful of the loyalty of his own men."

'My father held up his hand warningly—"We will discuss further plans in the office, Smith"—and led the way out on to the verandah, and thence into the official quarter of the palace.

'My mother turned to me. "You had better go to bed now, Harry. I shall come up presently." But, unlike her custom, she failed to keep her promise.

'Later I learnt she had been working with my father far into the morning—all willing hands and brains were wanted that night.

'Meantime I undressed and got into bed. But I could not sleep, and so I presently got up and looked out of my window, which commanded a view of the courtyard, where very soon the men began to assemble—line upon line, square upon square—until all were ready to set forth on their long march.

'Captain Smith and Mr. Lindsay—the youngest subaltern—were with them, and their faces showed white and drawn in the moonlight. It was the last time I ever saw them, for they both gave their lives to uphold the honour of Britain.

'When all was ready, the big iron gate was swung open, and noiselessly the men filed out, leaving the great palace deserted, except for the handful of us.

'I was too young to realise the seriousness of the position, but something of its forlornness and loneliness must have entered into my mind, for I lay long awake, thinking—wondering!'

(*Concluded on page* 243.)

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 227.)

'BECAUSE you want to get off to the village,' David said. 'I'll keep guard over the camp while you are gone. What will you do about this little fellow?' As he spoke, he stroked Mascot's head, for the dog lay beside him, having made friends very quickly.

'Oh, yes. Of course he ought to go to a "vet." There is a clever man down in the village, not a proper "vet," but a farmer who knows all about doctoring animals. I think I'll carry Mascot down to him. Who is coming with me?' asked Humphrey, finishing his last cup of tea.

'I want to come, please. It's my sister you see,' said Billy, who had been very silent, and who looked pale and anxious. He tried not to show how worried he felt, but Janet and Humphrey both realised what he must be feeling.

'Of course you must go, and I will go too. But I think Nora and Martin had better stay here, don't you?' said the older girl, turning to Humphrey.

'Yes, in case any of your friends come back,' was the reply. Humphrey was looking at David, and really addressed this remark to him. The others looked interested, but the American only laughed.

'They will not,' he said. 'But I'll lie low for the present. And I don't feel exactly frisky yet, so I will stretch out by your camp-fire. No need for any one to stay with me.'

'But I don't mind staying,' said Nora, and so it was settled that Martin should go with Humphrey and Janet and Billy.

The horse Slowsure must be fetched, and Mascot left with the farmer, if he would have him. The wound ought to be properly treated, and the children did not feel quite sure what to do with it.

'And while you and Martin go to the farm, I will go to the post-office. That is a good place to hear news,' I should think,' said Janet.

'Or to the village policeman's,' suggested Humphrey.

'We can try both. And then, if those fail, I think I will call at the Rectory. We don't know the Rector, but I have heard Father talk about him, so I don't think it would matter,' went on Janet, as they walked hastily through the wood, and across the meadows that led to the village.

They were all so worried, that no one really remembered how many miles they had tramped that day, nor how tired they were. The sun was sinking already, and it would be getting dusk in a few more hours. Night, and Tickato not found, was too dreadful to think of. The very idea made Janet quicken her pace, till the others were almost forced to trot to keep up with her.

But they had no sooner entered the village than news came to them. The doctor saw them, and all at once remembered that he had seen their faces before, looking out of the caravan as it passed slowly along the village street.

He was just stepping into his car, but he got out again and called, 'I say, are you looking for one of your number?'

The four broke into a run, and were soon at his side.

'Oh, have you found Tickato?'

'Is she down in the village?'

'We have been so awfully worried.'

These, and other exclamations burst from the children in a torrent.

The doctor waited till all were silent, then he said, 'She is at Mrs. James's cottage, three doors away from the church on the right-hand side. A white cottage, with creepers and roses against the walls. She is in bed, and she will have to stay there, but I think she has only got a slight chill. She needs rest though.'

'Oh, how lovely to have found her! How did she get here?' Janet's tone was full of surprise.

The doctor told the story in a few words. 'She is not over-strong, I should say,' he went on. 'Are you her sister?'

Janet and Humphrey explained things, and the doctor looked at Billy.

'Ah yes, of course—twins!' he said. 'And they are alike, too. Well, I must be going. Third from the church; good-bye.'

The children stood still in the road, rather too much taken aback to move for a few seconds. The relief at knowing that Tickato was safe was so very great.

It was Martin who broke the silence. 'I say, we shall have to go and see Mrs. James, whoever she is. Let's hurry up, or we shall not get the camp moved to-night,' he said.

This roused the others.

'We need not all go there. Billy and I can do that, while you and Humphrey go to the farm,' said Janet. 'That will save time. We will meet you there in a quarter of an hour.'

This was agreed upon, and the boys went off to get the horse and leave Mascot, while Billy and Janet went to find Tickato.

Mrs. James herself, warned of their approach by Amelia, opened the door.

'Come right in,' she said. 'I can see that you are her brother,' she went on, addressing Bill. 'She's in bed and asleep, so I won't ask you to see her now. But you can come in the morning. She'll be all the better for a good night's rest, poor lamb.'

'It is so kind of you. We are awfully grateful,' said Janet.

'That's all right, my dear,' said the fat woman. 'I've a soft place in my heart for all young things, and she's a dear little girl; makes me think of a little sister I lost when she was a baby.'

'We are very grateful to you,' echoed Billy, who had been thinking hard. He was wondering what they would do about paying Mrs. James for looking after Tickato, but he did not know how to speak about this.

When Janet and he had left the cottage and were walking to the farm to meet the other two, he made this difficulty known.

'Because, of course, you have to pay if you stay with people like that,' he said in a worried tone. 'And we haven't very much money with us.'

Janet had thought of this too.

'Don't worry, Billy,' she said. 'I think it will be all right. Our money is rather short, too, but we shall be able to get some from home, if it runs out. Father and Mother are away just now, but they will be back in a week, and our home is only about ten miles from here. We could either go home for money or send for it. The doctor will send in a bill, too, and I think as things are, it had better be sent to our father. Yours will pay him, you see, later on.'

By the time Janet had made this all clear to Billy, and had promised to speak to the kind fat woman about paying for Tickato's stay with her, they had reached the farm, where the boys were waiting for them.

Slowsure, the old dappled horse, was quite well again, and ready to be taken up to the caravan.

'Oh, you dear old stupid; why did you get lame? If you hadn't we should have been saved a lot of bother,' said Janet, rubbing the broad, velvety nose.

'But *we* should have had lots more—bother, I mean,' said Billy. 'For if Slowsure hadn't been lame, you would have gone away from the wood, and Tickato and I would have wandered about for ever and ever without being found.'

'Yes, of course. Well, after all, perhaps you were wise,' said Janet, giving the horse a last pat. 'Now, Humphrey, are we going to move to-night?'

'Rather! No more nights in the wood for me,' said her brother, and they all set off at a good pace for the camping-ground.

They had to go a longer way now, because they could not take the horse along the narrow paths, but had to follow the road.

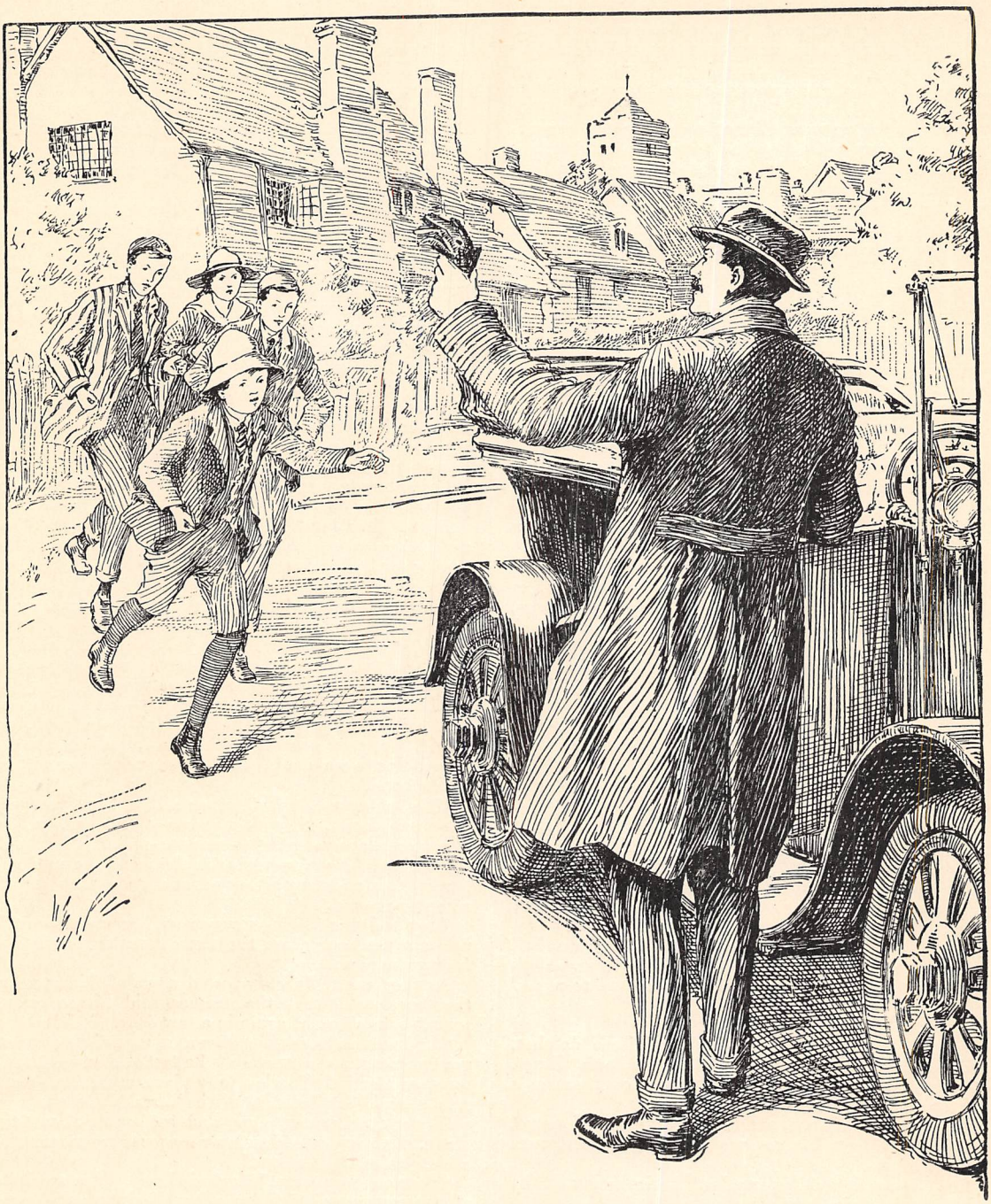
As they went, Janet reported news of Tickato, and the boys told that the farmer said Mascot would probably be all right again in a few days.

'And we can have the caravan on that piece of waste ground, near to the stream at the foot of Four-post Hill,' went on Martin. That's a jolly place, and it isn't really waste land, but belongs to the farm. We can have plenty of good water there, and no bother about anything. I vote we sleep an hour longer every morning for a bit. I feel fagged out!'

'Poor old gentleman,' laughed Janet. The spirits of all the party were high, now that Tickato and Mascot were both found.

'We will get a good long night, and then we shall feel quite different,' said Humphrey, and to that every one agreed.

(*Continued on page* 242.)



"'Are you looking for one of your number?'"

"A couple of small red marks showed.'

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 239.)

MOVING camp was not a great undertaking, and by dark the children were comfortably established on the piece of waste land that the farmer had given them permission to camp on.

There was a lot of gorse about here, and the grass was thick and long, but they found plenty of firewood, and soon had a grand fire alight. Supper was eaten by the light of this, and the boys put up their tent as soon as the meal was over.

David Chalmers was a useful addition to their party. He had done plenty of camping-out in his time, and knew the best way to pitch a tent, make a fire, or bake bread.

'I said I would tell you my story. Humphrey heard it as we came along, and there isn't a great deal to tell,' he said, as they sat for a few minutes round the fire before turning in.

Slowsure was tethered close by, and they could hear him cropping the thick grass with evident enjoyment.

Tickato was safe, and it seemed likely that she would be able to rejoin them in a few days. Mascot, too, was found, and for a little while there seemed nothing to worry over. In addition, they had another member of their party, and one who promised to be useful.

'We want to hear it, awfully,' said Nora, adding, 'If we had not been so bothered about Tickato we could not have waited all this time.'

'Well, I rather guess not,' agreed David Orlando. 'It's not a long tale though. I am just fifteen, and I am over in this country for my education, but we won't bother about that. My mater is having a nervous breakdown, and she's in Paris, having some special sort of treatment. She doesn't get any letters, or newspapers, or anything, though she is a lot better. So she won't be worried about me. I was sent across here with my tutor. The long and short of it is that he was one of a gang. He'd only been with me a couple of weeks. The idea was to get me stowed away somewhere, no one knows where, and then demand a stiff ransom—see?'

The children nodded. Nora and Billy did not quite see the point, but the older ones grasped it.

'And it didn't come off,' went on David. 'They got me away. We were motoring, and the car broke down. It was dark—last night that was, you know. Then some men came along, and put something over my mouth before I had tumbled to what was up. Lonely place of course, and the chauffeur was in the secret. It would have gone off very well, only they were surprised, or something. How on earth I got into that shed, I don't know, because, you see, I was busy sniffing up chloroform at the time. But that's all there is to tell.'

Nora shivered. 'I shall dream horrid things,' she declared.

'No, you won't. We are lots too tired for any dreams. Besides, it is all done with now,' said Janet, and hurried the party off to bed.

The next few days passed away uneventfully. Tickato was soon better, and after a couple of days spent with Mrs. James, was allowed by the doctor to return to the caravan.

David Orlando had quite got over his adventure, and every one agreed that he was a welcome addition to the party. He was good-tempered and always willing to help. Besides this, he was really well up in camp lore, and almost as good at getting out of difficulties as Uncle Opportune.

'I vote we take some lunch and go to the sand-pits this morning,' said Humphrey on the following Monday.

They intended to move camp the next day, and go about five miles nearer home. But the sand-pits were worth visiting first.

'Sandwiches?' asked Janet with an eye to the supplies.

'Yes. We have some eggs, and I can get a tin of pressed beef open,' said Martin.

'I'll get some cake from the shop,' said David, who had a little pocket-money with him.

In a short time the children were off. They left Mascot on guard, and Slowsure was tethered near to the caravan. It was not in a lonely place now, and they had little fear of ill befalling their possessions.

'What a peaceful time we are having,' remarked Nora. 'No troubles of any sort for ages.'

'Touch wood,' said Martin.

'It is really rather foolish to say anything like that,' agreed Janet with a laugh.

'Don't be superstitious,' advised David, but, after all, Nora's remark soon proved to have been unwise.

Campers ought to be ready for any emergency, but the caravan cousins were not quite as well versed in first aid as they should have been. Even David failed them here.

'Oh, something's biting my leg,' shouted Billy, suddenly, as they made their way across the common, thickly covered with heather, to where the sand-pits lay, about a mile distant.

Every one stopped and looked back, for Billy was in the rear. He was bending down, his face quite scarlet.

Humphrey all at once grasped the situation, and dashed to Billy's side. 'Has it gone?' he asked breathlessly, for his quick eyes had caught a glimpse of something slim and brown and shiny, that had wriggled away into the heather.

Billy was looking rather dazed. 'Yes, I think so,' he said, but by this time Humphrey was peeling down the younger boy's stocking. A couple of small red marks showed on the skin.

'An adder—I just saw it,' he said shortly. 'Now, what's the right thing to do?'

The others crowded round. Tickato looked about her fearfully. 'Billy, you said there weren't any snakes,' she said.

'Only adders, but they are poisonous,' said Nora.

'Oh, let's run away. It may come again!'

Tickato was in a panic, but Janet said, 'Oh, Humphrey, what must we do? Don't you suck it, or something?' while suggestions, all of them rather useless, poured from the lips of the rest.

Humphrey was fearfully worried. 'I am an ass, but I don't know what is the right thing. I believe you cut the flesh away,' he said. 'I shall hurt, Billy—do you mind?'

'Hello, hello, what is wrong this time?' called a well-known voice, and the whole party turned in a body to see no less a person than Uncle Opportune hurrying towards them across the heather.

(*Continued on page* 254.)

'THERE'S ONE WANTING.'

A SCOTTISH shepherd had a very clever collie dog, who could fetch the sheep from the hills after they had been wandering for some days.

When the collie arrived with the missing flock, his master looked the sheep over and counted them. If any were lacking, the man would look at the dog and say, 'There's three wanting,' or 'there's two wanting,' and the dog would understand, and go off again and search till the missing sheep were found.

At last this good dog died, and the shepherd put these words over his grave: 'There's one wanting.'

HOW WE HELD OUR POST.

(*Concluded from page* 238.)

'WHATEVER their real feelings, my parents disguised all fear from my sister and me when we met them at "chotar hazaree" (little breakfast) next morning.

'My sister Mary, who was in ignorance of the happenings of the night, asked where our constant guest, Captain Smith, had gone. "Why is Uncle Tom not here?" she said.

'"He is gone on a journey," Mother said, and turned the conversation into other channels.

'The day went by very much like other days. The emptiness of the courtyard and outhouses made little difference to us children, who did our lessons and played our games as usual. But when, after the mid-day rest, I went to see my father in his office, I saw at once he had further cause for anxiety.

'He was about to motion me away, but, seeing the seriousness of my expression, he changed his mind. "Harry," he said, "I believe you are old enough to know our danger. I have just had a note from Colonel Bridges to say the rioters are marching on us. He believes we are fully garrisoned, and he begs us to hold up their advance at all costs."

'"And there are only ——" I hesitated.

'"Twenty-one men, counting you."

'"You are going to hold the palace?" I asked.

'"I will do my best. But we are as short of ammunition and stores as we are of men. It is only by bluff we can keep them back."

'Bluff—an idea came to me! Only a few weeks earlier Captain Smith had discovered some old-fashioned cannons in a disused outhouse. "Now, suppose we try and get these old cannons on to the walls? They would make a great show!"

'My father smiled. "That is a great idea—that is to say, if we can get the things heaved up."

'We did! Though I never afterwards knew how we did it; but every one worked with almost abnormal strength; even the ponies, who dragged the guns along to the walls, seemed as anxious to do their bit as anybody.

'The job, however, took us the better part of four hours, and when it was ended we were all terribly exhausted; for the day, even for India, was terribly hot.

'The dusk was falling; in half an hour darkness would be upon us—the swift darkness of the East.

'My father, Mr. Jones (the senior subaltern), and I had gone out for a moment's rest on to the back verandah, when an orderly came out to us. "They are coming," he said, "like the sands of the sea in number."

'I seized my father's telescope, which was lying on a table, and clambered up the outside staircase on to the roof. The orderly had spoken truly: our enemies were advancing, and if not as numerous as the sands of the sea, yet in great numbers. Moreover, something in the composition of the advancing mass (which I was able to see clearly by the aid of the glasses) filled me, boy as I was, with fear; for it was composed of no single caste, tribe, nor religion. The flaming torches the men carried showed me the differences of their features, clothing, and caste-markings. These men, who for generations had remained apart, divided, even hostile to each other, had been united by the one common desire for revenge against the white men.

'But I had not long for reflection. In a few minutes I heard my mother calling. "Your father is going to try to reason with them," she explained when I joined her, "but I fear they will not listen"—and I, having seen what I had, agreed with her.

'A moment later I saw my father appear on the gateway and stand beneath the Union Jack, which always waved above it. In the uncertain light his ordinarily tall form appeared gigantic, and at sight of him and the British flag a yell of rage went up from the assembled crowd beneath.

'"Tear him down, the tyrant; kill him and destroy his flag!"

'But my father remained unmoved. "If you try and break into the Palace, which I hold for the British Government, I will make these guns 'speak,'" and he waved his hand to the row of grim, but alas! useless black nozzles.

'"The Sahibs' guns always kill when they 'speak,'" a man said anxiously.

'"Yes, the Sahibs' guns always kill," my father answered, lifting his pistol and shooting the rioters' leader, a wild-looking Brahmin.

'For a moment his followers recoiled, but it was only for a moment; for, as I have indicated, this was not an ordinarily excited mob, and, with yells of fury, they tried to rush the great iron gate, while a bullet struck my father's cheek.

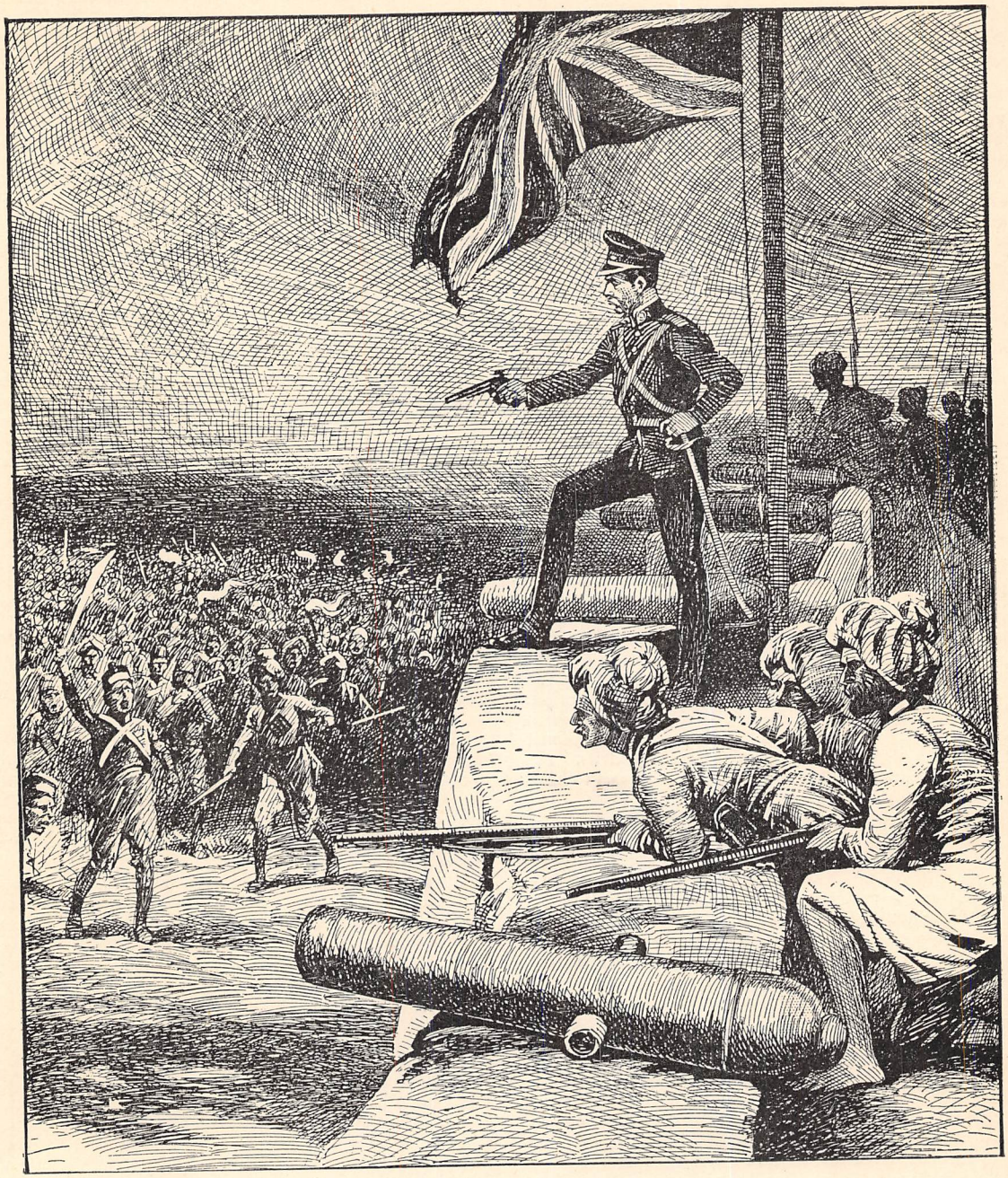
'He knew the game was up. "Quick, to your places!" he shouted to us in the courtyard, "and Alla Sing guard the Mem Sahib with your life." For during the brief time we had had to make our arrangements my father had allotted to each his post. Mr. Smith was to guard the gate with the handful of sepoys remaining to us; the servants, with Alla Sing at their head, were to stand guard on the steps of the Palace.

'But before he left his own post my father made one final attempt to stop the rioters' advance. "Fire!" he called in Hindustani, as if the old rusty guns could really "speak."

'And, as if in answer to his words, an extraordinary thing happened. The sky appeared rent in two with the most vivid fork of lightning I have ever seen, and a moment later the very foundations of the Palace rocked under a terrible crash of thunder.

'Outside the gates there was a wild yell of terror. "The Sahibs can make their guns 'speak' even from the sky," one voice yelled, and it was followed by the sound of hundreds of hurrying, scurrying feet.

'Meantime the storm continued with unabated fury. The Palace itself was struck, and we had to seek safety in the go-downs; but we did not mind, for we had been saved from a worst terror than those of the elements.



"A yell of rage went up from the crowd."

'And afterwards? Well, the next day, General Hamilton sent a loyal regiment to our relief, while within a week my father was able to send my mother, sister, and myself south, where the country still remained loyal.

'He remained at his post, it is true, but, more lucky than many, a bullet wound in his face was all the mark he eventually carried to show that he had taken his part in upholding the British Power in India.'

HELEN M. TURNER.

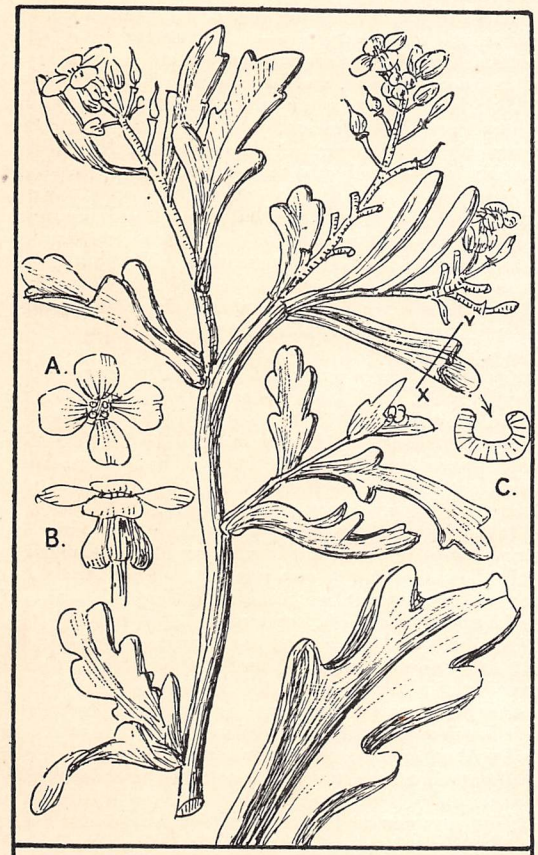
FLOWERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

VI.—SEA ROCKET, SEA KALE, TREFOIL, AND BINDWEED.

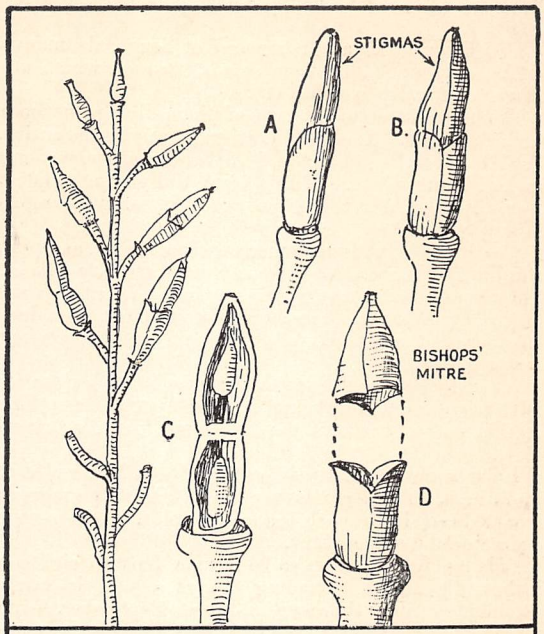
MY first example in this article is one of the prettiest of our sea-shore flowers—Sea Rocket, or Sea Stock, as it is sometimes called on account of its likeness to our single garden Stocks, and also because of its sweet scent, recalling the scent of Stock. It belongs to the Wallflower family. A specimen of this flower was sent to me from Bognor one June, and in October I found it there myself. This was fortunate, because the first piece I had was a spray just nicely in bloom and only carried a few very young seed-vessels, but no fully developed ones. But in October I found a few ripe ones, and thus completed my information.

Now, in fig. 1, I show you a sketch of one of the sprays sent to me in June. Here, most of the chief features of the plant can be seen. The flowers cluster together at the top of the stems, the oldest one always being the lowest on the stem.

Like its familiar relation, the Wallflower, after the flowering, and while the seed-vessels are developing, the stem lengthens, thus causing a long spike of developing



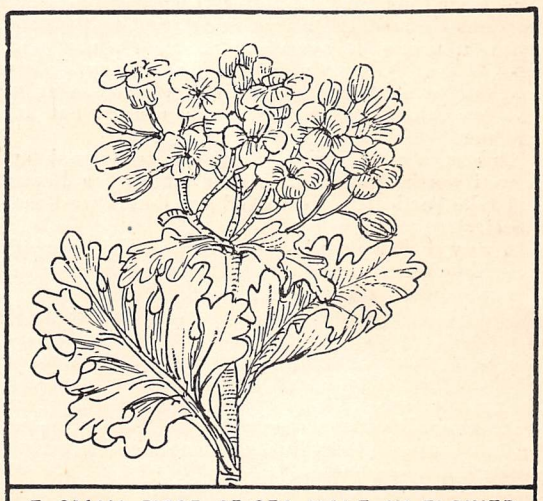
1. SPRAY OF SEA ROCKET.



2. SEED VESSELS OF SEA ROCKET.

seed-vessels and a gradually diminishing cluster of buds and flowers at the top of the stem.

This is plainly seen in my figure, where the central spike is the oldest and you have buds and flowers at the top; lower are small seed-vessels, lower still the remains of flower-stalks, where the seed-vessels have not developed but the whole flowers have fallen off when withered. To the right and left of this



3. SMALL PIECE OF SEA-KALE IN FLOWER.

spike are smaller and younger ones, showing the early stages.

The flowers (A) are composed of four pale mauve petals, surrounded by four sepals, two of which are characteristically pouched (B).

There are six stamens, two of them living in those pouched sepals. The pistil is at first straight and entire, but later it is angular and is divided half-way along its length into parts. Of this I will tell you more later. You can see a number of young fruits or seed-vessels in my figure.

The whole plant is very succulent and fleshy, as usual, and the leaves are most curiously and variously shaped. They are stiff and have apparently no veins; these are hidden by their fat. They are hollowed out considerably, as I have tried to show you by shading my drawing.

At C, I show you a section through the leaf to its left, the section line being marked by X and Y. This section not only shows the hollowing, but the fatness of it.

I also show an enlarged leaf, to give a better idea of its fatness. The stem is very bent about, zigzagging from side to side at each branching point. This is very characteristic of the plant.

It is bushy and grows to be from a foot to eighteen inches high, with spreading branches. It is fairly common on sandy shores from June to September, being readily recognised by its sweet scent. The leaves are grey-green, and often tinged with crimson towards the autumn.

In fig. 2, I show you a sketch of a spike of Sea Rocket gone to seed, and also enlarged details of this very interesting form of seed-vessel.

At A and B, I give enlarged sketches of a fully developed seed-vessel, and you here see the division about half-way along its length. As this ripens, the upper half is dark green and the lower half becomes yellow.

At C, I show a section through a seed-vessel, and here you see there is a single seed standing up in the upper half and a similar one hanging down in the lower half. Now when the upper half is ripe, it breaks off as shown in D, and the seed in its case is dropped on the sand, where it makes its home and produces a new plant next season. (This top half is like a tiny bishop's mitre when it comes off; this you can see at D.) The lower half does not as a rule mature, but falls off later.

This is a very curious form of seed-vessel and is well worth examining, so look out for Sea Rocket, and take particular care to find a well-developed seed-vessel.

A very similar plant is the Sea Kale. This you will remember is the name of a well-known and much-valued vegetable, and *this is the same plant!*

In places where there is much growing wild, people cover up the young shoots with sand to bleach them, and later gather them for the table. You know we eat the young leaves and stems, and in our gardens in the spring you will find the gardener covers the plants with tall earthenware covers with small lids on the top, so that he can see how things are going on inside without taking off the covers.

This plant produces clusters of white flowers when wild or after the bleaching season. The individual flowers are much like the Sea Rocket in size, but the clusters are larger. They both belong to the same family.

The leaves, when allowed to grow, are large and spreading, with very crinkled edges, and the whole plant is beautifully tinted with lilac and deep red-purple mixed with the usual pale sea-green. It is often found in quite considerable quantities on the sandy shores of the west of England.

In fig. 3, I show a small cluster of flowers with some small leaves, but it is really a large and handsome plant.

Its proper name is *Crambe Maritima;* the Greek word *crambe* means 'cabbage.' A name under which this plant very often appears in old herbals is Sea Colewort, which is derived from *cole* or *kole*, from the Latin *caulis*, a stem, and *wort*, as I have told you, simply means 'plant.'

Quite a different plant is my next, which I found at Bognor, growing in the shingle just above high-water line. This is Hare's-foot Trefoil. This plant does not grow exclusively by the sea, but always in sandy soil.

It is an annual—that is, grows from seed every year and only lasts the season. It is rarely more than eight inches high; this particular plant was about five inches high, and in my sketch in fig. 4, I give the whole plant as I found it.

This little fellow is a member of the Pea family. Its leaves, you see, are trefoils—that is, composed of three leaflets. The flowers are produced in clusters which are at first nearly round, and later become longer.

At A is a young cluster which is nearly round, but others in the illustration, you will note, are longer, showing they are older. At first glance I thought that the whole plant had gone to seed, and that the fluffiness of these heads was a kind of pappus, like what one sees on groundsel or dandelion; but when I looked closer, I found those soft hairs were on the large calices, and the flowers (that is, pea-shaped groups of pale pink petals) were hardly visible at all!

At B I show you a side view of a single flower much enlarged, and you will notice how the outer parts of the flower almost hide the inner parts. The soft hairy heads are very distinctive and make the plant very easy to identify. At C, I show a calyx with petals fallen (front view).

My last plant in this article shall be the Sea Convolvulus or Sea Bindweed. This I have seen, but I could not find it this year, though it grows in the parts I have visited, and no one sent me any.

It is just like an ordinary Convolvulus, pink and striped with crimson, but it grows right in the sand, and only the leaves and flowers pop through here and there, the rest of the plant being hidden in the sand as though accidentally covered by some one.

As usual with sea plants, the leaves are succulent and rather variable in shape, but the general pattern is round to kidney-shaped. At the base of each of the solitary flowers are two large green bracts, or leaves; this is the same as in the large white Bindweed of our hedges, but they do not occur on the pretty pink and white smaller variety which is so common on our road-side banks.

I am sure you would know it if you met it, because it is so like its relations; but the thick fleshy foliage marks it down as a sea-shore variety.

E. M. Barlow.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 235.)

CHAPTER XV.

LITTLE more is to be said of Tallerman: his residence and place of business in Plymouth were seached by the police without finding anything of an incriminating nature; but when Duncrag was visited, letters and documents were seized which amply proved his guilt. For some years he had been in communication with Secret Service Agents in Berlin, and their correspondence left no room for doubt that before the war he had acted as a spy in the pay of the Germans, and that he had undertaken some secret mission which had been attended with considerable success. Code-books, books of signals, charts on which mine-fields were marked and lists of inward- and outward-bound vessels, showed the nature of the information he had supplied to the enemy. There was also evidence that he had been for some time supplying stores of provisions and petrol to enemy submarines lying off the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, for the acquiring and transport of which the business of Tallerman & Co., Ltd., gave him facilities and served as a cloak. The *Rose Ann* of Fowey, from a close acquaintance with which Bully and I had a narrow escape, was proved to have been engaged in this work.

The newspapers at the time made no mention of the proceedings against Tallerman and his associates, the trial was held in secret, and it was not till after the lapse of some months, when recording his execution with that of two other men, that any allusion was made to the case.

The seizure of Tallerman's papers led to the arrest of two draughtsmen employed in the Dockyard and a shipping agent of standing in the town. So much I gathered from one source and another, but of its accuracy I am not sure even now.

Sourcrout's career and fate were a mystery; not even his real name transpired. What use Tallerman could have found for such a man I cannot say. Unable to speak English, he could have been of no use as a spy, even if he had been possessed of average discretion, which he was not—in fact, I should have thought that any association with such a man was calculated to bring Tallerman himself under suspicion. How the man escaped internment is one of the many things I cannot understand in the procedure of these times. It may be that Tallerman and his confederates were reserving him to be a tool in the perpetration of some contemplated desperate act of violence. I have heard some connect this man with an incendiary fire which broke out in the Dockyard in 1916, news of which had for some reason been suppressed, though the fact was well known in the neighbourhood. Of his end I have no knowledge; it may be he was one of the three who shared Tallerman's fate.

I have always been glad that Bully and I were able to speak a good word for Tubson and his man David. If it did nothing more, I think it strengthened the impression made on the minds of their judges that these two were but tools of Tallerman, having little comprehension of the heinous nature of their offence. They got off with comparatively light terms of imprisonment.

Treagus received a letter from the Officer-in-Command at Devonport—or rather from his Secretary—acknowledging the services of the Polperro Coast Watchers in securing the persons concerned in trafficking with the enemy and complimenting the Patrol on the smartness with which the capture was effected. It was signed by the great man himself, we are no end proud of it, and have it framed and hung up at headquarters. This is a great thing for the Patrol—something we have got to live up to. I say *we*, though of course as I am resigning I shall be out of it; still, I want to see the Patrol flourishing, and always shall.

There was a great deal that was painful in the thought that we had been instrumental in bringing the four men to justice—one or more of them to such a terrible end, but as one of the gentlemen we saw at Devonport pointed out, we had only done our duty and must not take the matter to heart, for by bringing them to justice we had put a stop to their evil-doing and probably saved the lives of many of our countrymen and maybe many innocent women and children too.

The most astonishing thing to me was that Dicky Jolliffe received the sum of one hundred pounds—a regular fortune—for the information he had given which led to the destruction of the U-boat. I was amazed. He took it coolly enough.

'Of course,' he said, 'what do you think? Haven't you seen the notice up at the Coastguard Station in Fowey? Shows the advantage of keeping your eyes open. But I'm not going to keep it all to myself—I'm not exactly a pig—I got a deal of the information out of Darby. You may think he is a sleepy chap, perhaps he is, about as sleepy as a watch-dog, sleeps with one eye open and his ear cocked. Don't you make any mistake, he will come in for his share. And I'm going to do something for the old headquarters,' he concluded with a swagger as if he were some great landowner.

Bully and I sent in our resignation. We felt it keenly, but Bully was quite as decided on the point as I was. Some of the fellows tried to persuade us that the promise we had made was not binding as it was extorted by force. I could not see it, we had taken our oath—as one might say—and we must abide by it.

'What in the world will you do with yourselves, if you resign?' asked Lawyer.

'We have settled that between us,' I replied. 'Bully and I are going on the land; aren't we, Bully?'

'Fact,' said Bully. 'Going to grow potatoes to keep you chaps from starving.'

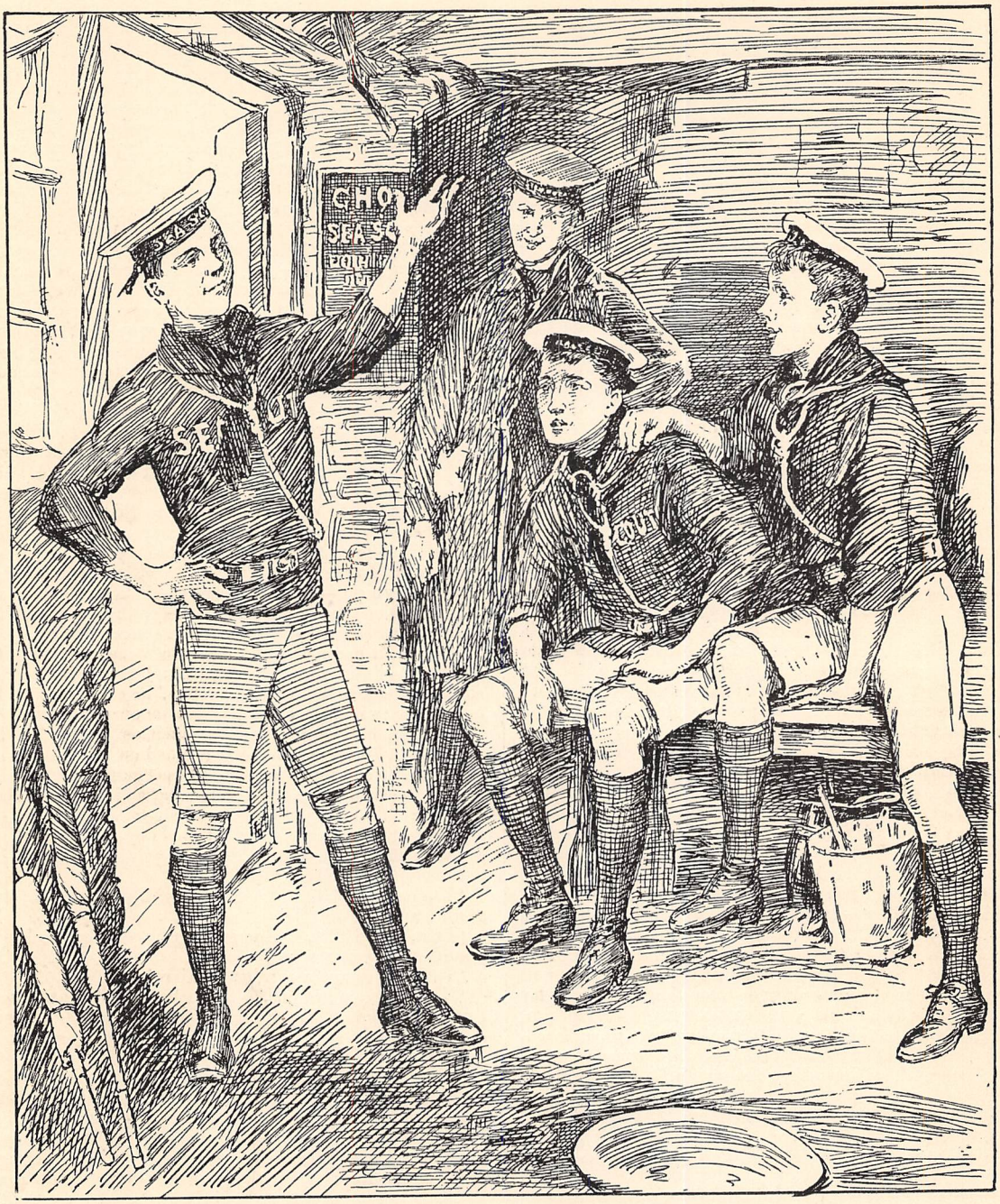
'Three acres and a cow,' said Microbe.

'Nothing so ambitious,' said Bully; 'half an acre and two infant pigs. We can't all be non-producers, some one must feed the nation. We've pegged out our claim, but we can't do much till the Spring.'

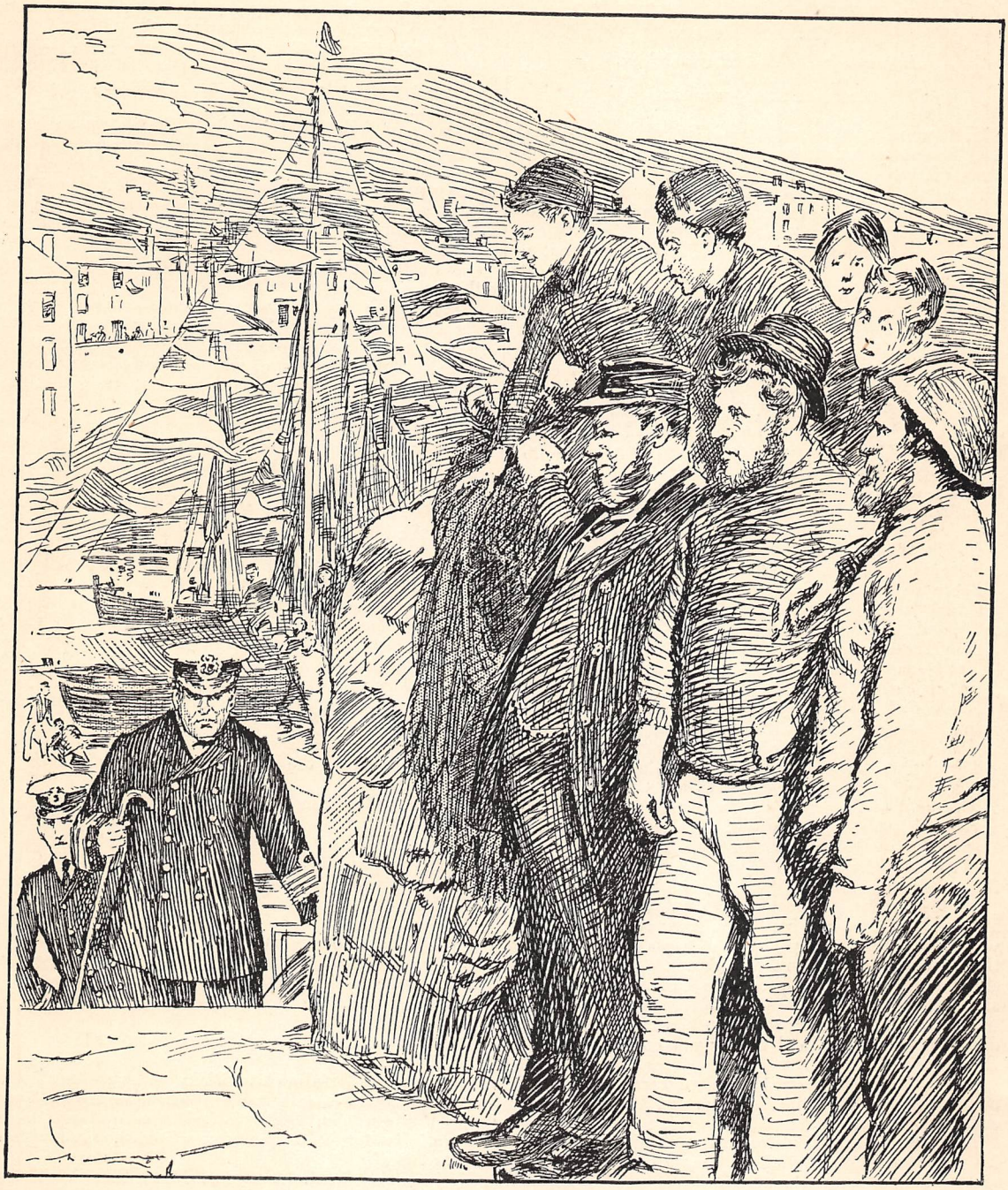
Treagus put it to the meeting that Bully and I should be elected Honorary Retired Members of the Patrol, and it was carried unanimously. They were awfully good—all the fellows.

Of course, the Microbe must have his fling. 'Hear, hear,' he shouted. 'Put them on half-pay. The show won't be the same without old Pen and Bully. Can't we make them Treasurer, or Secretary, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, or something? Pen was the first one to give me a leg up when I joined, and what I learned from Pen, Bully rubbed in and took good care I didn't get too cocky.'

(*Continued on page* 250.)



"'I'm going to do something for the old headquarters.'"



"The Admiral was an imposing figure.'

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c.

(Continued from page 247.)

THE meeting was adjourned for dinner. When Treagus returned at two o'clock, he was waving a long official-looking envelope.

There was a queer expression on his face, as he exclaimed, 'Boys, here's a bit of a surprise for us—came by the eleven o'clock post.'

We gathered round whilst he deliberately drew out a paper, and read.

If Treagus's face wore a queer look, ours were simply idiotic.

When he began, our eyes opened wide; as he proceeded, our mouths followed suit; when he finished, we looked blankly at each other, and gave a snort of consternation.

'The Commander-in-Chief, Devonport, desires me to inform you that he will inspect the Polperro Coast Watchers at their Headquarters, Polperro, on Saturday, the twenty-eighth instant, at two p.m.'

What a time of excitement it was! Treagus sent round and mustered every member of the Patrol, and every tenderfoot. What a cleaning of buttons and badges! What a brushing of uniforms and darning of holes and cleaning of boots!

There was so little time for preparation, you see. It was past two o'clock on Friday when we received the order, and the Admiral was coming on Saturday.

How Treagus drilled us and tried to knock the tenderfeet into shape, sending half-a-dozen straightway to have their hair cut.

Some of them were positively awful about the boots, even Microbe, who ought to have known better, had left one hole in lacing each of his boots; in fact, Microbe was a fair disgrace, and had to be placed in the second rank. His clothes had shrunken owing to the wetting he got on the night of Tallerman's capture; he was minus his puttees—he was the only one of us who wore puttees—Treagus having borrowed them to make the line which he let down in Porson's Hole to haul up the rope, and there they had been left.

Then there was the poor old headquarters to tidy up. Fortunately, there had been no rain for two days, so we were able to remove all the pots and pans placed to catch the drippings from the roof. We made it all as shipshape as possible, and hoisted the Union Jack on our stump of a flagstaff.

After all this hustling round on the Friday, Treagus drilled us till dark, and then again on the Saturday morning.

When the fateful hour arrived, we were drawn up in two ranks in front of the headquarters, the flag flying, and outposts stationed.

Lawyer was posted on Chapel Rock to give the call on his bugle when the Admiral's boat appeared in sight, and again as it entered the harbour.

Of course, every one in Polperro had got wind of the expected visit, and when the motor-launch appeared, flying the White Ensign, there was quite a crowd on the quay, and from the foot of Chapel Steps as far round the harbour as the Fish Scales.

The men were making a day of it in their best shore-going clothes, and the women, though not in their best, for Saturday is a busy day, had tidied themselves and stood in groups at the doorways.

Our old friends, Captain Rogers and Mr. Libby, with the grocer who plays the organ in the church, were early on the spot, and had taken up the best positions.

Seafaring folk can generally make a fair show of bunting, even on the shortest notice, and our people are no exception. Flags and streamers hung out of the windows and on garden flagstaffs, every boat's mast had its streamer, and some of the larger boats a string of flags from stern to masthead, and from masthead to bows.

It was a gala day, and Polperro 'did itself well,' as Microbe expressed it.

The Admiral was an imposing figure in his smart uniform: the gold bands on his sleeves and oak-leaves on the peak of his cap were quite dazzling.

He was an elderly man, with a clean-shaven face, a firm mouth and kindly eyes, not tall, but straight in the back, and active for a man of his age.

He came down the steps from the quay and across the bit of rough ground on which the headquarters stands with a step as springy as that of the young lieutenant who accompanied him.

He returned our salute, spoke to Treagus, and ran his eye over us critically. I never in my life was so nervous. He fixed his gaze on my jersey, and I felt as if a gimlet was going in, and when his eye fell to my boots, I was sure the laces had come down.

I have outgrown my trousers a goodish bit, and I have large feet. I never before was so sensible of these defects.

The Admiral inquired for Richard Jolliffe, and Dicky stepped forward as bold as brass.

'So you are the young fellow who sent the information respecting the submarine?' said he.

'Yes, Sir,' replied Dicky.

'And unearthed the caves we hear so much of.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'How is it they have not been found before?'

'Can't say, Sir.'

'What has caused the opening of them?'

'Heavy rains, Sir.'

'There have been many seasons of heavy rains before this.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'If you had to explain it, what would you say?'

'I should say, Sir, that the landslide was the cause of it, by setting free a body of water sufficient to sweep away all the obstructions that blocked the passage to the caves.'

'Can you show me over these caves now?'

'Yes, Sir.'

It was wonderful to hear Dicky talking like a book, and not in the least nervous. When the Admiral put the last question, Dicky looked him up and down doubtfully for a moment, then added, 'It's rather messy, Sir.'

'It will not be the first time I have been in a messy place,' the Admiral replied.

'It's over one's ankles in water in one part, it's slimy at the sides, and water drops from the roof. I was thinking of your uniform, Sir.'

The Admiral smiled. 'Still, I'm going,' he said. 'What would you advise me to do?'

'Put on Sou'-wester, oil-skins, and top-boots,' said Dicky, promptly.

'Can you find them and bring them here in ten minutes?'

'Yes, Sir'—and Dicky departed on his errand.

(*Concluded on page* 263.)

SEALED ORDERS.

CAPTAIN James Armstrong walked along the Portsmouth Hard one morning in the year 1805 in a highly contented frame of mind. Things were going very well with him; he had been appointed to H.M.S. *Venturer*, a fine new frigate, and was to sail to-morrow against the French under the command of Nelson himself. That morning he had received his sealed orders for the voyage which were only to be opened when the Fleet was at sea, and he was now on his way to the 'George' Inn to see the Admiral and receive his final instructions.

As he walked along, thinking over these things and wondering at his good fortune, he put his hand in his pocket and found that the sealed orders were not there. He stopped suddenly. This was really serious; there were scores of French spies in Portsmouth and if one of them could see those orders there would probably be a great disaster to the country. However, Armstrong remembered locking them up very carefully in a chest as soon as he had received them and they were probably quite safe; besides, he had to see the Admiral at eleven o'clock and there was no time to go back to his inn and get the orders now. So he hurried along to the 'George' as quickly as he could.

When he got there he was shown into a room on the first floor, in which were two men. One of them was sitting at a table writing as though his life depended on his speed, while the other was looking out of the window. As Armstrong entered, this second man turned round and walked across the room. He was thin and looked very ill. His face was pale and drawn, he was blind in one eye, and had only one arm. Yet in that head was a brain, and in that frail body a heart, which had spread terror all over Europe. For this was Nelson, the man the French feared more than twenty hostile armies. Armstrong saluted, and the Admiral said—

'Ah, good morning, Captain Armstrong; is your ship ready for sea?'

'She will be ready by four o'clock this afternoon, my lord' replied Armstrong.

'Very good,' said Nelson; 'you have received your sealed orders?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Show them to me.'

Armstrong hesitated a moment, then he said: 'I have left them locked up at my inn.'

Nelson took two steps towards him, and said in a low voice of anger: 'Man, man! Do you know what you have done? Left them at your inn, and the town is simply crawling with Bonaparte's agents! Many men have been dismissed from the Service for less than that. It is your duty to defend those orders with your life. Go back to your inn and bring them to me at once—and consider yourself under arrest.'

Armstrong saluted, and rushed out of the room. He ran all the way back to his inn, his brain in a whirl. Only a quarter of an hour ago he had been thinking himself so lucky, and now he was, to all appearances, ruined. Arrived at the 'Pelican,' he dashed up the stairs three at a time and entered his own room. Standing in the doorway, he looked round the room. There was a man there, one of the inn servants, and on the table were the sealed orders, with the seal broken!

Armstrong flung his hat down and took out his pistol, saying to the man, 'What are you doing with those orders?'

The man answered: 'Sir, I found——'

Armstrong cut him short. 'You lie,' he said. 'You did not find them there. They were locked up in that chest and the lock has been forced. I am going to shoot you as a spy.'

'Don't shoot me, sir,' the man begged, 'let me speak first: I really did find——'

'There is no use in whimpering for mercy,' said Armstrong. 'Stand still.'

The man turned round, afraid to face the pistol, and Armstrong lifted his arm and aimed at a point between his shoulders. He was just on the point of pulling the trigger when he noticed a leg sticking out from under a curtain in the far corner of the room.

'What is that?' he asked.

'It's a man I killed, sir,' said the servant. 'I found him here, a-reading of your papers, and I hit him over the head with the poker. I think he's dead.'

Armstrong lowered the pistol, put the orders in his pocket, and, crossing the room, pulled the body out from behind the curtain. The man was evidently not dead; he still breathed. Obviously the blow from the poker had only stunned him. He was a big, dark man with a handsome face, dressed in ordinary civilian clothes. Armstrong searched his pockets, finding nothing but a battered note-book with many figures written in it. However, on the inside of the cover was a name: "J. D. Depres.' As he was reading this, the unconscious man stirred and murmured: 'Ah, Marie, Dieu te garde.'

'H'm!' said Armstrong, 'a Frenchman, and probably a spy.' Turning to the servant, he added,' Call a guard.

The servant went out, and presently returned with four soldiers and a sergeant.

Armstrong said to the sergeant, 'Take this man, and lock him up safely. He is probably a spy. I will report the affair to the Admiral.'

The sergeant, saluting, answered, 'Very good, sir,' and two of the soldiers carried the unconscious Frenchman out of the room, the sergeant following with the other soldiers.

Armstrong then turned to the servant and said, 'I owe you an apology, my man. I hope you will forgive me for suspecting you wrongly.'

'That's quite all right, sir,' answered the servant, 'the papers are quite safe with me; I can't read or write.'

'Well, you must come along with me to the Admiral and explain the matter,' said Armstrong.

So they went back to the 'George,' and presently were shown into the Admiral's room. Armstrong told his story and the servant told his, and Nelson considered the matter for a few minutes, then said to the servant, 'Well, my man, you can go. You have done a very plucky and useful action, and I will see that you are suitably rewarded.'

'Thank you, my lord,' said the servant, and went out bowing.

Then Nelson turned to Armstrong and said, 'This is rather awkward for you, Captain Armstrong. I shall

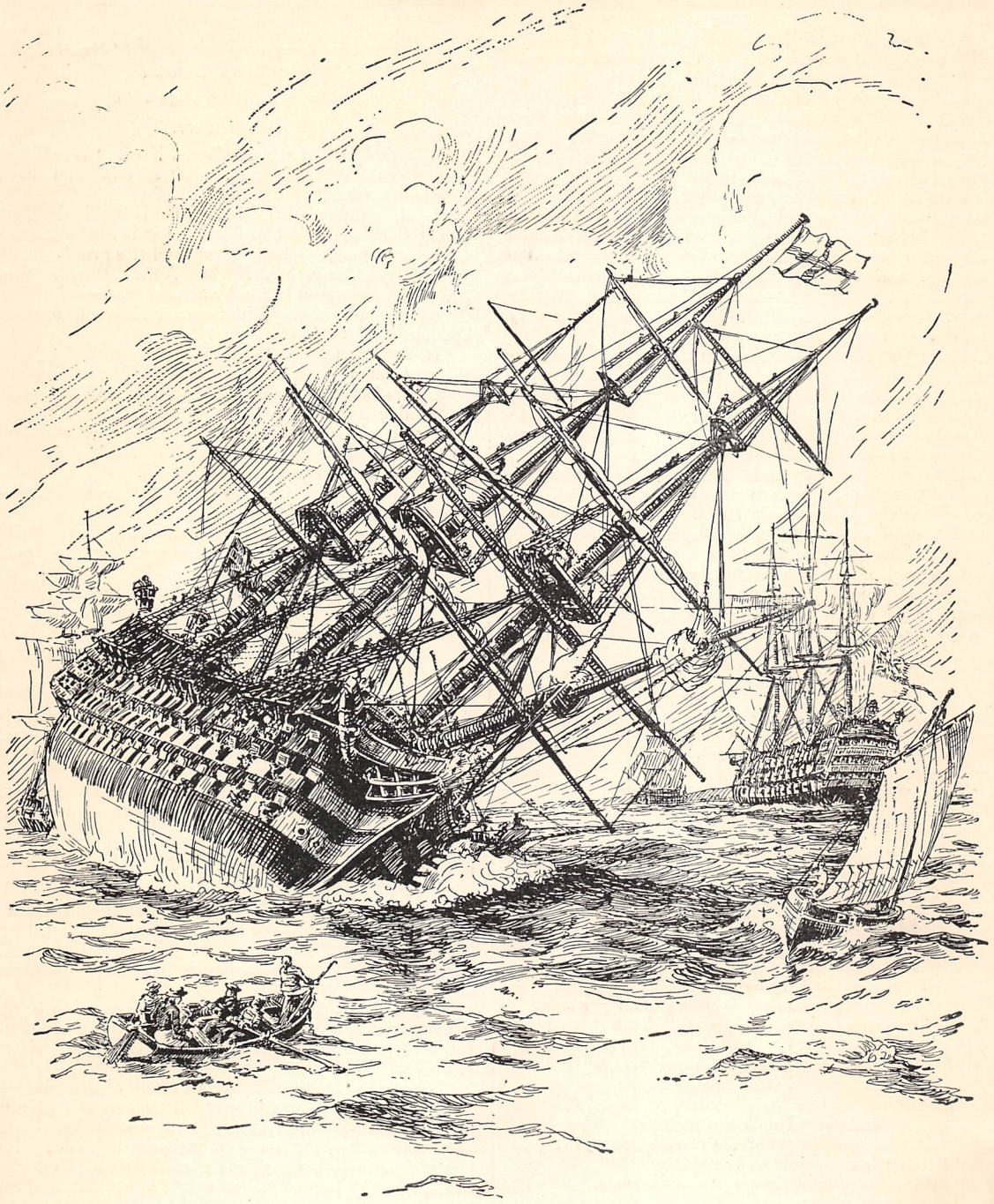
"He was just on the point of pulling the trigger."

have to report this to the Admiralty, and you will be deprived of your command. You realise this?'

'Yes, my lord,' said Armstrong.

Nelson walked up and down the room for a few minutes, then he said, 'Well, we sail to-morrow, and you have a good record; also, no harm has been done. On the whole, I think we will say no more about it.' Then, holding out his hand and smiling, he added, 'Good luck to you, Captain Armstrong.'

Armstrong grasped his hand and murmured his thanks. Then he left the room, vowing to follow Nelson to the death.



THE LOSS OF THE 'ROYAL GEORGE.'

THE *Royal George*—named after George III.—was built in 1755, and carried one hundred and eight guns. Her officers and crew numbered about nine hundred, and she was in turn the flagship of those illustrious Admirals, Anson, Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, Hawke, and Kempenfeldt.

Naval history tells of no more dramatic tragedy than the sinking of this ship on August 28th, 1782.

While anchored off Spithead for the purpose of taking in provisions, the ship's carpenter noticed that a new waterpipe was needed, and as the pipe was some distance below the water-line, the ship had to be heeled over one side to get at it. To do this, the guns were moved—those on the port side being run out as far as they would go, and those on the starboard side being drawn in and fastened amidships.

Although the ship now appeared to be at a somewhat dangerous angle, no trouble was anticipated, as only a slight breeze was blowing. According to the official account of what happened, however, the breeze became stronger, and water dashed into the ship through the portholes. A sudden gust caused her to heel further over, the water poured into her, and, falling completely over, she sank rapidly.

Many visitors were on board at the time of the accident, making a total of about twelve hundred persons, out of whom only about three were saved. Admiral Kempenfeldt, writing in his cabin, was among the lost.

A lighter with provisions, lashed to the *Royal George*, sank with her.

The vessel having sunk in rather shallow water, divers were sent down to remove all valuables, and many attempts were made to raise her. These being unsuccessful, and as she was a danger to other shipping, she was blown to pieces in 1840.

It is said, however, that the real reason for the disaster was neglect of proper repairs; the ship's timbers were utterly rotten, and she simply fell to pieces.

THE SENTINEL.

AMID the fields of yellow corn
A sentinel I stand;
At dusky eve, at dewy morn,
I view a golden land.

My face I turn, north, south, east, west,
To search for passers-by;
A breeze or boisterous gale my quest—
A windmill bo d am I!

A BOY'S NIGHT THOUGHT.

WHEN in the dark I lie in bed,
And draw the blankets round my head,
I first see faces, rainbow rings,
And stained-glass saints with gleaming wings;
Then brontosaurus beasts that shake
The shores of a forgotten lake,
And statues pale that melt and change
Into an ice-field wild and strange.

Then suddenly I undo a door
And step right out of the world once more;
Glad from myself to be set free,
And the stupid things that trouble me.
Through all the space where spins a star
I travel light and I journey far,
For a night, or a thousand years, maybe.
I cannot remember who I see,
What I do in the dark I can never tell,
But I'm back in bed by the breakfast-bell,
Hearing the sparrows chirping in the eaves
And the dull raindrops drumming on the leaves.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 242.)

CHAPTER XV.

'OH, it's Uncle Opportune,' cried Nora. 'What luck,' breathed Humphrey, and Martin and Janet echoed his words.

'Well, in difficulties again? Who is it this time, and David Chalmers, what *are* you doing here?' exclaimed Uncle Opportune, as he reached the little group.

'Tell you later, Mr. Norbury,' said David. 'But Billy, here, has been bitten by a snake, and——'

'It was an adder. I just saw it slide off into the heather,' explained Humphrey.

'It felt awfully funny, just for the moment,' said Billy. 'Like a big wasp,' he added, as Uncle Opportune swung his haversack from his shoulders, and bent down to examine the wound.

'I'm an awful mug, but I can't remember what you do for snake-bites,' put in Humphrey, as he watched Uncle Opportune squeezing the wound.

The naturalist grinned cheerfully. 'No need to get into a panic about it,' he said. 'But I will show you, so that you will know another time. Lie down, Billy. This place is safe now. Snakes won't venture here, with all of us ready to greet them.'

'I hadn't thought of snakes,' said Billy, lying outstretched on the short grass, and watching Uncle Opportune, as he searched in his haversack. There came to light, in a second or two, a small spirit lamp, a bottle of spirit, and a tiny kettle.

'Here, Martin, fill this with water. There is a stream not a couple of dozen yards away. Then Humphrey can light the lamp, and boil me some water. Now, Billy, I will squeeze it a little more, and then suck it, to get out any poison that there may be there.'

Uncle Opportune worked as he talked, first squeezing the wound well to make it bleed, and then sucking it to draw out the poison.

'Oh, Uncle, you will be poisoned yourself,' cried Nora, in great distress.

'Oh, no, I shall not. I have no sores in my mouth, and if you take care to spit out the saliva, no harm comes of sucking wounds,' was the reply. Then Uncle Opportune got to his feet. 'See here, Humphrey,' he said, 'have you got a large handkerchief on you? I want to make a tourniquet.'

As it happened, David's handkerchief proved to be the largest as well as the cleanest. It was handed to Uncle Opportune, who twisted it tightly round Billy's leg, above the bite.

'This should be done first of all usually,' he explained. 'In this case the bite was only a little one, and I really do not think that there is any poison left in the wound. The idea of putting on a tourniquet is to keep the poison from entering the general circulation. You shut the door on it, as you might say. After that is done, you can treat the wound.'

As he spoke, Uncle Opportune twisted the handkerchief tighter with a stick tied in the knot, and then kept it in place by slipping one end of the stick under the handkerchief as it was wound round the leg.

'Now, you see,' he said, 'this is a lesson in First Aid, and Billy is the lay figure in my demonstration. Is the hot water ready?'

'It is singing,' said Janet.

'That will do. Another handkerchief please!' Uncle Opportune looked round the group, and accepted Tickato's.

'Now I will not put it on too hot,' he said, dabbing the bite with the handkerchief wet with water from the kettle.

It was rather a painful process, but Billy closed his lips tightly and said nothing. He had been awfully frightened at first, but since Uncle Opportune had arrived on the scene, his fears had all vanished, and he felt rather pleased, than otherwise, at his accident.

'I know just what it feels like, now,' he said. 'I have never had a snake-bite before.'

'If you would very much like another, I expect we can arrange for it,' said Uncle Opportune, fishing a little bottle and some cotton wool out of a case which he produced from one of his pockets; but at this suggestion Billy shook his head.

'Oh, no, thanks,' he said quickly. 'Only it is nice to know just what things are like, you see.'

'I don't think I share your thirst for inside information,' said the naturalist with a laugh, and then he poured a few drops of liquid from his little bottle on to a pad of cotton wool.

'I am not going to tell you this won't hurt, because it will sting like blazes,' he went on placing the wool on the bite, and binding it into position with a piece of bandaging that also came from the case.

Billy opened his mouth to say something, and shut it again, whilst indulging in a fearsome grimace.

'Poor Billy. Is it very bad?' asked Tickato in a sympathetic tone.

'You are a sport, old chap,' said Uncle Opportune, as Billy nodded his head in reply to Tickato's question. 'That is silver nitrate, just to cauterise it. It will hurt for a bit, but it is the last thing I'm going to do to you. Now, what's the programme, and where is your explanation of your presence here, David?'

The children and Uncle Opportune all sat down in a circle about Billy, and told of their adventures since they had parted from him, almost a week ago.

Uncle Opportune said nothing to interrupt them, till the story was finished

'I think we may as well eat the lunch you brought now,' he said at last, when the story was ended. 'There is no sense in going any farther. Billy won't want to walk far That tourniquet can come off now, and we will give him a lift back to your camp when the time comes. But lunch first. I am hungry, so I hope the supplies are ample.'

Janet and Nora spread out a tempting meal, while the boys filled the little kettle again, and put it to boil.

'Though we have cocoa in a thermos,' said Nora.

'So much the better. But I will make a cup of tea. I have a cup, and some tea, sugar and milk in my haversack,' said Uncle Opportune. 'You will want all your cocoa yourselves.'

The tourniquet was taken off Billy's leg, and he sat up and ate a good meal with the rest.

Uncle Opportune did not allude to the story that he had heard till lunch was over. Then he said, 'Lucky thing for you, David, that the gang were surprised when they were kidnapping you. It's been kept very quiet, for there has been nothing about it in the papers'

'Do you think Sanderson's going off like that had something to do with it, and do you think those sham policemen were members of the gang?' asked Martin.

'And do you think it was really lace in that package?' added Billy.

Uncle Opportune took another egg sandwich and almost finished eating it before he answered these questions. Then he said, thoughtfully, 'They may be some of the gang, of course. I don't know about that parcel containing lace. I have another idea in my head about what was inside it. But at present I can't tell you anything.'

'Oh, you do sound exciting!' cried Tickato, and then she begged Uncle Opportune to explain what he meant, but he would not do this.

'It is nothing very interesting or pleasant,' he said. 'What are you going to do, David?' he went on, turning to the American boy.

'I? Oh, I am staying here with this outfit for a week or so—till they go home,' was the answer. 'Then, you know, I am due to stay with Uncle Francis. I think he will be back early in September, and I'm to go to Shenstone Hall till term begins.'

'Shenstone Hall? Uncle Francis? Do you mean our Uncle Francis?' cried Tickato, and Billy added, 'Do you really mean our Uncle Francis, David?'

'I don't know anything about your Uncle Francis. I was talking about Mr. Francis Murray of Shenstone Hall,' said David.

'Well, he *is* our Uncle Francis,' cried Tickato. 'We were to go to stay with him, you know, only we got out of the train. And then Uncle Opportune said he was in America, and so we stayed here.'

'He is Father's uncle, really,' put in Billy.

'Well, he is not really my uncle—only my guardian. He and my pater were life-long friends, and he was appointed my guardian till I come of age. That is why he has been in America. He had to go on business. Something about my dollars,' said David. 'But how queer!'

'Yes, isn't it? We are cousins, if he is your uncle,' said Tickato. 'What a lot of cousins—Humphrey, Martin, Janet, Nora, and we three.'

'Are you real cousins?' asked David, looking from the Warreners to the twins.

'Caravan cousins—that's all; but I rather wonder, because we are both named Humphrey, and we both spell it with an "e," and that's not the usual way,' said Humphrey, who had been thinking this out at odd moments.

He knew that his father had had a sister, once, living in India, but somehow they never spoke of her. He began to wonder, now, why this was. How strange if it should turn out that his father, and the Murrays' mother, were brother and sister!

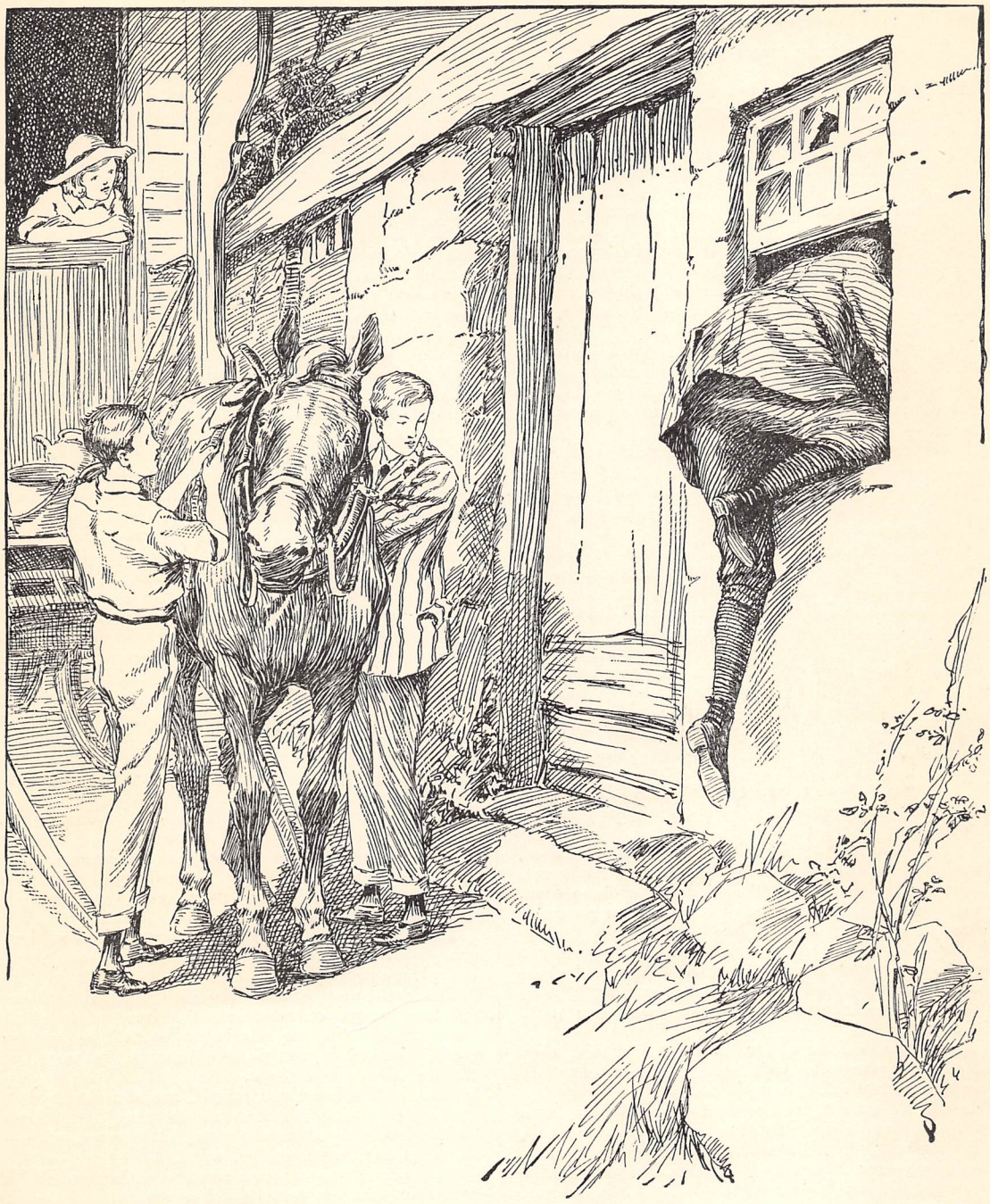
Uncle Opportune broke in on these reflections by saying briskly, 'As I am Uncle Opportune to all of you except David, I think he had better adopt me, too.'

'Rather! That's a sound proposition, Uncle,' replied David, promptly.

'Then, if I am Uncle to all of you, you must all be cousins,' said Uncle Opportune. 'That's rather like an axiom in Euclid—beastly things I had to learn when I was a nipper—about the whole being greater than its part, and equal to the sum of all its parts.'

(*Continued on page* 258.)

"It was rather a painful process."



"It was large enough for him to climb through."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 255.)

THEY sat talking for a little longer, and then went back to the camp, Billy being carried by Humphrey and Uncle Opportune in turn, out of consideration for his leg. The rest of the day was spent at the camping-ground, and at night Uncle Opportune bade them good-bye.

'We are moving on to-morrow, or the next day,' said Humphrey.

'Make it Wednesday. Then, if you pitch your tent anywhere near to Westbourne, I will look you up. I shall be in that direction by then,' said the naturalist, and the children promised to encamp on the moor, just outside the village of Westbourne.

The next day they stayed close to the camping-ground, for Billy was rather lame, and no one felt much inclined to go far. It was not very fine, either, and part of the day they had to spend inside the caravan, on account of showers.

However, Wednesday morning dawned bright and warm.

'This is better. Camping needs fine weather. It's no fun when it rains cats and dogs,' said Martin, as he and David took down their tent.

It was rather crowded in these days, with four inmates, but they were none of them inclined to grumble about this.

Both David and Billy were welcome additions to the party, and Tickato was fast becoming more manageable, Janet said.

'She has only been spoiled. She is quite nice underneath,' she remarked to Nora that morning, as they watched Tickato help the boys with washing up the breakfast things. She had grown quite handy, and took her share in the work of the camp without complaining.

'We ought to have a spring clean, I think,' said Nora, looking round the caravan, where nothing really seemed out of place.

It all looked quite spick and span, and Janet said so. 'We don't want to be too fussy,' she said. 'We turned out only last week. It can't want doing again so soon. Besides, we are off to-day, and it is quite a long way, so we ought to start soon.'

'We are going now,' said Tickato, dancing up the steps and into the caravan, just as Janet said these words. 'Won't it be jolly to be on the moors?'

'Yes, and we are quite close to the sea, in one part,' said Nora.

The party set off early, for, as Janet had said, they had a long journey to make, and Slowsure certainly deserved the first syllable of his name.

Mascot did not ride, and neither did the older boys, but the girls and Billy sat inside the caravan and felt, as Tickato said, 'just like a picture of gipsies.'

As they passed Mrs. James's cottage, they stopped to say good-bye to the kind woman who had been so good to Tickato.

'But we will all come over and see you, when we get home,' they promised her.

'Mind you don't get lost again,' was the reply, and then the caravan rumbled off.

'Mrs. James always thinks we shall get lost,' remarked Tickato, settling down into her corner with a sigh of content. 'Just as if we should, though!'

But, strangely enough, they did get lost that very afternoon. They had reached the moors, that stretched for some miles to the sea-coast, and in crossing these Humphrey must have taken the wrong road.

A moor is something like a desert, in that landmarks are few and far between.

'I say, I really don't think we are right. This road is scarcely tracked,' he said, stopping the caravan at last, and holding a council with the rest.

'I wonder where we are?' said Nora.

'We are not near Westbourne—of that I'm certain,' said Humphrey, scanning the horizon in every direction. As far as eye could see there was nothing but the open moorland, rising and dipping slightly here and there, but without a sign of a dwelling, and with only a few stunted trees dotted about to relieve the monotony.

'And look, it is getting as dark as dark. There is going to be a storm,' said Janet anxiously.

A storm, and a bad one, was certainly coming up. Distant thunder could be heard already.

Humphrey turned to David. 'Which way do you think we had better go?' he asked.

'To the east, I should say. See, there is a dip in the ground there, and we might get a little shelter. As for a road—that does not matter much, does it?'

'No; come on, then. Perhaps we shall find shelter over there. We'll hope so, anyhow,' said Humphrey, and the horse was turned in the direction pointed out by David, and off they went again, the thunder getting nearer and the sky blacker every moment.

There was a hollow, as David had thought. In this, nestling under a few trees, there stood a little stone cottage, deserted and forlorn. The children hailed it with joy, however.

'Because, see, there is a shed at the back that we can put Slowsure into, and we can get inside the cottage itself. It will be better than being in the caravan if there is a deluge,' said Janet, hurrying the others towards this shelter.

The caravan was stopped close to the door of the cottage, which David ran at once to try.

'It is locked, but the window may do,' he said.

'The glass is broken. Can you put your hand in and unfasten it?' called out Martin, who was helping to unharness Slowsure.

David soon got the window open. It was large enough for him to climb through, and very soon he had the cottage door open.

The horse was put into the shed with his nosebag, and the children crowded into the front room of the little cottage just as rain began to fall in torrents, whilst the lightning zig-zagged across the moor, and thunder crackled overhead.

'Oh! isn't it dreadful?' cried Nora, shuddering.

'Never mind. We are safe in here,' said Janet, looking curiously about the dingy little room, with its stone floor and whitewashed walls.

Suddenly Tickato uttered an exclamation, and dashed away into the next room, which opened out of the one in which the children were sheltering. In a moment she was back again, with something held in her hands.

Mascot was the first to recognise her find. He sprang at it with barks of delight.

'Why, it is that package again!' cried Humphrey.

'My treasure,' said Tickato in a pleased tone. 'How nice to have found it! I saw it in that last flash of lightning. It was in a corner of the next room. Shall we open it now?'

CHAPTER XVI.

TICKATO'S face was wreathed in smiles, as she showed her find to the rest of the party.

'Down, Mascot, old fellow! If it is fish, you shall have some, but I don't think it is,' said Humphrey, taking the package from the little girl, and turning it over. Then he looked thoughtful, holding it in his hands, as if trying to guess its weight.

'Oh, *do* let's open it!' pleaded Tickato.

'Yes, I'm longing to see what's inside,' put in Nora.

'Trust girls to be inquisitive,' said Martin, but Janet snubbed him at once by telling him that he was quite as eager to open it as they were.

Martin was nothing if not honest. 'You are right, as usual, Janet,' he agreed. 'I don't see what you are waiting for, Humph.'

Humphrey handed the package back to Tickato. 'I was only thinking,' he said.

'Don't make a practice of that,' advised David. 'It is usually a waste of time. Here, Tickato, want a knife to cut it undone?' He handed her his pocket-knife, a smart affair of mother-o'-pearl and silver on which were his initials.

Tickato looked at it admiringly. 'What a lovely knife,' she said.

'Well, it's rather too lovely for my taste, but it was a present from my mater, so I like to carry it about. The blade's sharp, and that's the important thing,' said the American boy, adding a warning as to the danger of cutting herself instead of the string, which Tickato thought unnecessary.

'I'm not a baby,' she said, and slit away at the twine that was wound round the oilskin. This off, there came the business of cutting through the stitches, for the package was sewn as well as tied up.

'I say, do make haste,' urged Martin impatiently. Tickato as finder of the package had to undo it, but she was far too slow for his taste.

(*Continued on page* 266.)

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

IX.—IN JAPAN AND THE EAST.

UNTIL well on in the last century there had never been so much as a suggestion of police protection for the masses in Japan. Each individual was presumed to be ready at all times to defend himself, and the method of self-defence eventually became a badge of class distinction. Whereas the humble coolie carried a short sword with him wherever he went, the gentry, or *Samurai*, were 'two-sword men.' Thrust through the belt of his kimono was the short weapon, whilst the long sword, in a glittering sheath, dangled at his side. These swords were generally heirlooms, of great value, often hundreds of years old. The hilt decorated with jewels and with carving and chasing of the most exquisite workmanship, the family sword is treasured beyond all else.

With the passing of feudal days, caste lines were gradually broken down, and the custom of wearing arms at all times, being discouraged by the Emperor, eventually fell into disuse.

Japan is a most wonderful country. Eastern in art, craft, and scenery, this island empire has, in a comparatively short space of time, established public services founded on the older European systems, and has profited by being able to draw from the experience of these more advanced nations. The authorities decided that, with railways and other modern improvements, Japan should possess a police force; therefore commissioners were sent to a number of countries to study the methods employed, giving special attention to the police regulations and by-laws in the great cities. The Japanese are most adaptable and excellent organizers; so, selecting the good points from various European police systems, they applied them, with improved methods, to the needs of their own country. Very wisely, the police service was made non-partisan—that is, removed as far as possible from the domination of political influence and 'party machines,' an influence that has been the ruin of more than one police force, and that inevitably leads to corruption and favouritism. Government schools were established for all departments of official affairs, including the police, for which force there was no lack of willing recruits, mostly of the Samurai class, the 'two-sword men.' As they had always been well trained in the use of arms, their applications for service in the new force took precedence of all others, and soon some three thousand started on a course of study that was remarkable for its thoroughness. Great attention was paid to physical development and every muscle trained to its fullest use, as is the case with the Japanese system of physical development, which is probably the finest and most scientific in the world, producing men capable of wonderful endurance. Another exercise that is most popular amongst the men is fencing. Loving the sword as they do, they enter into their work with the greatest enthusiasm and pleasure.

All volunteers for the police force have to pass a rigid examination as to character and general intelligence before being sent to the Government school. When the training is complete a uniform is supplied, and the new policeman enters upon his duties at a salary that would cause a London policeman to turn up his nose in disgust.

The system for patrolling a town was as follows: Small one-room houses were erected, to serve as police-centres for each district, in charge of four men, who were on duty for twenty-four hours. Whilst one was on patrol the other stood on guard; so that two out of the four were always resting, and every alternate day the constable would be off duty for the whole twenty-four hours.

The Japanese police force is excellent in every way, and controls freight and jinrickshaw traffic and street-car traffic, the life-saving service, supervises sanitary matters, and undertakes numerous other duties not usually allotted to the police to carry out.

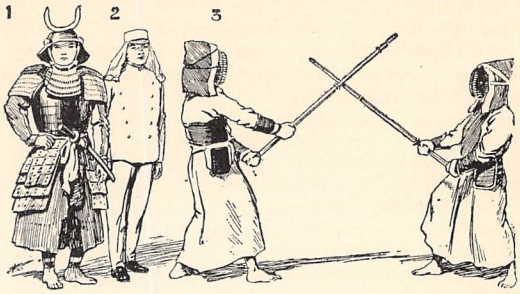
The constables are quiet and polite, and look quite smart, particularly in their white summer uniforms, which look cool and comfortable in the sun-bathed, dusty streets.

The police of India are trained in drill and the use of fire-arms, and are therefore almost a military force. They possess considerably greater powers than those granted to our own police, having the legal right to

compel the attendance of witnesses and to question them. The matter of obtaining witnesses is even more difficult than in most countries, for few will dare to testify against a local big-wig, or some one holding an important position, and those that are forced to give evidence are only too often anxious to avoid giving offence to dare speak the truth.

Except that they sometimes have to deal with bands of armed thieves, known as *Dacoits*, or violent outbreaks started by religious fanatics or parties, when the members of one religion will suddenly make an attack on those of another, and beat, rob, and even murder, the duties of the Indian police are those of a civilian force, the task of dealing with a serious outbreak or rebellion being usually left to regular troops, both native and British. The population of India consisting of very many different peoples, tribes and castes, and, above all, of various religions, violent collisions are of frequent occurrence, particularly at times of religious feasts and processions, when the police have to exercise great tact and self-control.

The force is composed of natives, nearly all the



1. Samurai in ancient dress. 2. Japanese Police in summer dress. 3. Practising fencing.

SOME EASTERN POLICEMEN.

1. Malay. 2. Fiji. 3. Madras. 4. Sikh. 5. Dyak (Borneo). 6. A Cypriote Zaptieh.

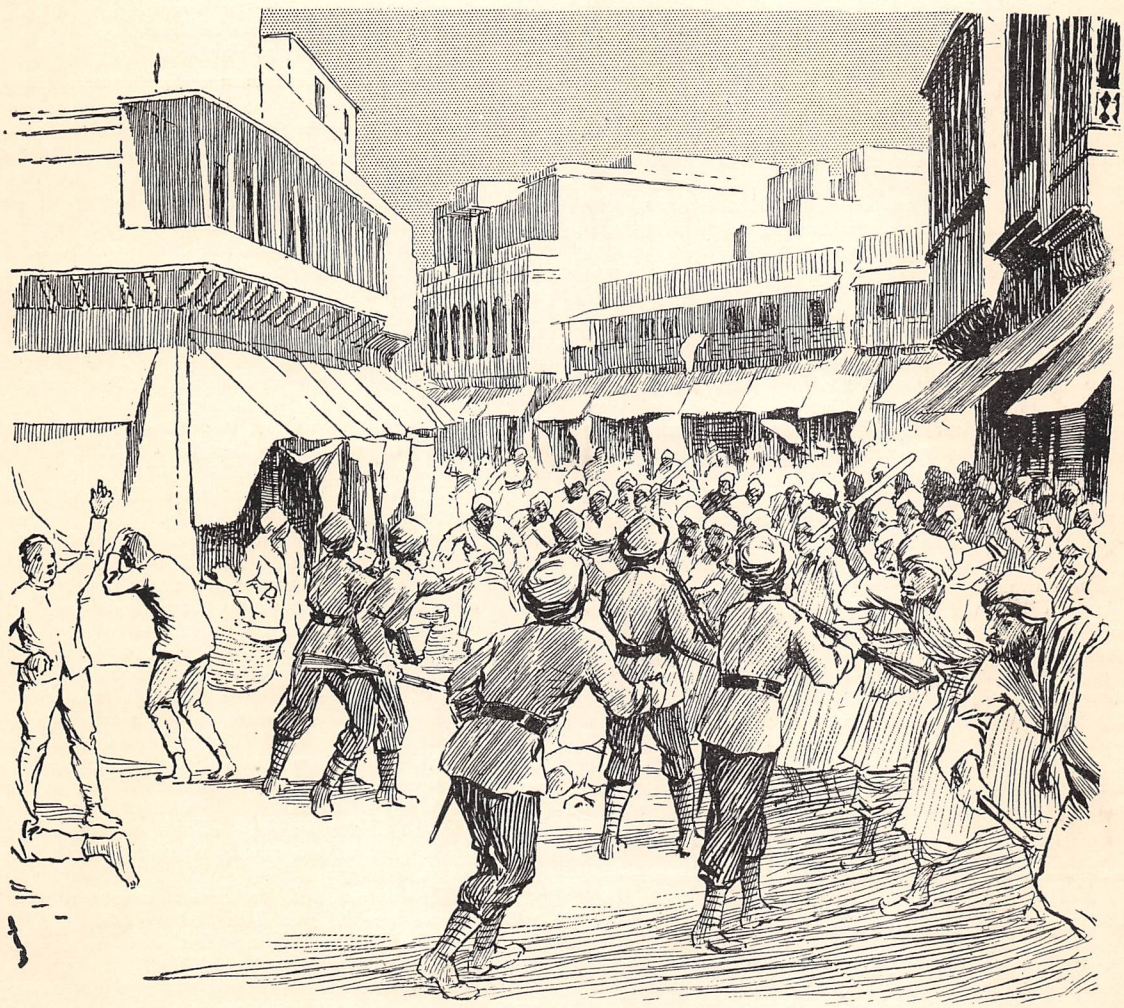
superior officers being European, largely men who have had some military experience; though in some of the large towns, such as Calcutta, there is, besides the native police, a small force of Europeans, that makes up for its lack of numbers by having none but picked men amongst its members. In a large seaport, such as Calcutta, the police have plenty to do, for the sailor ashore is usually a lively person, and has a habit of getting himself into trouble, when, with his pay in his pocket, he sallies forth on amusement bent.

The police forces of British India are divided into police districts, the system differing slightly in the various presidencies.

The *Sikhs*, who are a very fine Indian race, supply a large proportion of the recruits for the Straits Settlements police, besides making excellent policemen in their own country and in some parts of Africa. They are big, soldierly-looking men, with curled beards, and wear large turbans. Besides the Sikhs, native Malays are also used as constables. Both wear a short sword and are trained in the use of fire-arms.

A very quaint uniform is to be seen in the Fiji Islands, where an armed native constabulary maintain order. Black tunic and facings and a scolloped kilt of white linen make a most noticeable figure, particularly when the wearer, as our illustration shows, wears his hair sticking out in all directions, rather like a golliwog. A policeman such as this, if put on patrol in London town, would certainly cause some sensation, and have to say 'Pass along, please,' pretty frequently. Their work in their lovely and peaceful island is not very strenuous, and there must be worse things than being a policeman in far-away Fiji.

Part of the large island of Borneo is governed by the British, who have succeeded in inducing the head-hunting Dyaks to amend their ways and behave peace-



"Violent collisions are of frequent occurrence."

fully. Though they now rarely go on the war-path, looking for some one to kill, in order to preserve their victims' heads, they still require to feel, on occasion, the strong arm of the law as represented by a police force. This is provided by the natives themselves in the form of an armed constabulary, under British officers, who have trained quite an efficient little force, that has more than once dealt with local difficulties with success.

In the Dominion of South Africa is a large force of mounted police. Until the Dominion was formed, the various states had their own forces, largely composed of men from the Old Country, excellent forces that had many a fight with the turbulent and warlike natives before they settled down to live peacefully under British rule.

In far-away Australia the mounted police have, in the past, had exciting times running down bushrangers, outlaws similar to those in the Western States of America—fearless and utterly reckless men, that would hold up coaches, rob banks or mines, even set fire to farmhouses. Some of them managed to evade capture for years, only at last to be captured, or die a lonely death in the bush.

In the Eastern Mediterranean is a sunny isle—Cyprus, an island old in history, having been free, then brought under the domination of Egyptians, Persians, Romans, Venetians, and Turks. Finally, in 1878, it was ceded to Great Britain, and has remained a British dependency ever since. Here, Christians and Moslems living side by side, disturbances were frequent, for the Cypriotes, Turks, and Greeks were never backward in finding some cause for quarrelling.

Under British administration, the islanders are kept in order by a force of police, the *Zaptiehs*, numbering between six and seven hundred. In their simple dark-blue uniform, similar to that of our own police, a red fez instead of a helmet, and a red sash, they look very smart, and, under English officers, carry out their duties very satisfactorily.

Though this picturesque island is usually peaceful, occasionally the men in uniform, the majority of whom are Mohammedans, have to prevent the religious factions from falling foul of each other.

Nearer home, we find a very fine force of military police, the Royal Irish Constabulary. They are quarterd all over Ireland in barracks, and have often had a far more exciting and dangerous life than the police in most European countries; for they have, at times, had to contend with well-armed adversaries that aimed at cutting up small detachments of police, with little danger to themselves, and attacked only when in overwhelming numbers, or when, under cover of a dark night, they could effect a surprise. Under the new Irish Government this force has been disbanded, to make way for some similar organization.

W. Herbert Holloway.

TREASURE TROVE.

MEN dug in Woolwich one day
(Romance lent a hand to the spade).
Deep in the mire and the clay,
Centuries sunk, so they say,
The hulk of a ship was displayed.

Ribs of a giant spread vast,
Stone cannon-shot heaped the hold,
Fathoms twain girdled her mast—
Ship royal, that once dared the blast,
Manned by her sea-dogs of old.

'What of thy great days, dark wreck?
Left you this land on the lee,
Henry the Bluff on your deck,
Wolsey behind at his beck,
Planning our navy to be?

'Swung you forth fierce o'er the main,
Leading the van of our ships,
Sails taut and standard astrain,
Plucking the plumage of Spain,
Till the Armada's eclipse?'

Lift the good ship from her grave,
Wind and sun greeting once more.
Lay her in sound of the wave,
Link with the bygone, and brave,
Wooden wall once of our shore!

LIBERALITY.

THREE men were disputing, long ago in Arabia, as to who was the most generous person among the Arabs. One gave the preference to his friend Abdallah, the son of Jaafar, the uncle of Mohammed; another to Kais Ebn Saad Ebn Obadah; the third to Arabah, of the tribe of Aws. After much debate, one who was present, to end the dispute, proposed that each of them should go to his friend and ask his assistance, that they might see what every one gave, and form a judgment accordingly.

This was agreed to; and Abdallah's friend, going to him, found him with his foot in the stirrup, just mounting his camel for a journey, and thus accosted him: 'Son of the uncle of the apostle of God, I am travelling and in necessity.'

Upon this Abdallah alighted, and bade him take the camel with all that was upon her; but asked him not to part with a sword which happened to be fixed to the saddle, because it had belonged to Ali, the son of Abutaleb. So he took the camel, and found on her some robes of silk, and four thousand pieces of gold; but the thing of greatest value was the sword.

The second went to Kais Ebn Saad, whose servant told him that his master was asleep, and desired to know his business. The friend answered that he came to ask Kais's assistance, being in want on the road. Whereupon the servant said that he had rather help him than wake his master, and gave him a purse of seven thousand pieces of gold, assuring him that it was all the money then in the house. He also directed him to go to those who had the charge of the camels, with a certain token, and take a camel and a slave, and return home with them.

When Kais awoke, and his servant informed him of what he had done, he gave him his freedom, and asked him why he did not call him; 'for,' said he, 'I would have given him more.'

The third man went to Arabah, and met him coming out of his house, in order to go to prayers, leaning on two slaves, because his eye-sight failed him. The friend no sooner made known his case than Arabah let go the

slaves, and clapping his hands together, loudly lamented his misfortune in having no money, but desired him to take the two slaves, which the man refused to do, till Arabah protested that if he would not accept of them, he gave them their liberty; and leaving the slaves, groped his way along by the wall.

On the return of the adventurers, judgment was unanimously, and with great justness, given by all who were present, that Arabah was the most generous of the three.

THE COAST-WATCHERS.

By William Rainey,

Author of 'The Lost Reynolds,' &c., &c.

(Concluded from page 251.)

THE Admiral turned to Treagus, saying, 'He's a sharp young fellow—make a good Naval officer.'

'Yes, Sir,' replied Treagus; 'that is his great ambition. His father wished to send him to Osborne, but was unable. He is now at the front.'

'Um! You are the son of Dr. Treagus, I suppose—well, be as good as your father and you'll do. That's a Penwarden, is it?' and that's a Watson—both good names.' Pointing to the Microbe, he said, 'I know that young monkey; he's a Trevelyan.'

The names of half the Patrol seemed to be familiar to him. 'What a brain he must have,' I said to myself, 'with all he has on his shoulders, to know something about us boys in Polperro.' I was wondering whether Dicky would be able to get the overalls and boots, when, lo and behold! he was back again with oil-skins over his arm and a pair of fisherman's top-boots.

'Now, bring them along and show me the way,' said the Admiral, adding, as he looked at his watch, 'How long will it take?'

'Three-quarters of an hour, if we lose no time,' replied Dicky.

'I shall resume this inspection in three-quarters of an hour's time, Mr. Treagus.'

The Admiral marched off attended by Dicky, leaving us in a state of amazement.

Treagus gave the order: 'Stand at ease—Fall out.'

Quite a little crowd had gathered at a respectful distance, and a line of people watched from the Quay. The sun had come out brightly, and altogether it was a wonderful day. I had not got Dicky's coolness—I was bewildered. How the Admiral knew our names was beyond me. 'What a head-piece he has got,' I said to Treagus, when we had fallen out and were standing in groups. Treagus smiled as if he had got something up his sleeve, or as if he were in the know. 'Fact,' he replied. 'He's that sort of man who gets things done.'

In three-quarters of an hour—neither more nor less—the Admiral returned, looking as spick and span as if he had but gone from one room to another. Dicky, walking beside him just one step in the rear, had a satisfied twist of his tight lips and a slight twinkle in his eyes, which seemed to say, 'I'm all right—I'm not the one to miss a chance.' He fell into his place in the ranks as though nothing had happened.

The Admiral, it appeared, had a few words to say to us. With an occasional tap on the ground with his walking-stick by way of emphasis, he said:

'Boys, I am a busy man, and getting an old one. Old men, however busy, must have a holiday sometimes; so the other day I said to myself, "I'll run over to Polperro and have a look at those boys—they've done remarkably well in that submarine affair." Why should I come to little Polperro above all other places, when there is so much to be done, you may be asking? Well, that's a bit of a secret—but I'll tell you presently. Now, I'm not going to make a speech—speech-making is not in my line—but I will say this: the Polperro Coast-watchers have done well—no, I won't say you have done well—I will say you have begun well. You are young—you have life before you, and these stirring times cry out for strong men and true. England is still threatened by a powerful and merciless enemy. The British Empire is in the balance—nay, each one of us—you and I—is in the balance. God grant that we are not found wanting.

'Keep yourselves fit—fit in body, fit in mind, fit in character, fit to hold the places in the world that your fathers have won. You must learn discipline—must learn to obey those placed over you. Every one, whatever his rank, has some one over him. If each one pleased himself—did according to his own will, without regard to others, we should be no better than a cage of wild beasts. Obey those who are over you, and be just to those who are under you. Obey those who are over you willingly, cheerfully—not sneaking out of things when their backs are turned—cheerfully and smartly—not sullenly, with a hang-dog manner like a gaol-bird or a slave—knowing that we are all pulling in the same boat whether we are captains or cabin-boys.

'You are wondering why I should come to Polperro, above all places. Well, I will tell you. I am a Polperro boy myself—now the secret is out. But I am not going to tell you anything more about myself except this little story, which I shall cut short and mention no names.

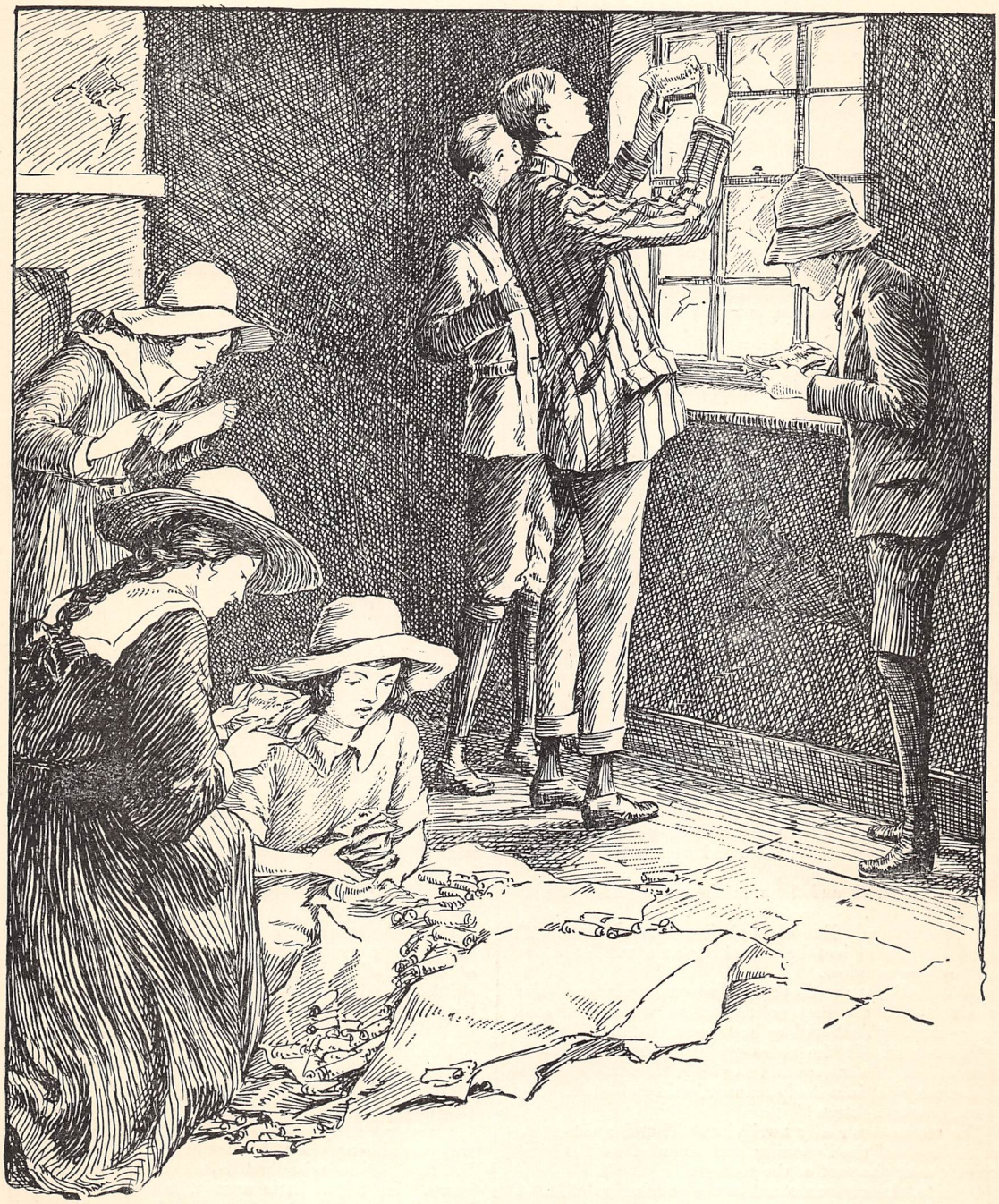
'Somewhere between forty and fifty years ago there was a gentleman residing in these parts—an influential man, a wise man, a good man. When I think of him, I salute him. Among his many good deeds was this: he picked out three of the most promising boys in this little fishing village, he put them in the way of receiving a good education, and started them in the Royal Navy. Two did well, one did badly. One rose to high rank in the British Navy, and was from thence appointed, under the Turkish Government, to reconstruct the Turkish Navy, which had fallen into a bad way. This, of course, was in the old days, long before the present Turkish Government committed the folly of throwing itself into the arms of our enemies. He was made Admiral and a Pasha. The second turned out badly, he threw away all his chances—a grumbler—slipshod—took to drink—in fact he was a regular rotter. The last I heard of him was as a skipper of a small collier, and doing badly at that. The third, though he had not so much brains as the other two, was no fool. After many ups-and-downs and a deal of hard work he rose to the rank of Admiral in the British Navy, and still occupies that position; and I dare say you have guessed that I am that third man. You see, my lads, there's a chance for each and a chance for all. Let every one do his duty and make the most of what God has put in him.

'So without more words, I'll call for a rousing cheer for the King—Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!'

W. Rainey.

THE END

"'The Polperro coast-watchers have done well.'"



"'Are they stolen, do you think?' asked Janet.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 259.)

At last all the stitches had been cut through, and the oilskin wrappings began to fall apart.

The children held their breath, and peeped over one another's shoulders.

Janet helped to pull aside the wrappings.

Was it lace?

'Is there much more paper?' asked Martin in an exasperated tone, as sheet after sheet of paper was removed, and nothing but more paper met their eager gaze.

'Have patience, my son,' advised Humphrey, and dodged the blow that the enraged Martin aimed at him.

'Here we are!' exclaimed David, as his quick eyes caught sight of something different.

'But it's paper!' cried Tickato in a disappointed tone.

The two older boys were already holding up one of the rolls of paper that had escaped from the wrappings.

'Notes — Treasury notes for one pound,' said Humphrey.

Tickato was sitting on the stone floor, undoing her parcel, and now little rolls of notes lay all around her.

The others seized these and examined them, talking rapidly the while, and all talking together. In the babel of sound they did not notice the thunder crashing overhead.

'There are simply no end of notes,' said Martin. 'Where can they have come from?'

'Are they stolen, do you think?' asked Janet.

David and Humphrey were each holding one of the notes up to what little light there was to examine it more closely.

At last David said, turning to Humphrey, 'What do you say? Are they faked?'

'I think so, but I don't know why I should. They look all right to me, but if they are all right, how do they come to be here, and such a lot of them, too?'

'And Tickato found them in the wood, first of all,' reminded Janet.

'Funny place. But what shall we do with them?' asked Billy, who had been looking at a roll of notes over by the window.

'We shall have to do the package up again and take it with us to the first police station we strike,' said Humphrey. 'That will be best—won't it, David?'

'I guess so. If the notes are not fakes, they have been stolen. No one would leave his little all here, unless he'd come by it in a shady manner,' said the other. 'My word, how it lightens!'

The storm was really terrifying. Thunder was close on the heels of the lightning, and sounded as if it were exactly over the roof of the cottage.

Outside, the caravan stood in the pouring rain, but it was water-tight, and so long as it was not struck by lightning, no harm would come to it.

'But I am glad we are not all crowded in there,' said Nora, and, indeed, the seven of them would have been rather a tight fit.

'Besides, if we had not come here, we should not have found that parcel of notes,' said Billy.

'It wasn't lace, after all,' murmured Tickato, who was feeling rather disappointed about her wonderful discovery. It wasn't nearly so interesting as if it had contained some wonderful jewels or plate.

'I expect those men were some of a party who had either been making the notes or stealing them,' said Martin thoughtfully. 'I wonder what made them go to the caravan, though.'

'They looked in the place where they expected to find it, and didn't see it. Then they must have seen the caravan, and as it was unlocked, they went inside to see if there was anything worth carrying away,' said Janet.

'That might have been it,' agreed Humphrey. 'And they saw us coming, and made up that tale about stolen property. They must have guessed we'd not opened it.'

'I wonder why they wore policemen's clothes?' said Nora.

'To protect themselves. After all, there was sense in that. Do you remember what Sanderson said. about the old man we gave a lift to?' Janet reminded them.

'Oh, of course! Well, these notes must have been a bit of a white elephant to somebody,' said Humphrey, and then they noticed that the rain was not falling so heavily, and that it was growing lighter.

'The thunder sounds farther away, too. Let's make a dash for the caravan, and get something to eat,' said Nora, and in a few minutes they did this, for it was long past their usual tea-time, and every one was hungry.

After the meal was over they discussed the situation, sitting crowded together inside the caravan, for it was still too wet to venture out.

'If only Uncle Opportune was here, we could ask him what to do,' said Janet, looking troubled.

'We may see him to-morrow. He said he would be in the neighbourhood,' said Martin.

'Well, but we are not at Westbourne. We don't know where we are,' Nora pointed out.

'We can't do anything this evening, so I vote we turn in early, and then make a bee-line for Westbourne, or some other place, early in the morning,' said Humphrey. 'We ought to strike a village soon, if we keep right on.'

The others agreed to this suggestion, and after seeing that Slowsure was comfortable, and giving him a pail of water which they got from a pool near by, the children settled in for the night. It was early, certainly, but a long night would do no one any harm, as David said.

The boys slept in the cottage—the ground being too wet to erect the tent on.

'Rather lucky that we have got it,' said Martin, as they settled down for the night.

'We may see ghosts,' said Humphrey, but really he was wondering whether they might not be disturbed by the person who had left that strange package there. He felt a little uneasy, but kept his fears to himself.

And, after all, they were needless, for nothing came to disturb them, and Mascot, who was keeping them company, did not stir once during the night.

The morning was bright, but the air was rather

chill, and every one felt rather shivery till a good fire was blazing and a kettle singing its loudest.

'What a good thing we had some dry wood in the caravan,' said Janet, as they made coffee. 'We should never have got the fire off if we had not had it, for everything is simply soaking this morning.'

As soon as the meal was over they harnessed Slowsure and set off in the direction that Humphrey felt would bring them to Westbourne. 'Because we are going east and it lies to the east,' he said.

They had only gone a couple of miles or so when they met a workman, of whom they inquired the way.

'You are a bit out of the straight road, but if you keeps right on, and then turns to the left at the cross-roads, you'll reach Westbourne all right,' he told them, and the children thanked him and drove on.

The journey took almost three hours, but as they had set out early, they reached the little country town about eleven o'clock. Turning into the narrow High Street, the first person they met was Uncle Opportune, who was hurrying in an opposite direction, in company with a clergyman. He paused at the sight of the caravan.

'Hullo! hullo!' called the children, and he waved a hand, saying as they drew up: 'Can't stay to talk now, as I'm off to catch a train. Be at the Eagle Hotel, in Market Street, at half-past one will you? Ask for me. We will all have lunch there.'

'Oh, we want to show you something,' called out Tickato, but Uncle Opportune had already hurried after his friend, and Humphrey touched up Slowsure with the whip.

'He could not stay now. Besides, you could not show him those notes here, in the street. I say, David, what shall we do? Do you think we had better go to the Police Station first, or wait till we have talked it over with Uncle Opportune?'

'We might wait,' said David thoughtfully. As near his own age, Humphrey had fallen into the habit of consulting the American on questions like this.

'Well, what shall we do with the caravan, if we are to meet Uncle at the hotel?' asked Nora.

This was a puzzle.

'We had better go to the stables—there are some, where you leave your trap if you drive in from the country. I don't see why we can't leave a caravan as well as any other sort of vehicle,' said Janet, and the others agreed that this would be their best plan.

'We don't look very nice, to go to an hotel,' said she, a little later, as they drove into the stable-yard of a little inn, and asked if they could leave their caravan there.

The ostler looked at them in some surprise.

'Gipsies?' he asked, rather rudely, Tickato thought.

'No; we've been camping out,' said Humphrey, and then they arranged to call for the caravan later on, and went off.

'We haven't got the notes now!' exclaimed Janet, a few minutes later.

'No, but never mind that; they are safe where they are, and we don't want to lug that parcel about with us. I will scoot back for them before we go to the hotel. We have two hours still. What shall we do?' asked Humphrey.

Every one considered, and at last it was settled that they should visit the market-place and the old church, while Billy wanted to pay a visit to a curiosity shop, where he thought he might manage to get some foreign stamps that he wanted.

(*Continued on page* 279.)

DICK.

THE elder Fraser children, Dick, Margaret, and Joan, lay on the sands, too overcome with the heat even to wish to play. Nurse had started for a walk with baby Mary an hour earlier, but they had pleaded to be left behind.

'It was too hot to do anything!' Dick had declared.

In front of the children lay the sea, sparkling and glistening in the sunshine.

'Oh, wouldn't it be heavenly if we could go for a row in the *Mary Anne?*' Joan sighed.

'Yes, wouldn't it?' Margaret responded, 'only of course it wouldn't be safe to go without a grown-up person.'

Her words tickled Dick's pride! Only the day before, when she and their father had gone off for a few days' visit, their mother had said to him, 'Remember, Dick, I depend upon you to look after the party. You will be the only man.'

What was the use of 'being the only man' if one did not enjoy a man's power? Moreover, Dick felt confident that he could manage the *Mary Anne* (the small boat which his father always hired during their summer holiday at Salthaven). Had he, Dick, not been able to row since he was eight, three whole years ago?

'I'll take you out in the *Mary Anne*. You'll be quite safe with me,' he declared to his sisters.

Margaret gasped, but Joan, who though younger was of a more adventurous spirit, clapped her hands. 'It would be lovely—oh, do take us to the smugglers' caves.'

The smugglers' caves, as their name indicated, had been used in years gone by as a hiding-place for 'contraband' goods, and according to legend more than one fierce fight had taken place in these rocky fastnesses between the smugglers themselves and the guardians of the law.

Unless for very skilled rock-climbers, it was only possible to approach these caves from the sea, the cliffs behind them rising precipitously and at a great height.

Last year their father had taken the Fraser children to the caves, but this first visit only caused them to desire a further acquaintance with such an exciting spot!

'Yes, we'll go to the smugglers' caves.' Dick jumped up. 'Come along, girls, help me to push the boat down.'

Thus, while Nurse was happily pursuing her walk, the young charges were setting forth alone on a voyage of discovery!

All went well during the journey to the caves. Dick was quite a strong oarsman for his age, moreover the sea was calm, and any wind there was was blowing in their favour. They landed at the caves, and spent an altogether delightful and thrilling hour and a-half wandering from one rocky cavern into another. Margaret was just a little nervous it is true, but not for the world would she have owned her fears, especially as Joan was every bit as eager as Dick was to discover the smugglers' hiding-places, and to search for possible traces of the much-talked-of fights. Dick had a candle and matches with him, which provided them with light.

So occupied indeed were the children, that they had forgotten altogether about the passage of time, forget that Lizzie would by now have tea awaiting them. Finally it was Joan's pangs of hunger that reminded them of the fact.

'Oh,' she said, 'I am so hungry—let's go home.'

'I suppose it is time,' Dick answered regretfully. 'If you wait here, I'll bring the boat.' He had tied it to a rock just at the entrance of the first cave.

The girls waited, five—ten minutes. Then Dick returned, not in the boat, but scrambling along the rocks as he had gone. His face was pale. 'It's gone' he said 'the boat's gone!' The tide must have swept it out to sea. I thought I had tied it up quite firmly.'

'Oh, what shall we do?' wailed Joan.

Dick did not answer. Across his memory swept the first part of his mother's admonition: 'Remember I depend upon you to look after the party.' He had been so anxious to prove his independence as being 'the only man,' that he had quite forgotten the responsibility that her other words entailed.

At last he spoke. 'I must climb up the cliff and get help. We can't stay here doing nothing.'

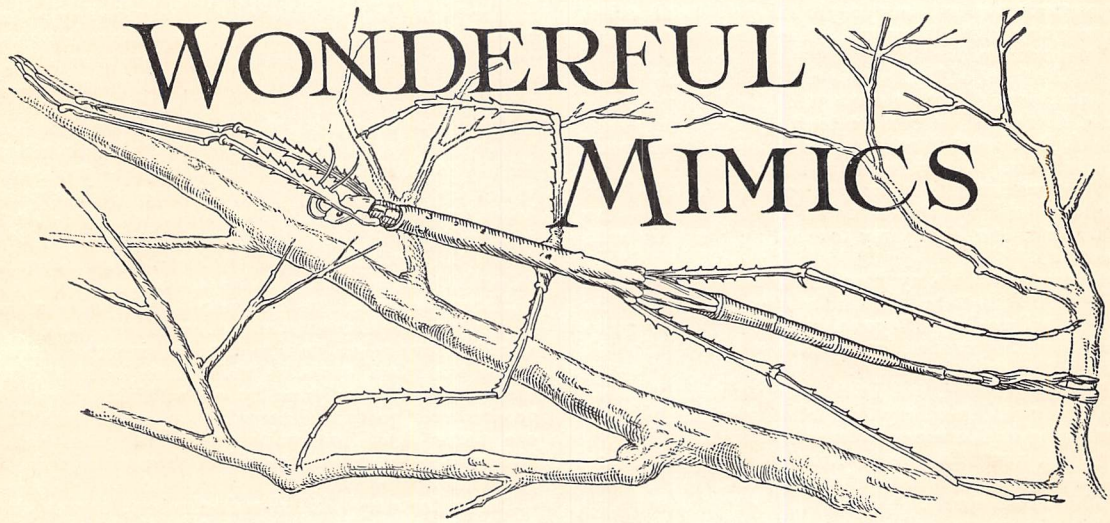
'But you can't climb up the cliff,' Margaret protested. 'Why, even Father said that he wouldn't like to attempt it.'

They were standing at the cave's mouth. A few feet below them splashed the little waves—above them reared the grey rocks. It was as if they were shut into a prison. 'It was no use hesitating,' Dick told himself. In order to get help for his sisters the dangerous climb must be attempted.

'Well, Margaret,' he said, 'I shall try. I'll be back as soon as I can, and for goodness' sake keep Joan inside the cave while I am away.'

(*Concluded on page* 275.)

WONDERFUL MIMICS



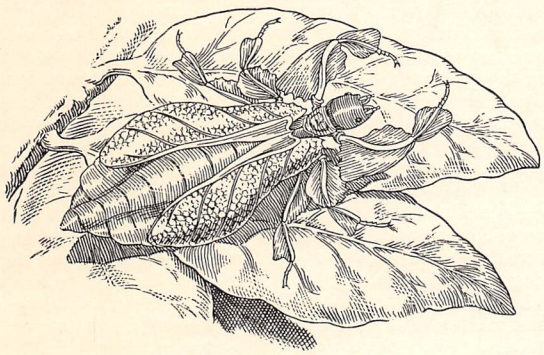
NO doubt amongst your friends you know some one who is what is called a good mimic and who can imitate the appearance, voice, and gestures of other people very well; but have you ever thought of the wonderful mimics in Dame Nature's Fairy Land, creatures that are given a great resemblance to others in shape and colouring, or to the surroundings in which they live, so that they may be protected from their enemies, who either mistake them, or find it difficult to see them.

You may have noticed when you are looking for slugs in the garden that some of them are very difficult to find, as they are so much the colour of a stone, or you may think of the tiger whose yellow and black stripes help to hide him in the yellow grass of the jungle, and so we might go on with almost numberless instances, but in this little article we must content ourselves with a few of the most interesting. We will begin with the wonderful Australian stick insect shown in the drawing at the top of the article, whose very long body and slender legs are so like the branches of a tree, that he is effectually concealed when resting amongst them. In this country we have caterpillars which resemble the twigs of a tree and will even assume the colour of lichen, should the particular tree they are on be covered with it; they are usually what is called loopers, that is, they only have legs at the beginning and end of their body and move along by drawing themselves up into a loop; having no legs along a great part of their body, they are able to detach themselves from the branch, holding on by those at the end only, thus completing the resemblance to a twig. There are also caterpillars so marked as to closely imitate the needles of the pine-tree, and spiders that you can hardly see owing to their likeness to the centre part of a small pine branch.

Among moths and butterflies there are many remarkable instances of mimicry: moths that are coloured like the bark of the tree on which they are found; butterflies, the under surface of whose wings are green, so that they are difficult to see, when at rest among the leaves, and butterflies that resemble dead leaves; but perhaps the most remarkable is a butterfly from Assam, with the long name of Kallima Inachis, the under surface of whose wings, when at rest on a branch, is so exactly

A Leaf Butterfly from Assam.

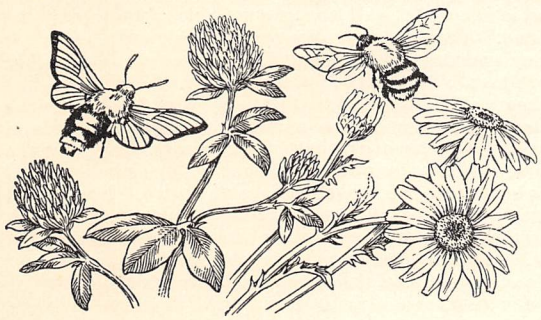
like a decaying leaf, that at first it is almost impossible to say which is which, they even have transparent spots which look like the holes in a leaf; there is, too, a great variety in different specimans, the blackish blotches of some, and the mottled appearance of others, all helping



An imitation Locust.

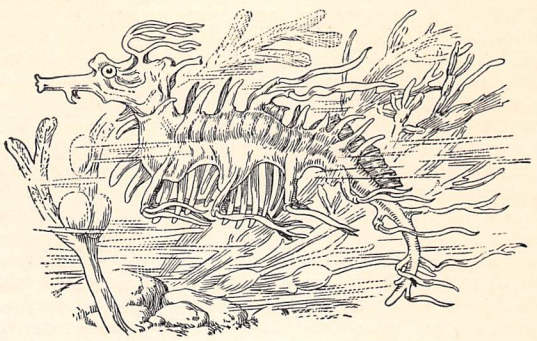
to give the appearance of a decaying leaf. There is also a kind of locust that is like a leaf, and the curious green leaf insect shown in the illustration.

Wasps and bees are largely avoided because of their sting, but it is curious to find harmless moths imitating



The Bee-hawk Moth and a real Bee.

them—we must suppose so that they also may be avoided. The Bee-hawk Moth with the transparent wings and cross-banding of the body, closely resembles one sort of humble bee, while the Hornet Clear-wing Moth has the black and yellow colouring of the wasp.



An Australian Sea-horse.

In the sea, too, what during the war was called camouflage, that is, making something appear like something else, so that it may not be seen, is also to be found; the common sole is quite a master at it, for he has the power of altering the colour of his skin so that it is like the sand on which he lies and he also raises a cloud of sand, which, when settling, hides the edges of his body.

The Squinado Crab is hidden by pieces of living seaweed fastened to hooked hairs which cover the exposed parts of its body, and should they be removed, it will get more pieces and carefully fix them in position with its claws.

A curious kind of Sea-horse from Australia has a number of spines on its body, many of which are continued into ribbons which are very like the seaweed.

And there is—but 'Hold! hold!' says Mr. Editor. 'You must not fill my magazine.' But perhaps some other day Mr. Editor will let us talk again of other marvels of nature or more wonderful mimics.

P. J. B.

CARRYING CLOVER.

PILE it up, mountain high,
Sweet-scented clover;
Climb to the crest of it,
Robin and Rover.
Beauty and Dobbin, plod
Patiently to and fro—
Many green waggon-loads
Into the barn must go.

Two little travellers—
Robin and Rover—
See from their mountain-top
Half the world over!
Cornfield and beanfield and
River and hill and plain;
Meadow to barn-door, then
All the way back again!

Ah! the last load has gone,
So the day's over!
O, what good fun it is—
Carrying clover.
Good-night, wee travellers,
Rover and Robin;
Good-night, dear trusty friends,
Beauty and Dobbin.

LILIAN HOLMES.

A CLEVER STRATAGEM.

IN the days of the old stage-coaches, the Walthamstow coach was coming to town late in the evening, when the talk between the passengers happened to turn on highway robbers. One gentleman expressed his fears that he should lose ten guineas. An elderly lady who sat next him begged him to take his money from his pocket and slip it into his boot, which he did.

Not long after, a highwayman rode up to the window on the lady's side and demanded her money. She declared that she had none, but if he would examine that gentleman's boot he would find therein ten guineas. The gentleman was obliged to submit patiently; but when the robber departed he loaded his fellow-traveller with abuse, declaring her to be in league with the highwayman. She replied that certainly appearances were much against her; but if the company in the stage would sup at her house the following evening she would explain conduct which appeared so mysterious. After much debate between themselves they consented to go.

They were ushered into a magnificent room, and a very fine supper was served; after which the lady, taking a pocket-book from her pocket, showed that it contained various notes to the amount of several hundred pounds. Addressing herself to the gentleman who had been robbed, 'I thought, sir,' said she, 'it was better for you to lose your ten guineas than I this valuable property, which I had about me last night; as you have been the cause of my saving it, I entreat your acceptance of this bank-note,' which was one of a hundred pounds.

THE NECKLACE.

SIX little tom-tits,
Swaying on a string;
Here a nut, there a nut,
How the darlings cling!

Six little jewels—
What a gleaming chain!
One has flown, *two* have flown,
Only four remain.

Three and *four* have twinkled off,
Five and *six* take wing;
All the gems have gone, and left
Only nuts and string!

LILIAN HOLMES.

AN ELEPHANT'S STRENGTH.

'AS we came to a mosque, which stands in an enclosure,' says the late Professor Cowell, in describing an elephant ride in India, 'the driver wanted to drive the elephant round a part of the old outside wall, in order to reach the large gateway.

'It chanced to be a very rough descent, and the elephant positively refused to go, and after a brief struggle with its driver, it suddenly swayed round, and in an instant tumbled down a piece of the old wall and passed over the ruins into the enclosure. It was the work of an instant, and it gave me curious proof of the animal's enormous power.'

ANIMALS THAT SAVE HUMAN LIVES.

I.

ANIMALS often show a capacity for using definite means towards a definite end, which requires some quality of mind and reason over and above their natural instinct; and the animals which have been longest and most constantly associated with mankind seem to have developed a power of reason greatly above that owned by those who have not had this advantage, although animals which are generally termed 'wild' have occasionally done surprising things which are contrary to their natural instinct.

Naturally, that special 'chum' of man in the animal world, the dog, is the chief example of these special qualities. There is a touching story of a certain Parisian who took his dog down to the Seine for the purpose of drowning him. He hired a boat and rowed out into the stream. Having tied a weight round the dog's neck, he dropped the poor fellow into the river. The best-laid schemes, however, have a way of miscarrying, and presently up came the dog to the surface, free from its encumbrance, and so far from seeking to leave his master and run away, he strove, with stupid canine fidelity, to clamber into the boat. The man, enraged at the ill-success of his first attempt, stood up in the boat and prodded at the poor beast with his oar. The dog, however, still persisted in its efforts; and the man, trying to get rid of him, exerted himself to such an extent that he himself fell over the thwarts of the boat headlong into the river.

If there is a more magnanimous, forgiving, charitable creature in the world than the average dog, he is still to be discovered. Seeing his master struggling in the stream and in imminent danger of being drowned, the dog swam to him, took him by the collar, and held up his head until both were picked up. Needless to say, his master repented of his intention to drown his old friend. But what a miserable cur he must have felt!

It is difficult, of course, always to know whether to attribute such an act as this even to the quality of magnanimity or reason, or, indeed, to anything higher than impulse and habit.

Take another instance like the following. Two little girls were playing together in a London park, and one of them had left a baby in its perambulator on the path which skirted the sloping, grassy bank of the ornamental pond. The two girls were playing ball, and a big black retriever dog was enjoying the game as much as either of them. So absorbed were they in their frolic that they failed to notice that, by slow degrees, the perambulator had been moving towards the slope, and their first intimation that anything was wrong was the sound of a splash and the sight of perambulator and baby disappearing together into the pond. Now, Carlo was a retriever, and he had been accustomed not only to the water, but to fetching all sorts of trifles out of it. He was equal to this occasion, and it must be put down to his credit that he swam towards the drowning baby first, although it had parted from the vehicle. He caught her by her clothes and slowly and laboriously towed her to land. By this time, a crowd had gathered, hugely interested, and Carlo evidently thought more was expected of him. The perambulator, of course, was a hopeless sunken wreck, and this he could not tackle, but the pillow upon which the baby had reclined was floating on the water. Perhaps under the impression

that it was another baby, in he plunged a second time, and, just as gallantly, retrieved the pillow! Of course, the question will arise in everybody's mind—did Carlo know the difference? If he did not, his gallant action may have been merely instinctive, or, at least, the result of habit and training; but if he did, and saved the baby first, knowingly and of set purpose, then his deed and its cause must rank higher.

There have been many cases in the newspapers which have suggested the same sort of doubt as to motive and intention. Here is a recent one: 'Saved by a Dog:—A silver collar, suitably inscribed, is to be presented to Nell, the black-and-tan terrier who saved the lives of her master and mistress, Mr.sand Mrs. John ——, at Croydon, by barking when the house was on fire in the early hours of Saturday, August 22nd.'

A day or two later a similar paragraph appeared, but this time the 'hero' was a cat. Here is the report: 'Cat's Mewing Saves Lives:—The piteous mewing of a cat saved several lives at X—— yesterday. In the early hours of the morning the noise awakened the sleepers at a house in Y—— Terrace, and they discovered that the building was ablaze. They escaped from the burning building, and kindly neighbours sheltered and succoured them. As for the poor cat that had given the alarm, it was burned to death, its body being later discovered among the *débris*.'

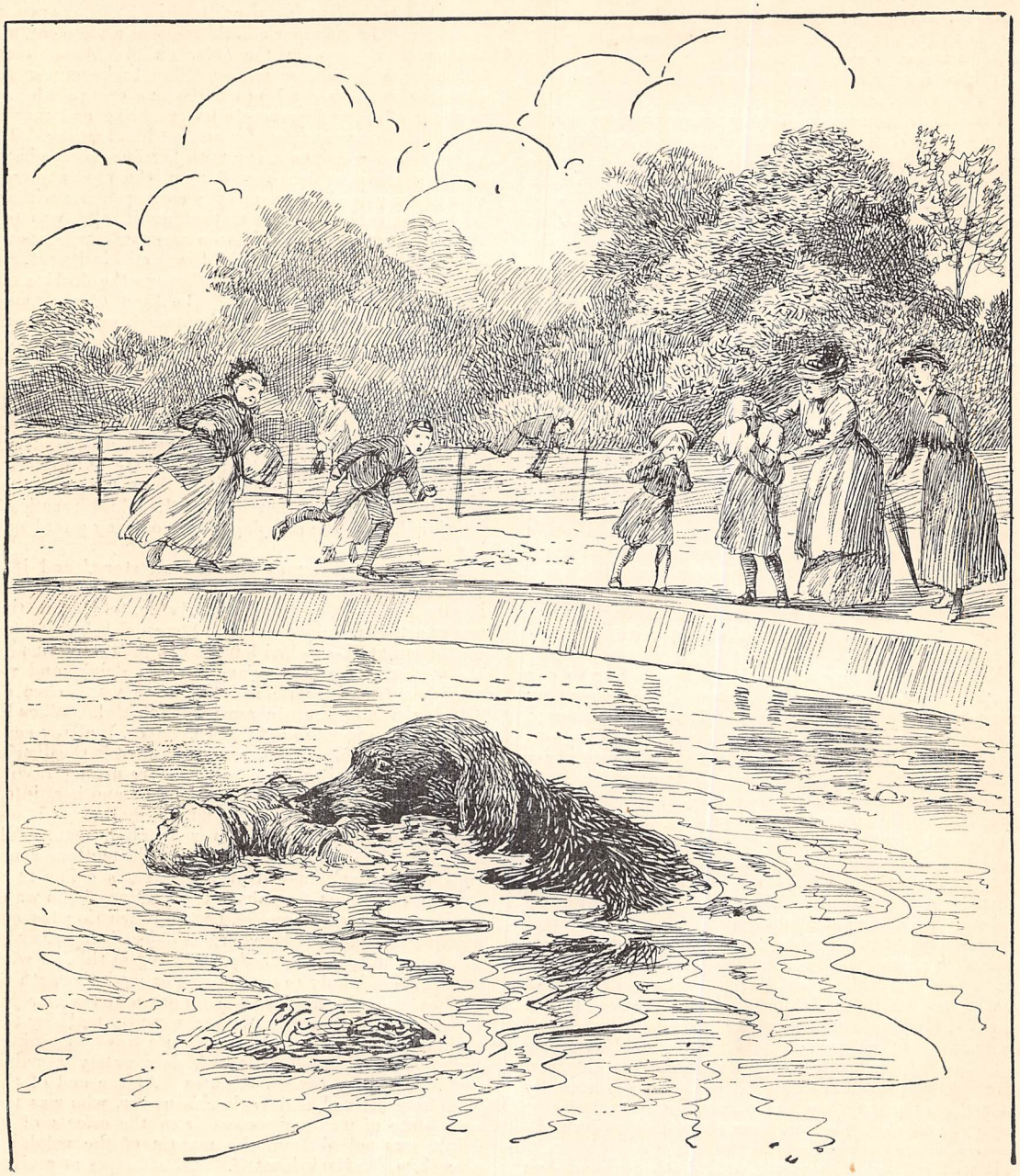
Now, in both these instances, although there can be no question that both the cat and the dog were directly the means of warning the people in the house of their peril, yet it is undeniable that the dog would bark and the cat would mew purely from an instinct of self-preservation, distress, or fear, and without any special desire on their part to warn the people under whose protection they lived.

Nevertheless, if we are to be perfectly fair to our dumb friends, it must be owned there are many instances on record where a seemingly reasoned attempt has been made by animals—and especially by dogs—to give warning of danger. In a suburb of Birmingham a few years ago, a man was acting as caretaker of a cottage while the owners were away, and he had for company a little terrior. In the middle of the night he was aroused by this little chap scratching furiously at the bed-clothes and sniffing at his face. This was not an unusual thing for the dog to do in the early morning, when he thought it was time for his master to be up and doing, and the man, taking little notice of it, dozed off to sleep again. The dog, however, persisted in his efforts to arouse the man and presently he succeeded. The room was full of smoke; the caretaker jumped out of bed and found that the stairs were ablaze. Luckily, the house was low and irregularly built, and he had little difficulty in scrambling through the window with his faithful little companion under his arm, and reaching the ground in safety. This instance is certainly on a higher plane than the others, but even here the dog's action was little more than a special use of a well-learned, long- ractised habit.

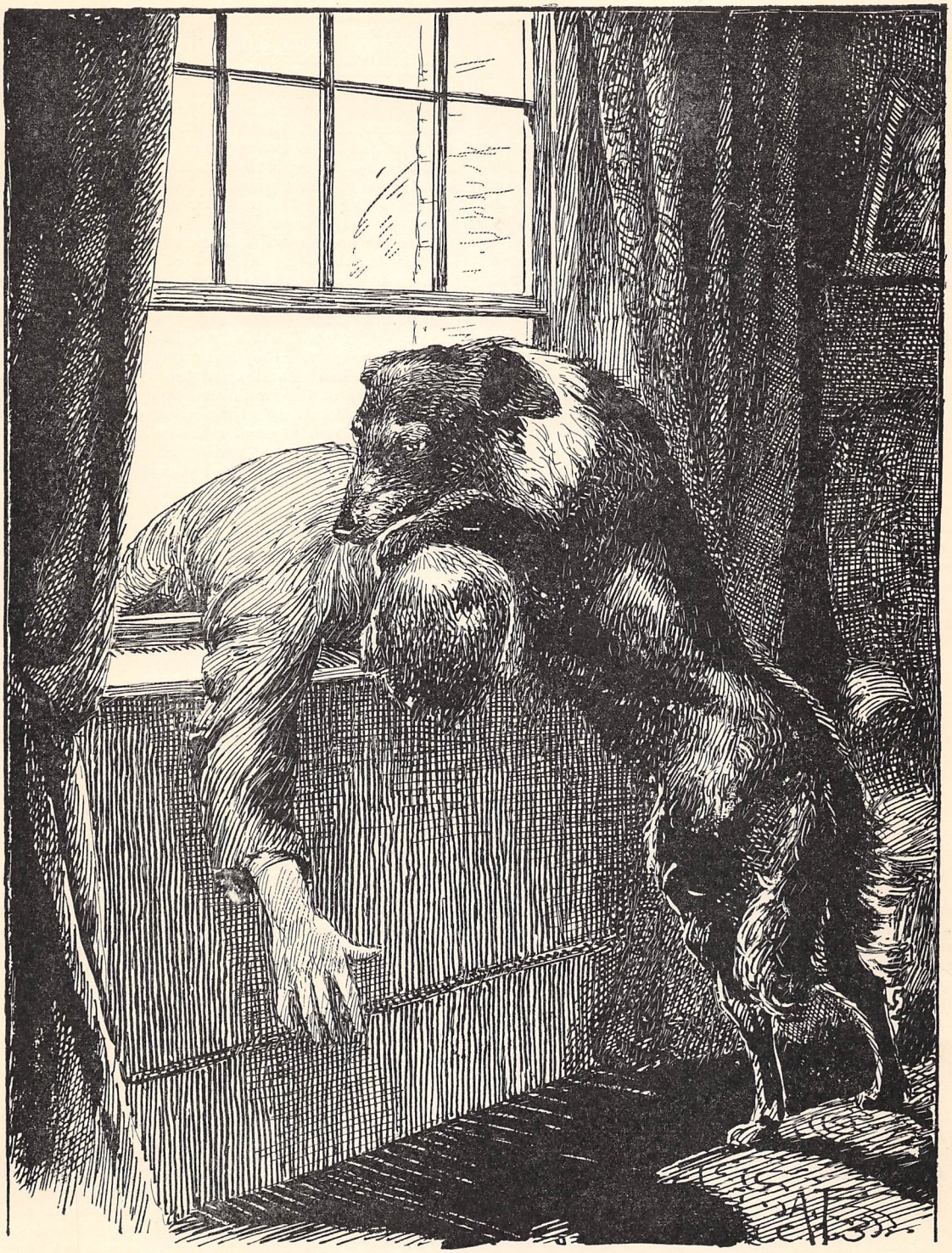
It will be difficult, however, to find other ground than pure reason to account for the action of an Irish terrier called Terence, concerning whom the following story is told. He became very much attached to two little girls, the younger about eighteen months old, who slept in separate adjoining rooms at the top of the house. On the same landing was a little room containing a water cistern. It was the dog's custom to sleep on the mat on this landing, and although the family had always objected to his presence there, the dog, by hook or by crook, would generally manage to dodge them and pass the night as near to his little friends as possible. The younger child's bed was a mere cot, and the nurse slept with the elder child. About three o'clock one November morning, fire broke out in the chamber immediately beneath the one occupied by the younger child, and presently its crackling and roaring attracted Terence's attention and set him barking. The nurse, seized with panic, ran with her immediate charge to the window, which opened upon the roof, and from thence she gained entrance by a corresponding window to the next house. The mother, an invalid, was told that the nurse and both children were safe, whereas the fact was that the younger child was still in its cot, and the flames had actually burned through the flooring and had caught the bed-clothes. The light of the flames showed the dog what had happened, and he made frantic attempts to seize the child and drag her from the bed. He could not succeed, however, and his next method was to rush to the cistern, jump in, and hurry back to the child's room. Springing on the bed, he shook his coat vigorously, spraying the child copiously with water. This he repeated several times, rendering the bed-clothes so damp that for a time at least they resisted the flames. When the firemen forced their way into the room they found the child practically uninjured, with the dripping dog mounting guard over her.

This certainly sounds like a 'tall story,' and if it stood alone it would be difficult to believe. But here is another story, quite as remarkable, told some time ago in a trustworthy journal. A spaniel belonging to a gentleman at H—— had long shown great affection for his master. The latter gave way to drink, and was separated from his wife, and the home was broken up. The dog, Wallack, alone remained faithful. When his master was under the influence of liquor, Wallack never left his side. His care became a byword in the district. One day as Wallack's master was returning from a debauch, he fell, by some accident or another, into a shallow pond by the roadside, which, shallow as it was, was yet deep enough to cover a fallen man. The drunken man's flounderings only made matters worse. In vain Wallack tugged at his master's collar in an attempt to lift his face above the surface of the water. Seeing that this was useless, he tried thrusting his own head under that of his master, his object being probably to make a pillow of his body. Failing in this, he withdrew his head, only to see his master again beneath the surface. Again he thrust his nose under water and again removed it, until at last, apparently realising that the only way to save his master's life was by remaining under water himself, Wallack deliberately remained under water for several minutes. At the end of that time help arrived, and Wallack's owner, who was now in a state of unconsciousness from the effects of the drink, was pulled from the margin of the pond, and after him, Wallack himself. All attempts at reviving the dog failed, and he thus died a victim of his own faithfulness.

The whole scene was witnessed at a distance by a gentleman paralysed in his limbs, who was then seated before his bedroom window. There were no servants within call at first, but the moment one appeared she was sent to the rescue.



"He swam towards the drowning baby."



"Holding by the neck a powerful house-breaker."

ANIMALS THAT SAVE HUMAN LIVES.

(*Continued from page* 271.)

II.

SHEPHERDS' dogs, trained to the use of their wits, are the heroes of many remarkable stories, in which reason, foresight, and the use of means to ends are clear. For instance, it used to be quite a common thing for the old northern drovers, after driving their flocks and herds sometimes for weeks at a time to London in pre-railway days, to return themselves by the coach, and to tell their dogs simply to 'Go home'—and they went. Not only so, but they actually baited *en route* at the inns at which their masters were wont to put up. 'Oh, here's the drover's dog back; give him his feed,' was quite a customary exclamation at the wayside inns, and the collie would forthwith get his bowl of porridge, stretch his tired limbs, and tramp on again to his distant home.

That may only be an illustration of sagacity. But the following looks like something more, although it may be objected that the life of the dog's master was not necessarily in danger. A northern farmer had a dog called Ring, because of the white collar round his otherwise black body and neck. Quite contrary to his custom, Ring one night insisted upon sleeping indoors, and took up his station in the farm kitchen. Some time past midnight an appealing cry was heard; it was a human voice, and, striking a light and taking his shepherd staff, the master went downstairs. There was great black Ring standing upright, with hind feet on the floor and fore feet on the window-sill, holding by the neck a powerful housebreaker, who was half inside, half outside the window. The shepherd's staff soon came into collision with the burglar, Ring gave up his grip, and the intruder disappeared in the darkness.

Take again the old story of the Grampian shepherd, who, having left his child, wrapped in his plaid, at the foot of the hill, whilst he went with his dog to tend his sheep, found himself unable to return to the precise place on account of the descent of a thick, blinding mist. Both he and the dog searched long and vainly for the missing child, and at last he returned in despair to his cottage. The countryside was scoured, but no trace of the child could be found.

The farmer's wife noticed during several succeeding days that the dog had not only eaten his own food, but, unlike his usual practice, had taken to helping himself to chunks of cake and bread, and rushing off with it to some unknown hiding-place. The shepherd, who had great faith in his dog's sagacity, determined to follow him, and, after doing so for several miles across hill and dale he saw the dog disappear into a cave underneath a waterfall, and upon entering the cavern himself, he saw his lost child greedily devouring the cake which the dog had brought him, whilst the faithful beast himself was sitting by the child's side, looking on with evident satisfaction. It seems strange in this case that the dog, having enough sense to supply the child's needs, did not go a step further and attempt either to bring the child home, or to lead his master to its hiding-place.

Apropos of this old story, the following paragraph which appeared recently in the papers will be of interest:—'Thanks to the sagacity of a dog, Mr. H——, of B——, who had been missing from his home since Saturday, was found yesterday afternoon in a cave near B—— Farm. Yesterday morning ten parties set out to make systematic search of the entire neighbourhood. That search was unsuccessful, and, following it, the police circulated a description of the missing man throughout the county. In the afternoon, Mr. F——, of B——, was out on the coast when his dog ran into a cave at the side of a footpath. The dog found Mr. H—— lying in the cave, and at once attracted his master's attention by excited barking. Mr. H—— was in a very weak state, probably having been in the cave since Saturday night. He was conscious and was subsequently removed home.'

There is no doubt that dogs will often defend their masters from attack. A friend of the writer's, a well-known breeder and judge of bull-terriers, told him that he was going home late one night when he was suddenly attacked by half-a-dozen hooligans, who, though they might not have killed him, would certainly have used him very roughly. They had counted without the dog, even if they had seen him, for the night was dark, but certainly one of their number never had a bigger surprise in his life. Like a thunderbolt the dog flew at the foremost fellow's chest and instantly tore coat, vest, shirt, and every other vestige of clothing from the fellow's breast. He screamed in mortal terror, and the whole posse took to their heels and fled.

A story comes from Australia that a gentleman was asked to attend at a certain house one evening to arrange some business matters. Whether his dog had any premonition, no one can tell, but he seemed especially anxious to accompany him, and, somewhat reluctantly, his master allowed him. Upon coming to the entrance of a narrow passage the dog instantly flew at a man hidden there, and he in turn aimed a blow at the animal with a sandbag. The dog was too quick for him, and, avoiding the blow, he rushed in and buried his teeth in the man's leg. In his agony the larrikin dropped the sandbag, and the gentleman promptly seized it and struck another assailant over the head with it and knocked him insensible. Meanwhile, the other fellow was doing his best to choke the dog off. Whilst he was stooping, the gentleman struck him an awful blow across the neck with the murderous sandbag, then, calling off his dog, he took to flight, realising that others might come to the help of their wounded comrades.

While hunting in the Rocky Mountains a man had the misfortune to miss his footing on the edge of a very precipitous hollow, but luckily his jacket caught on a shrub growing out of the side about twenty feet from the top. Here he hung suspended and afraid to stir, lest the frail support should give way and so plunge him headlong to the depths below. Seeing his dog gazing wistfully down upon him, he suddenly thought he would send him home to his shack, in the hope that he would procure assistance. He called to the dog and told him to 'go home,' as he had done before when he did not want the animal to go with him. The sagacious fellow at once started off, and seeing one of his master's companions, ran to him and commenced barking incessantly. Every now and then he would dart off and return. At last the young man began to suspect that something was the matter, so, hastily snatching up his rifle and lasso, he followed the dog, who led him to the place where his master was hanging. Fastening one end of the lasso to a tree, he lowered the other end to the fallen hunter who tied the loop round him, and by the help of his

companion succeeded in escaping from his perilous position.

Professor W. W. Pailey, writing some time ago to *Nature*, tells the following story: 'A friend of mine had a Newfoundland dog which was in the habit of accompanying him about the farm. This farm was a good deal in the rough, and interspersed by the usual narrow cart-tracks, one at least of which was steep and dangerous. The farmer had hitherto been leading his waggon, in which was a small boy who had accompanied him. When they arrived at the head of this dangerous, steep track, the farmer went behind, probably to put on the skid. Something startled the horse, and away it galloped down the dangerous rough road. The boy screamed in terror, and everything pointed to a big smash-up. The dog, however, darted after the runaways, seized the trailing reins, and, dragging on them with might and main, succeeded in pulling the horse up.

(*Concluded on page* 303.)

DICK.

(*Concluded from page* 268.)

DICK began his ascent. At first it was not as difficult as he had expected it to be! He found one tiny ledge and then another on which to place his feet, but just as he was gaining confidence he grasped an unusually sharp rock, which cut his finger as if it had been glass, and caused him nearly to lose his balance. Yet all might have been well had he not looked down!

He had meant to take a hasty glance to ascertain how far he had mounted, but the sight of the blue waves far beneath him brought home the precariousness of his position. His head grew dizzy, and in consequence the grasp of his hands began to relax. A moment more and he would have dropped—fallen twenty or so feet into the sea below, had not an extraordinary thing happened: from the rock above two strong arms shot forth and two hands grasped Dick's wrists, steadying his balance instantly.

'Steady on, old chap. I'll hold you till you're safe again, and then I'll go for a rope to give you a pull up,' a voice (which sounded like music in Dick's ear) said. Almost unconsciously he stiffened and steadied himself, and the hands began to relax their grasp on his wrists. 'I am going to get the rope now,' the voice said, 'so hold on and don't look down.'

Dick obeyed, and in a moment or two the stranger returned.

'Here's the rope,' he said, leaning forward. 'Catch on.'

For the first time Dick saw the face of his rescuer. It was the face of a man in the early twenties with a broad good-natured mouth, and eyes which, to the boy below, seemed full of hope and comfort.

'Now if you'll look after your feet, I'll pull you up,' the stranger continued. He was as good as his word. A few moments later Dick found himself, to his surprise, on a ledge of rock behind which there was an almost concealed cave. Indeed, so well hidden was it, that until he was actually peering into his hiding-place, it seemed to Dick as if his rescuer's body and arms were coming out of the side of the rock itself.

For the first few moments after his arrival at this unexpected place of safety, Dick was incapable of speaking. His breath came in short, painful gasps, but his eyes were busy, gazing first at his companion, then at his surroundings.

The stranger returned his gaze, then his mouth opened wide in a smile—it was a very pleasant smile. 'I expect you're surprised at finding a place like this up here. Most people here would be, it is so jolly well hidden. I only found it by chance last year, when I was climbing round. And now I look upon it as my own especial nest. But I want to know what you are doing—trying to climb a cliff like this!'

As well as he could, Dick told him—told him about the disappearance of the boat, and his belief that this was the only way of getting help for his sisters.

'Well, they very nearly had to wait in vain for help from you. It was a good thing I looked out just as your grasp was beginning to give, else you would now be in the English Channel. Did you turn giddy?'

'I looked down,' Dick answered.

The stranger nodded. 'Shows you have still a good deal to learn about climbing. Never mind, you did jolly well to get as high as you did! Now would you like me to climb the rest for you? You can wait here till I go to the village for a boat, and afterwards I'll bring a rope ladder and haul you up.'

But Dick shook his head. 'No,' he said. 'I must come. You see, the kids were left in my care, and——'

'Well, if you feel like that—only it's still a stiff mount.'

Dick nodded, though his face was white, and his limbs still trembled from his recent terrifying experience.

It was 'a stiff mount'—and had it not been for the stranger's help, Dick would never have reached the firm, flat world above the cliff.

'I can never thank you enough!' he gasped when, with a final pull, the stranger landed him by his side.

'Don't mind about that! I like a plucky kid,' he answered, smiling his engaging smile once again.

Meantime, Margaret and Joan waited in the cave below, which, with the sinking of the sun, was growing darker. Joan began to cry, but Margaret seemed of a sudden endowed with courage. Perhaps it was because she was now her younger sister's sole protector.

'What if Dick never comes back, and we starve to death?' Joan sobbed.

'He will come back,' Margaret said. 'He looked just as Father does, when he makes up his mind to do something, and you know how he never fails?'

Two days later Dick stood facing his father. Mr. Fraser had returned unexpectedly to England on business, and had come down to Salthaven to see how his younger children were. He had, of course, been told the story of their adventure, and of Dick's daring ascent of the dangerous cliffs.

His father had praised him for his conduct; now, however, he looked at him somewhat puzzled. 'The one thing I cannot understand is, how you three children happened to be all alone in the smugglers' cave! Why was not Nurse or a boatman with you?'

Dick nodded. 'That is the part of the story I wanted to tell you first. Only Margaret would begin all that rot about what I had done.' And he explained how, without leave, he had taken his sisters out alone, and that, therefore, the unpleasant, and what might have been disastrous, adventure had been caused by his own pride and obstinacy. 'And now I don't suppose Mother

"'I'll hold you till you're safe again.'"

will ever trust me to take care of any one or anything again.'

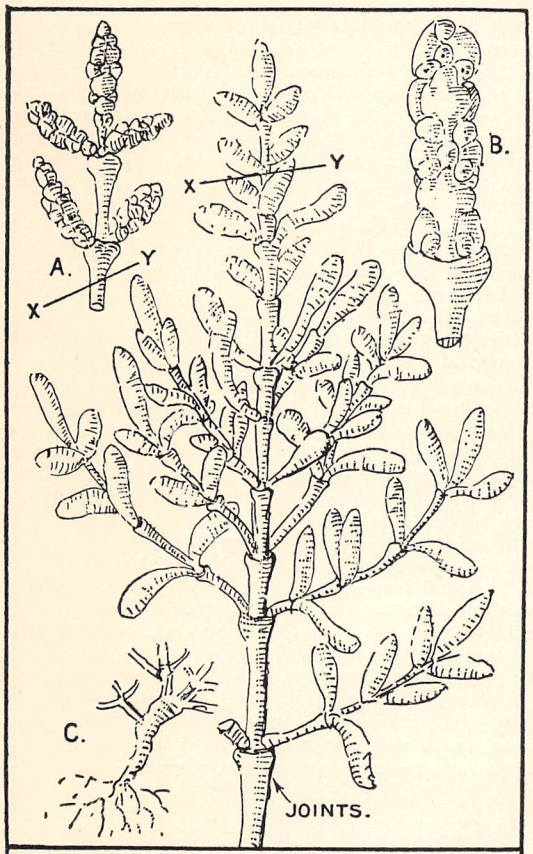
His father laid his hand on his shoulder. 'I believe she will. You have learnt your lesson, and, like most lessons, it was pretty unpleasant. But remember this, my son, even with the best intentions and with the greatest exercise of courage or goodness, it is not always possible to make good our mistakes in this world'

FLOWERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

VII.—SAMPHIRE, BLITE, AND TAMARISK.

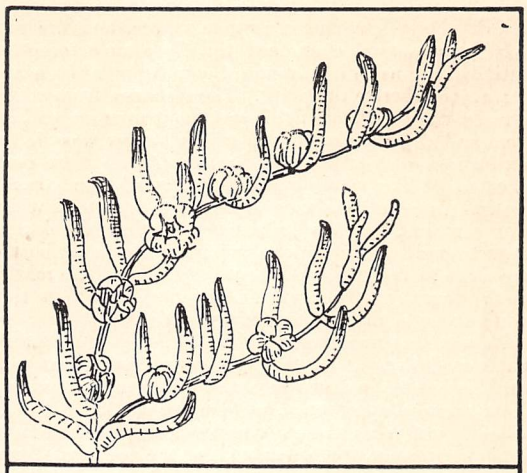
I AM going to describe to you two most curious sea-shore plants which were sent to me; I have also found them myself at more than one seaside place. I refer to the Jointed Glasswort and Sea Blite, both members of the Goosefoot Family. You will, I hope, remember that I have described several members of this family already.

Glasswort, or Marsh Samphire as it is sometimes called, is so strange a plant that once seen and

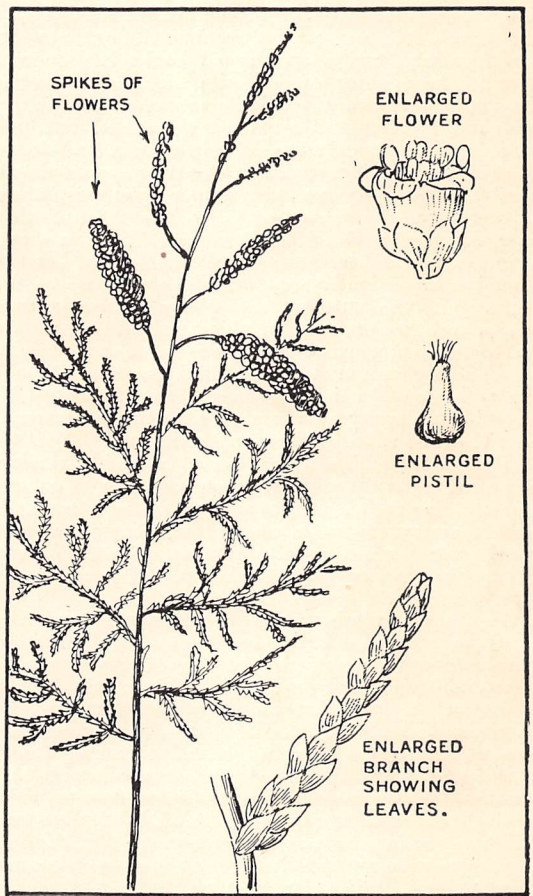


1. GLASSWORT OR MARSH SAMPHIRE.

examined it could never be forgotten. Its learned name is *Salicornia herbacea*. 'Salicornia' is derived from two Latin words which mean 'salt' and 'horn'—'salt' because it contains certain salts, and it grows by the sea or in salt marshes, and 'horn' on account of the branching of the plant, which suggests the antlers of a stag. Its English name of Glasswort may be said to have two origins: one from the fact that the whole plant looks as though it is made of clear, light-green glass; the other because in bygone times this plant was imported (and also collected on our shores) in order that the special soda it contains might be extracted and used



2. SPRAY OF SEA BLITE.



3. SPRAY OF TAMARISK.

in the manufacture of glass. However, this ingredient is now obtained from some other source, and the fact that this plant was ever used thus is almost forgotten until one begins to inquire into the meaning of its name.

Now to describe the plant. The specimen from which I made the sketch in fig. 1 was about nine inches high (root and all), and the portion which I show was the top six inches. Below this the branches were more complicated. The whole plant stood well, and had a certain grace and balance and neatness about it which was pleasing. It has just struck me that it looked as though made of the glass of which soda-water bottles are made! It was just the colour of that little marble in the throat of the bottle! Think of this next time you see one of those greeny glass bottles.

As you may imagine, the plant is nearly transparent, but very fleshy. 'Jointed' Glasswort describes it well, for it is jointed in every part, the whole thing having a most curious appearance. There are no leaves! The whole plant is as though composed of tubes which fit into one another, the lower ends of the portions always being smaller and fitting into a kind of cup on the top of the next portion. At A I show you the end of a branch (X-Y in the main drawing) including five branchlets, so to speak, and at B I show you the top branchlet from A much more enlarged. You will here observe how the branchlet is composed of sections fitting together, and there are funny little round bodies in groups of three. These occur on opposite sides, and are the flowers, if you please! These particular ones in my sketch were over, and contained the seeds, but you would not see much more if they were in full bloom. Each flower is a fleshy, almost closed cup containing a pistil and one or two stamens; so, you see, these 'flowers' are a poor sort of thing, like those of other members of the Goosefoot family! The stems and branches are all semi-transparent and green, but the stem becomes slightly woody towards the base of the plant. In the autumn the plants gradually turn yellow and then crimson, but this is only if the frost is not too sudden, when of course the plant soon droops, as is the case with most of these fleshy plants. At C I show the root, which is woody and fibrous. The plant blooms pretty regularly all summer and autumn, only the frost putting an end to its activity.

This plant and its near relative, a prickly variety, Saltwort, are fairly common on our shores and on salt marshes near the sea or tidal rivers, like the Thames.

By the way, I wonder whether you know that that word 'wort,' which appears in the names of so many plants, just means 'plant'—that is, Glasswort means glass-plant.

Sea Blite often grows close by Glasswort, and may easily be confused with it; but it is a more straggly, untidy fellow—like so many of the Goosefoots. Its stem and branches are about a foot long, and they lie about on the ground, forming patches more or less tangled. Towards autumn the plant takes on a crimson or purple tinge, and is quite fascinating, having funny little fat cylindrical leaves which curve outwards and upwards from beneath stalkless little fat flowers. The leaves stand upright whatever the line of the stem, which gives the plant a curious appearance (fig. 2). The leaves are rather pointed, and early in autumn become deep crimson, being darkest towards the tips. The weird little flowers are pale clear green (like the Glassworts in colour and substance), composed of five lobes so fleshy that the five stamens and the pistil are nearly buried. It flowers in July and August generally, but I have had some brought to me, and I found some, in September!

Lastly, I want to describe that most graceful, useful, and altogether delightful plant, Tamarisk. In this country it has a family all to itself—viz., *Tamarisceneæ*. In other countries there are other varieties, but only this one here. By some it is said not to be a native, but what is known as an 'escape'—that is, a plant which has escaped from cultivation. But I for one have found it in very out-of-the-way places, always near the sea. On most sea-shores on the South of England it is very common, coming up anywhere, even right on the beach! Do you know the plant, I wonder? It is most ornamental, its slender crimson branches being clothed with numerous alternate, minute yellow-green leaves. If carefully cut and trimmed it forms a most pleasing hedge and grows to a great height. I have seen hedges ten to twelve feet high, and shaped in various ways, having arches in them and battlemented tops.

About June it produces groups of spikes of pale, flesh-pink flowers, very minute and very closely set together on the stems. They are all perfect little waxy flowers, with sepals, petals, stamens, and a pistil complete, and they are followed by tiny capsules containing seeds, which have each a tiny tuft of down on the top.

In fig. 3 I have tried to show you a sprig of Tamarisk with spikes of flowers, and also a small portion of a branch much enlarged to illustrate the minute leaves. You see they are so small that one does not at first realise the stems are clothed with these leaves.

There seems to be considerable doubt as to how this plant came to England. It is very common on the shores of the Mediterranean, and is found on the banks of tidal rivers, and even in deserts if there is salt in the composition of the soil. I have read that there is a variety which grows near Mount Sinai which produces a sugary substance, called by the Arabs 'Manna.'

The plant is sometimes called Sea Cypress, on account of its graceful appearance. The time of its flowering is variable, for I saw it in bloom on the coast of Essex in June, and I had some sent to me in bloom from Devonshire in September. One curious feature about the plant is that its waxy, flesh-pink petals persist until the seeds are nearly ripe, and thus it may often appear to be in bloom when it is really over! E. M. BARLOW.

HOLDING THE FIELD.

TIMOTHY TOO-LITTLE, straying from home,
Met in the coppice a helmeted gnome.

Said the goblin to Timothy, 'Aren't you afraid
To wander, unarmed, in this terrible glade?

It's ringed with marauders, and brigands abound
In the branches above, in the caves underground.'

Timothy Too-Little budged not an inch,
Nor did the brave wanderer tremble or flinch;

Of fear or confusion he showed not a trace,
But shook his new toy in the mannikin's face.

That helmeted warrior took to his heels
And fled, in a whirlwind of catherine wheels!

While terrified shudderings shook every tree—
A wonderful weapon a rattle must be!

THE GRASSHOPPER.

A CURIOUS insect is Grasshopper Green,
The cleverest jumper that ever was seen.

He gives a spring from the grass in the air—
Click! and he's vanished, you can't see where.

We sit on the ground to watch him hop;
On to our knees he comes with a pop.

'Good afternoon!' and he's off again;
We try to catch him, but all in vain.

Not in the least bit shy is he,
But he doesn't wish to be caught, you see.

Hither and thither he hops and skips,
Baffling our eyes with his airy trips.

Free as the air through which he springs,
Light as the breeze that buoys his wings.

Low in the grass his song we hear,
Hard to tell is it far or near.

Were he not singing this summer day,
How we should miss him we cannot say. E. M. H.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 267.)

AS a matter of fact, the want of money hampered them all. Even David, who really possessed a great deal, had scarcely anything with him.

He said, all at once, as they were passing a barber's shop: 'I shall have to spend a tanner or so on getting my hair cut. I can't go to an hotel like this.'

'It's not very bad,' the others told him, but he protested that it was disgraceful.

'It has wanted cutting for ages,' he said. 'You go along to the market, and I'll meet you there in half an hour, at the latest.'

He vanished into the shop as he spoke, and the others went on without him. But, though they waited till it was almost a quarter to two, by the market-place clock, no sign of David did they see.

'We simply must go,' said Janet. "Uncle Opportune said half-past one.'

'But what about David?'

'I know, I'll wait. The rest of you go on to the hotel,' said Humphrey. 'You can explain. He may come at any minute. He must have missed the way.'

With that, the others dashed off, to keep their appointment with Uncle Opportune, quite forgetting to return to the stables to get the mysterious package.

CHAPTER XVII.

David dashed into the barber's shop, not meaning to be more than a quarter of an hour at the most. He certainly was rather untidy-looking, and it seemed only polite to make himself as neat as possible before appearing at the hotel.

'I want my hair cut,' he said, in reply to a question from a girl who appeared from a room behind a shop in answer to the ringing of the door-bell as the boy entered. Evidently, he thought, trade was not brisk, for there were no other customers to be seen, and the shop was not very attractive, with its dirty linoleum on the floor and its dusty counter.

Against one side of the wall there was a glass case containing a selection of the most dilapidated 'false fronts,' and coils of hair.

Another part of the shop was littered with umbrellas from which it was clear that hair-dressing was not the only occupation of the proprietor.

'Father's not in, but he'll be back in a few minutes. Will you please to take a seat?' said the untidy-looking girl, indicating a chair near to the counter.

David sat down, and then looked at his watch.

'Hope he won't be long,' he muttered, and then caught sight of his reflection in the dusty mirror that was fixed to one wall of the shop.

He was undoubtedly in need of a trimming, as he remarked to himself. His hair had been rather disgracefully long before he was carried off, more than a week ago, and now it was hanging over the collar of his Norfolk jacket.

Altogether he felt that he looked a tramp, though as a general rule, David did not worry a great deal about appearances.

He had got his jacket torn one day when he and Humphrey were getting wood for the camp fire, and though Janet had mended it neatly, it showed rather a lot. Then those men who had carried him off had not used him very gently, and his knickerbockers had suffered a slit in the right leg, which also had been mended by Janet, but which showed none the less.

Added to this, his cap had been knocked into a pool of muddy water the day before, when they were harnessing Slowsure, and it had not got properly dry yet.

'I do look a tramp, but Mr. Norbury isn't the sort to mind trifles,' he told himself, and then sat impatiently fidgeting about, and wondering when the barber would return.

He felt almost sorry he had said he would wait, for the minutes were flying by, and there was no sign of the return of the owner of the shop. Besides this, David did not altogether like the look of the place. It was so very dirty and untidy.

The girl who had come to serve him had again disappeared. The sound of a crying baby reached the boy's ears, and a bluebottle buzzed in one of the dirty windows, making a drowsy noise that almost lulled David to sleep.

'Oh, bother it all! Why doesn't the man come?' he exclaimed to himself in a sudden burst of impatience.

The morning was passing, and it was now almost half an hour since he had parted from the others. They would be at the meeting-place, waiting for him.

Just as these thoughts were passing through his mind, David noticed a bill lying in the shop window, mixed up with a collection of hair brushes, bottles of hair tonic, and packets of shampoo powders. It was flanked on one side by a large auburn 'front,' and on the other by an army of bottles of somebody's 'unrivalled hair tint.'

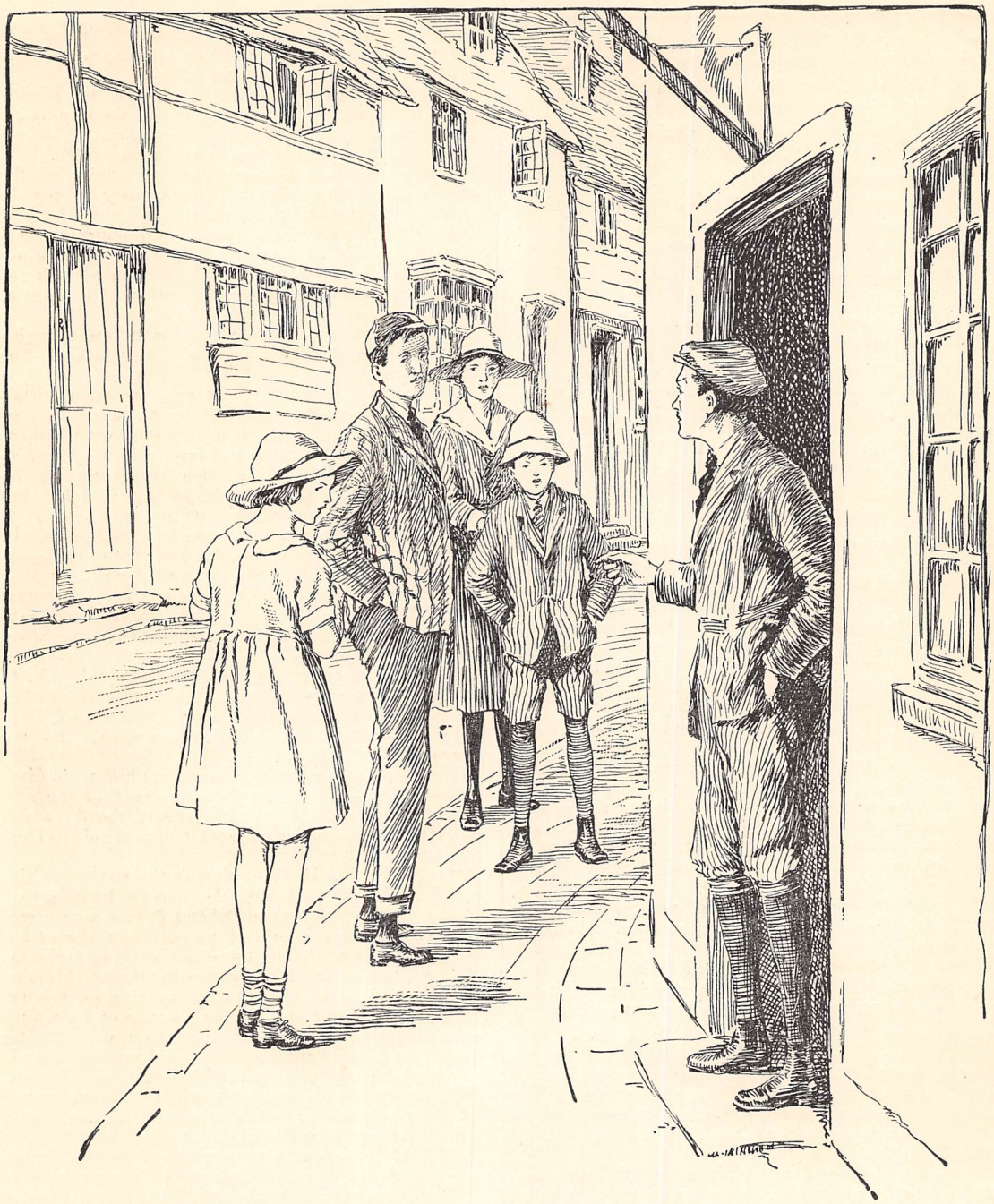
Idly he got to his feet, too much bored to care greatly whether he read the notice or not. Then he saw in large lettering, 'One Hundred Pounds Reward.'

'Hallo! Some one's lost something,' he told himself, and leaned over to get a better view of the paper.

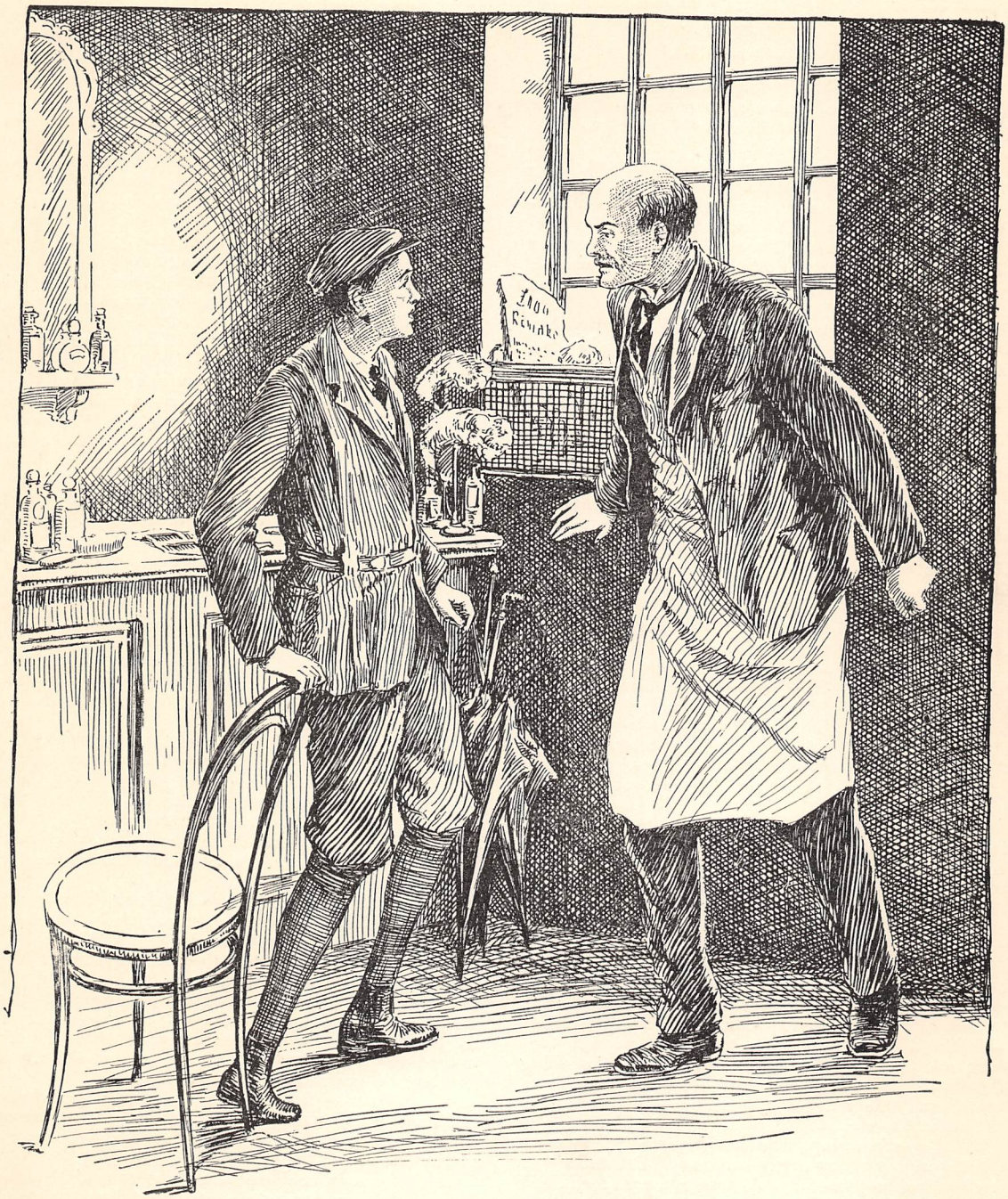
What he saw made him start suddenly, and utter an exclamation of astonishment.

'I say!' he breathed. 'Uncle Francis thinks I'm lost! If it isn't the limit—reading a notice offering a hundred pounds reward for information of your own whereabouts!'

(Continued on page 282.)



"'I'll meet you there in half an hour.'"



"'You are here, and here you will stay.'"

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 279.)

FOR a moment David stood undecided as to the right thing to do. He was so much taken aback by what he had seen that his wits appeared to have deserted him for the time being.

Here was Mr. Francis Murray, of Shenstone Hall, Darlington, near Westbourne, offering one hundred pounds reward for any information as to the whereabouts of David Orlando Chalmers, &c., &c.

It was clear that Uncle Francis had returned earlier than was expected from America, and had learned, somehow, of the boy's disappearance. Now he was offering this reward!

So absorbed was David that he did not hear the shop door open, till a hoarse voice said, almost in his ear, 'Good-morning, young sir; and what can I do——'

Then the voice broke off, and David wheeling round, caught an expression of unfeigned delight in the little cunning eyes of the barber.

'I want my hair cut,' he said promptly; 'I have been here for ages, and——'

'Oh, so that's your game, is it?' demanded the little barber, his red face wrinkling up into a most unlovely grin. 'But, my young master, I think I can play a game worth two of yours Seen that there notice?' He indicated the bill in the window with a grimy forefinger.

David looked astonished. 'Yes, this moment. I must go and tell Uncle Francis I'm all right,' he said easily.

But the man's face suddenly hardened, as he said: 'Not if I know it! You are here, and here you will stay. It's the best thing that's happened to me this long time. What with me expecting to be turned out of my shop in a week or so, if the rent is not ready, that hundred pounds will be a little fortune.'

'Oh, you can have the reward, if that's your trouble,' said David impatiently.

'No, you don't, either,' said the barber, seeing that David was making for the door. 'I've got you and I'll keep you till I can take you to Mr. Francis Murray, whoever he may be. Don't know the gent., but an offer's an offer, and I can give information as to your whereabouts. I'll go one better than that—produce you in the flesh, as you may say. You are David Orlando Chalmers, and you can't go for to deny that. See the description?'—the little man wagged a finger once more in the direction of the bill, reading as he did so: '"Suit of tweed, grey-green in colour, cap to match"—I should say it did once—"and brown hair, blue eyes, scar above left temple"—that was the first thing I noticed, seeing you side-face—then stockings and boots, and the height just right——' The barber paused in his recital.

David was frowning. 'See here,' he said, 'I have got a little money of my own, you know. I'll make that one hundred into two. if you'll take my word for it, and just let me go and join my friends now.'

'No good, that sort of talk,' said the barber promptly. 'I know a safe thing when I see it. A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush, and I can get that hundred pounds reward, right down, if I get a car and run you out to Shenstone Hall. It's worth it. Besides, Mr. Francis will pay the fare, I don't doubt. You can make it two hundred then, if you like.'

For a moment David was sorely tempted to take the little barber round the waist and lay him carefully down on the floor of his shop, making his own exit before the man could regain his feet; but there were objections to this. For one thing, the man was stoutly made, and David was only fifteen, and slimly built for his age. It was doubtful how he would come off in an encounter. The man looked tough. And then, even if he got the best of a fight, there would be passers-by, who would come to the barber's assistance, if he called. He tried persuasion once more.

'See here,' he said; 'you shall have your hundred pounds all right. I will give you a promise, in writing, that you shall have it. But you must let me go now, for I have some friends waiting for me, and we are going to lunch at the Eagle Hotel at half-past one.'

The barber shook his head. 'You don't give me the slip that way,' he said firmly. 'I don't know what you mean by your friends that are waiting for you, and your lunch at the Eagle, but I do know what a hundred pounds means to a poor man, and I'm not going to miss it You may be all right, I don't know about that; but I mean to deliver the goods to Sir Francis What's-his-name, and that's flat.'

It was; David realised this. The barber was a sort of bull-dog, and would not let go of his prey. Meanwhile the others were waiting for him, and getting late for Uncle Opportune's lunch. The caravan was waiting at the stables, and just at that moment David again remembered the bundle of notes. They had left them in the caravan; it was unlocked, too. How very foolish of them!

'I shall tell my uncle of your treatment of me, and it is probable that he will withhold the reward,' said David, as a last chance of moving the barber from his tiresome determination.

'Oh, will you? And what about the promise of a reward? Do you think he can get out of giving it?' came the reply. 'If I deliver the goods—that's yourself—your uncle will be bound to give me the hundred. He can't get out of it, however hard he tries. No, you are safe here, and here you'll stay, till I take you over to Shenstone Hall, which will be directly after dinner.'

David saw that the case was hopeless. The barber took him up a dark flight of uncarpeted stairs to a dingy little bedroom, into which he pushed him.

'There you will stay till I've had my dinner,' he said. 'Then we'll take a little drive for our health. A matter of eight miles to Darlington, I believe; but it's a nice day for a drive. Whatever you were doing to disappear—whether you've run away, or what—I don't pretend to know; but you are going back—that's a certainty, if my name's James Banks.'

With that, the little barber closed and locked the door, and left David to his reflections. An odour of Irish stew filled the air, and made him realise how very hungry he was.

'Might have offered me something to eat,' thought the boy, and hoped, very earnestly, that the others had not stayed for him at the meeting-place, but had gone to the hotel.

'Uncle Opportune could get me out of this fix,' he thought. 'Funny thing that we did not see that notice as we passed the shop! There may be others about the

place, too. Still, of course, we had not been here long. Heigh-ho! I wish that I could get out of the window. What's the prospect like, I wonder?'

David went to the little window and peered out. It was a casement, and he easily opened it wide. The opening was only just large enough for him to squeeze himself through, but he thought he could manage to do this, if he had any chance of getting to the ground unobserved. Other houses backed on to this, and down below there was a little paved yard. Other windows looked out on to this, and escape seemed quite hopeless.

'Looks as if I'm here for keeps,' the boy muttered to himself, withdrawing his head. 'Or till Mr. Banks chooses to take me for that motor-ride. My hat! What a surprise for Uncle Francis! But I'm sorry, too. It has been ripping being with the caravan lot.'

Then David fell to picturing the party at the Eagle Hotel. 'What were they doing?' he wondered. He knew that they would be awfully worried about him. 'They'll think I've been kidnapped again—and so I have, after a fashion,' he told himself.

Then he heard the distant tinkle of the shop-door bell. 'Now, I wonder if they have had the sense to come here and ask for me?' he pondered, out loud. The children knew where he had gone. It seemed only natural to think that they would come there to see what had happened to him.

(*Continued on page* 294.)

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

VI.—UP THE NILE.

UP the Nile! That is a journey that many lucky people—who can afford it!—make nowadays, and we sometimes see the photographs and beads and embroideries that they bring back as souvenirs of their travels, and hear them talking about tombs and temples and donkeys and dragomans and dahabiehs, or discussing the merits of different hotels and steamship lines.

All this seems commonplace and simple enough, and, indeed, a trip to Egypt is chiefly a matter of leisure and money. In old days, however, things were very different, for then there were dangers to be faced, hardships to be endured, and discoveries to be made.

Looking back into the past ages of history, we see that the Nile was one of the great mysteries of the world, and that many brave adventurers and learned scholars tried in vain to solve the problems of its source and its course, and to discover the reasons of its strange yearly floods.

In ancient times expeditions were sent out again and again from Egypt, from Greece and from Rome to explore the Nile, and travellers brought back marvellous tales of the lands which they visited and of their own adventures and hairbreadth escapes.

Herodotus, for instance, tells of warlike Amazons, who inhabited the unknown deserts, and of a great army of deadly serpents, which once invaded Egypt and drove the terrified inhabitants northward, while in ancient records it is gravely stated that in the reign of King Ba-en-Neter, who lived more than six thousand years ago, the Nile flowed with honey for the space of eleven days; and other stories tell of an Ethiopian tyrant far up the Nile who, if he happened to lose a leg or an arm in battle, caused all his courtiers to be mutilated to match.

The Egyptians believed that the great river which fertilised their country and on which its whole prosperity depended, was sacred, and the god of the Nile was called the Father of the Gods. Each year festivals were held in honour of this powerful deity, and sacrifices were offered so that he might be propitiated and a good inundation insured. There is still, as it were, a survival of these bygone ceremonies in the holiday kept by the Egyptian Mohammedans at the time when the Nile begins to rise.

Some of the old beliefs about the Nile floods were very curious. One authority, Ephorus, declared that the land of Egypt was full of great cracks and gaps, and that the water, flowing into these during the winter, was brought to the surface again by the intense heat of the summer sunshine. Other wise men thought that strong north winds prevented the river from flowing to the sea and caused it, therefore, to spread far and wide over the flat plain, while others again, coming near to the truth, told of a distant southern country whose heavy tropical rains swelled the stream until it overflowed its banks.

It is said that, in very ancient times, a band of five distinguished young men set out on a journey of exploration, and, after encountering pigmies and wizards, discovered a great river flowing westward, which they believed to be the Nile, but which, it is probable, was really the Niger. Later, a Persian nobleman who had been condemned to be crucified, consented, at the entreaty of his mother, to lead an expedition southward. He set out and sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar and down the West African coast, but before long turned back, preferring death at home to the mysterious dangers and difficulties of a journey into the unknown.

Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar were both eager to solve the mystery of the Nile's source; and in Nero's reign two centurions were dispatched up the river and brought back stories of immense lakes in which the Nile rose. It is possible that these old-world explorers really discovered the Victoria and Albert Lakes, but their reports were disbelieved and, for nearly a thousand years, were considered to be mere 'Travellers' Tales.'

After this time people seem to have been content to let the Nile remain a mystery, and the legends about its origin and the lands through which it flowed became every year more wonderful and incredible, although nothing was too strange to be true in those mediæval centuries which we now call the Dark Ages. Sir John Mandeville, as I have said already, writes of monsters inhabiting the Nile valley, who had bodies of men and goat's feet; and we hear, also, of giants and dwarfs, of men with only one leg and of others who had the heads of dogs.

It is easy to see how some of these fairy stories arose, for the tombs and temples of Egypt were then, as now, full of paintings and statues of ancient gods and goddesses, many of whom are represented as being partly human and partly animal. Ignorant and nervous travellers, seeing these pictures and sculptures, no doubt felt certain that the originals of them could not be very far away. We can imagine how the mediæval adventurers gazed awestruck at the image of Anubis with his strange, fox-like face, and expected to see similar dog-headed men lurking in the caves and crannies of the

rocky hills ; or, perhaps, as the foreigners sailed up the Nile and caught sight in the distance of the huge figures of Memnon seated on their thrones in the midst of the Plain of Thebes, they thought that here were actual living giants keeping watch over the ruins and relics of a dead faith.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, interest in the Nile seems have revived, although wild stories were still believed, for we find the traveller, Sandys, writing of a lake full of tritons and syrens in which the river rose, and of a battle which took place at its mouth between numbers of dolphins and crocodiles. At last, in 1770, Bruce, having made a long journey through Abyssinia, declared that he had really solved the great problem.

We know now that what he found was the source of the Blue Nile, and that the main stream of the river, the White Nile, as it is now called, rises in the huge lakes, Albert and Victoria Nyanza, which are situated far away in Central Africa. The explorers of the White Nile, nearly a century later, were Dr. Livingstone, Sir Samuel Baker, and Captain Speke, who, in the course of their dangerous and difficult travels, succeeded in tracing the river from its source to its mouth.

Dr. Livingstone had many strange adventures during his wanderings. On one occasion he was attacked by a lion, and he describes in his journal how he was nearly killed by the savage animal, which, growling horribly, shook him as a terrier does a rat.

Livingstone was rescued by the natives who had accompanied him on the lion-hunt, and, undaunted by the terrible experience, undertook other journeys through Central Africa, for he was anxious to trace the Nile southward beyond the great lakes, and he made so many inquiries that the negroes believed him to be mad, and said, 'This man has water on the brain.'

It was in 1866 that Speke discovered Lake Victoria Nyanza, and succeeded in following the Nile northward to the Mediterranean Sea, and thus the ancient mystery was solved at last—the mystery that had puzzled the wise men of many centuries. Since then so many new discoveries have been made, and so many inaccessible mountains have been scaled and so many secrets have been revealed, that it almost seems as if the African explorers and adventurers of the future will, like Alexander the Great, find that there are no more worlds left for them to conquer. A. M. METHLEY.

A Picture Puzzle: Find his Boy and another Fisherman.

IN THE LONELY NORTH-WEST.

Suddenly dropping on one knee in the middle of the pavement."

SMOKE.

THE Headmaster of St. Peter's had a great objection to smoking. A good deal of it went on in the school, and he had threatened to deal severely with any one caught at it. This, of course, only made smoking more fun by adding considerable danger to it, and any one who wished to be thought a person of importance in the school had to smoke, whether he liked it or not.

Generally, he did not like it, but he had to do it, or be branded as a funk.

Nearly every form had a 'smoking club' of its own, the members of which had to contribute threepence a week each for the purchase of cigarettes, which were consumed on Sunday afternoons in the woods behind the school.

The buying of the cigarettes was the really dangerous part of the business; all the tobacco shops in the town were out of bounds, and there were usually plenty of masters about on those afternoons when the school was allowed to go into the town.

Consequently, when the 4 B smoking club ran out of cigarettes, the members used to draw lots to decide who should get a new supply. Generally two members went together, though, of course, this did not make it any safer.

On a certain Saturday, Lewis drew the shortest slip of paper, and was solemnly handed two and ninepence in coppers by Purdie, the treasurer of the club, with the warning, 'Mind you get something decent, and whatever you do, don't get pinched.'

'All right,' said Lewis, who did not enjoy the prospect at all. 'Who's coming with me?'

Johnstone volunteered, and they set out together as early in the afternoon as possible.

It was about a quarter past two when they reached Merry's shop, and after carefully glancing up and down the street, slipped inside.

Old Mrs. Merry was there as usual, and she greeted them with a smile.

'Ah!' she said. 'You young gentlemen come to buy some more poison again? You'll make yourselves ill, that you will. Still, that's no business of mine. What kind do you want to-day?'

'We want something extra nice, Mrs. Merry,' said Lewis.

'Well, you'd better go into the room behind and decide about it, because if any one was to see you in here, you'd get into trouble, and so would I, too.'

They went in, and only just in time. They had hardly been there half a minute, when some one came into the shop, and they knew by his voice that it was Mr. Carton, one of the masters.

'Good afternoon, Mrs. Merry,' he said. 'I want half a pound of Capstan Medium, please.'

'Yes, sir,' said Mrs. Merry. 'Will that be all, sir?'

'Yes, that'll be all—no. I want some pipe-cleaners as well.'

'One packet, sir? That'll be eight and twopence altogether, sir.'

'Thank you.'

'Thank you, sir. Good afternoon, sir.'

'Good afternoon,' and he was gone.

Mrs. Merry came into the little room smiling. 'There now, wasn't that lucky? He very nearly caught you. That's Mr. Carton, isn't it? Such a nice, pleasant gentleman.'

'He's an awful brute, really,' said Johnstone. 'I wouldn't like to be caught by him.'

'Well, well,' said Mrs. Merry, 'have you decided what you are going to have yet?'

After some discussion, they ended by buying some cigarettes that Mrs. Merry said were very nice, and, wishing her good afternoon, left the shop.

When they got outside, Johnstone gave one look down the street, and, suddenly dropping on one knee in the middle of the pavement, began to unlace his boot as quickly as possible.

'What's the matter?' asked Lewis.

'Carton's coming back,' said Johnstone. 'He's spotted us. You cut off back to the school with the cigarettes; I'll stay here and talk to him.'

'Good man,' murmured Lewis, and went off up the street at a good pace.

Mr. Carton came up quickly. 'Well, Johnstone,' he said, 'bootlace come undone?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Johnstone, tying it slowly.

'Why were you coming out of Merry's shop? Have you got any cigarettes?'

'No, sir.'

'H'm. Who was that with you?'

'I don't think I can tell you, sir.'

'Can't tell me? What do you mean? Don't you know who it was?'

'Yes, sir. I know who it was, but I—I mean, I won't tell you, sir.'

'Oh, you won't tell me? Well, I can't make you, and I don't want to search your pockets in the street, so you can write me three hundred lines for entering a shop that is out of bounds, unless you like to report yourself to the Headmaster.'

'I'll do the lines, sir,' said Johnstone, and Mr. Carton walked away.

Johnstone stood looking at his retreating figure for a bit. Then he said, 'Beast!' and returned slowly to the school.

* * * * *

At the meeting of the 4 B smoking club held in the woods the following afternoon, Purdie proposed that Johnstone should be awarded three extra cigarettes for his services to the club in saving the week's supply.

'I'd much rather not have them,' said Johnstone. 'I think I shall chuck smoking;' and with that he left them.

The club discussed the matter, but could not understand it.

Their final opinion was summed up by Lewis as follows: 'Well, nobody can say he is a funk, anyhow.'

THE PAGE-BOY.

O YES! I am the fairies' page;
I have two barleycorns for wage,
And twice two holidays a year.
You see the kind of clothes I wear,
They're very smart (and rather tight!)
The stuff to keep the buttons bright
Is moonshine polish—half a grain—
Rubbed on and then rubbed off again.

My jobs are few and far between:
I sweep the cobwebs from the green—
O yes, I know 'tis housemaid's work,
But fairy workmen seldom shirk.
It all comes in a midnight march,
To dust the tassels of a larch,
To rock the butterflies to sleep,
To sew up broken wings, or sweep.

Indeed, all work that comes to hand
The page-boy does, in Fairyland.

THE JUNGLE.

THIS happened in India. Tony and Betty Gray were in camp with their father and mother during one of Mr. Gray's yearly tours round his district. He was a Collector under the Indian Government—that is to say, he ruled over a district as large as Surrey with only one railway line running through it. So that the only way he could see that everything was going on properly in the district was by spending three months of the year in touring through it and camping wherever there was anything to be settled among the natives.

Just now the camp was pitched not very far from the edge of the jungle, and about two miles from a native village where there was much work for Mr. Gray to do. He rode over from the camp to the village every morning and spent the day there, and, as their mother was not well, there was very little for Tony and Betty to do. They were forbidden to go into the jungle, and it was generally too hot to go outside the tents much except in the evening. Naturally they both wanted to go into the jungle, but were really afraid to do so alone, though they did not tell one another so.

However, early one morning, Tony, walking about the camp, saw one of the native servants, whose name was Das, mending some fishing-lines. 'Are you going fishing, Das?' he asked.

'Yes, sahib,' said Das; 'will sahib come with Das and catch fish?'

'Where are you going?' was Tony's next question.

'Going to river in jungle, sahib.'

'Well,' said Tony, 'I must ask permission first.'

'Shouldn't do that, sahib. Mem-sahib not well; don't want questions asked her. Besides, sahib is quite safe with Das; needn't be afraid.'

'I'm not afraid,' said Tony, indignantly; 'come on.'

Das grinned, gathered up his fishing-lines, and they went off into the jungle.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Betty was in the big tent, reading to her mother. Mrs. Gray was really very ill, and the stuffy heat of the tent made her head ache. After Betty had been reading for some time she said, 'Thank you, dear; that will do for the present. I think I can go to sleep now, if you keep quiet for a few minutes.'

'Can I go out, Mother?' asked Betty.

'Yes, dear,' said her mother; 'but mind you put your hat on, the sun is very hot. And see that Tony has his, too.'

Betty put the book away, and went to the door of the tent and looked out at the camp. Everything was very quiet, and there seemed to be no one moving about. She could see about half-a-dozen tents of various sizes, then some hundreds of yards of hard brown earth, and beyond that the jungle. She put on her hat and went to look for Tony. She went all round the camp, and looked in all the tents, but Tony was not to be found anywhere.

She sat down in the shadow of one of the tents and wondered where Tony was. He was certainly not in the camp. Nor had he gone to the village with her father, as she had seen him half an hour after her father had gone. Beyond that, there was nowhere else to go—except the jungle. Betty sat up very straight when she thought of the jungle. He must have gone there. But it was dangerous, and they were forbidden to go there. She wondered what to do about it. She might go and ask her mother, but it would probably frighten her and make her worse; or she might go to the village and tell her father, only Tony was sure to get into trouble when he was found. Then she might just do nothing and wait till Tony came back; but he might be in danger now. This thought finally decided her—she would go and find him herself; he was probably not very far off.

She got up and started to walk across the hard earth to the trees. She was really very much afraid, and half-way across she almost turned round and went back to the camp. To prevent herself from doing so she started running, and ran till she got well within the jungle. It was very cool and dark there. The great trees formed a kind of roof with their branches overhead, and the sun only came through in a few places where the trees were smaller. There was green grass and bushes and the most wonderful flowers, particularly a big white one like a bell made of wax.

Betty had never known before that the jungle was so beautiful. Also it seemed strangely quiet: the only noise was the occasional chattering of monkeys in the trees, and this she did not mind at all. She wandered on forgetful of danger, of Tony, of everything but the strange beauty of the place. Presently she came to a fairly open space, in the middle of which was a huge tree. As she was approaching this she heard a rustling in the grass and saw a snake. She jumped back as quickly as she could and the snake wriggled on into some bushes. But this brought back all her old fears. She seemed to hear snakes rustling all round her. And soon she really did hear a much heavier sound, which could only be made by some large animal. The thought suddenly struck her—it might be a tiger!

Without stopping to think of the right way back to the camp she started to run. She ran wildly through bushes, undergrowth, and everything. She tore her clothes and lost her hat, but still she ran on. And naturally the noise she made disturbed the animals in their mid-day sleep, and soon the jungle was rustling all round her in earnest, which, of course, only made her run faster.

Finally she flung herself down exhausted underneath some bushes and tried to regain her breath, and as she lay there a new terror came. In the distance she heard a human voice, and presently, looking through the bushes, she saw a pair of brown legs and something shiny swinging beside them. It might be a knife, a sword, a spear, or anything, and if this native found her there he might kill her. She lay perfectly still, and presently she heard another voice speaking in English. It was Tony's voice. Betty rushed out of the bushes and saw Tony and Das coming towards her, each carrying a glittering bundle of fish.

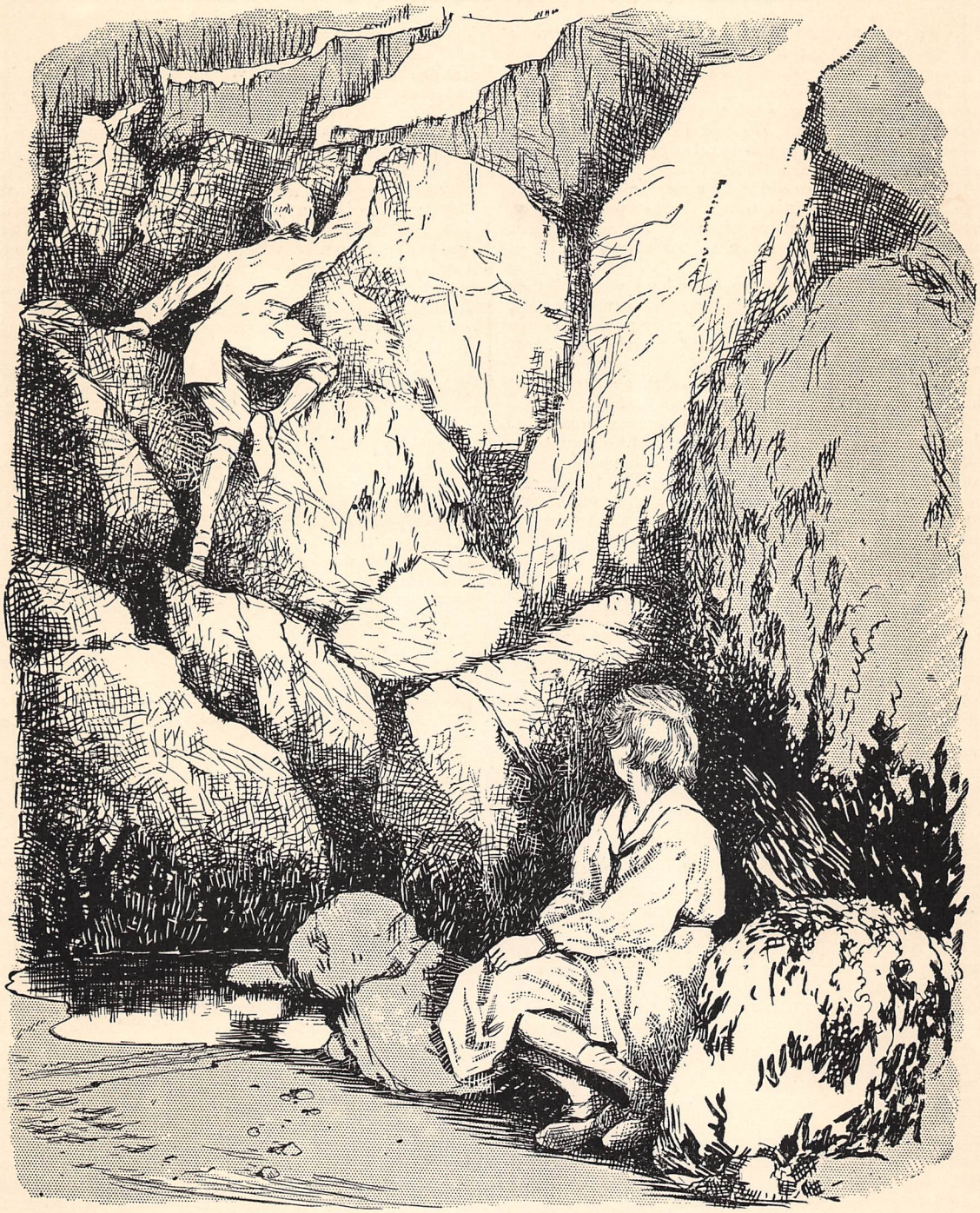
Tony shouted: 'Hullo, what on earth are you doing here?'

'I was looking for you,' panted Betty quite breathless. 'I thought you were lost and I've been so frightened.'

'Missie Sahib very brave to come all this way,' said Das.

'Yes, Betty, you're a jolly good sport,' said Tony. And as this was very high praise from a boy, Betty was happy as they walked back to the camp under the guidance of Das, and became happier still when she found that nobody had noticed their absence.

"'What on earth are you doing here?'"



"Jack tried to climb the side of the cliff."

THE SECRET PASSAGE.

JACK ought really to be writing this story, because he is a year older than I am, and he found the passage. But he does not like writing, and I do, so we settled that I was to do it.

I am Peggy Carter, aged twelve, and Jack is my brother, aged thirteen. We live in London, in a very noisy part, close to a big hospital. Father is a doctor, and has a lot of patients there.

We did hope we should have a nice holiday together this year, but it was not to be. Father was too busy, and Mother wouldn't leave him; but Father said Jack and I simply must go away, as we were growing so fast.

We didn't know where we should go, when Mother had a letter from Aunt Mary, who lives in Cornwall, asking us to go there. We were very pleased, as we had never been to Cornwall, and hadn't seen Aunt Mary since we were ever so little.

What made it more exciting was, that Auntie lived in a very old house that had once been a castle.

We had to travel by ourselves, which was great fun. Jack dropped his cap out of window, and I unfortunately sat on the sandwiches, and we should have been very hungry if it had not been that a dear old lady and gentleman, in the same carriage, insisted upon our having lunch with them at the station where we had to change, and they saw us into the right train afterwards.

We arrived quite safely, and Auntie met us at the station. Our luggage was lost, but it turned up in the end.

It was quite dark when we got to Cliff Castle, as Auntie's house is called. Auntie hadn't any children. Uncle Harry was rather delicate; his chest got hurt somehow when he was at the war, and Father said if he went to live in the South of France he would get quite well. But Auntie said 'she and Uncle were the new poor, and couldn't afford such luxuries.' Uncle was ever so jolly and kind, and made us laugh so we could hardly eat our supper.

It was a rambling old house, with tremendously thick walls, and steps just where you never expected them, so that at first we kept tumbling into rooms, instead of walking into them.

I had a very big bedroom, with a secret cupboard right in the thickness of the wall. Auntie said a lot of old papers were found in it, and a plan of the old castle.

'Isn't this the old castle?' I asked.

'Oh, no,' Auntie said. 'This is quite a small place compared to the old castle; there is said to be a secret passage which used to lead to a monastery about half a mile away. You and Jack can go and see the ruins to-morrow; but now you must go to sleep, or you will be quite worn out.'

Jack had a little room leading out of mine. I was secretly glad of that, for unfortunately I am not very brave, and Jack is never afraid of anything.

He called out just as I was going to sleep, 'I say, Peggy, wouldn't it be ripping if we could find that secret passage, and a lot of treasure in it? Wouldn't we just send Uncle to the South of France, and buy Auntie a motor, instead of that rickety old chaise?'

'We'll look for it to-morrow,' I said, sleepily.

But when the morning came, we simply couldn't think of anything but to go down to that lovely blue-green sea, that was visible from my bedroom window. Auntie was just a dear; she said we might do simply anything we liked, as long as we did not get into mischief and came in to our meals regularly.

There was a steep path led from the garden down to the beach, and as it was a very lonely place, we had it all to ourselves.

We had a glorious morning. Jack could swim very well. I could hardly swim at all; but thanks to that brick of a Jack, I could manage eight strokes by dinner-time.

We wanted to go into the sea again in the afternoon; but Auntie said that as we had been such a long time in the water in the morning, she thought we had better wait till the next day. Then it began to rain, which settled it. So we agreed to have a regular hunt for the secret passage. But it was no good. We hunted and hunted, but not a trace of any passage could we find, except a litle bit of one in the cellar, which was bricked all up at the end.

Of course we were disappointed not to find the secret passage; but there was so much to see and do, that the time simply flew. I learnt to swim quite respectably, though of course not nearly as well as Jack.

One day Auntie let us take our dinner down to the beach. Uncle had got a cold, and I think Auntie was a little glad to have the house quiet. We had a lovely time on the beach. We made a fire of driftwood, and cooked potatoes, and Cook had given us a big Cornish pasty, and raspberries and clotted cream. We had such a good dinner, in fact, that we didn't think it would be wise to bathe directly after it. So we decided to go for a long walk along the coast.

I was making a collection of shells to take home; there were such lovely ones that I forgot all about the tide. Jack was looking for fossils, and was tapping away at the cliffs as happily as possible, when I felt a big spot of rain on my face. 'Jack, it's raining,' I called out. 'I believe we are going to have a storm.'

Jack looked up in astonishment. 'I should think we are,' he said. 'Peggy,' he continued, 'just look at the sea—what idiots we have been!'

I looked round in dismay. The sea had come up so quickly that our way was quite cut off at the back, and there was only quite a short strip in front.

'We must run,' said Jack, and he took my hand, and we just flew to get to the corner of the bay before the sea did. But it was no good; when we got to the corner the waves were thundering against the face of the cliff, and the rain was coming down in torrents.

'What are we to do?' I said. And I am afraid my knees began to shake a little, though I would not have had Jack know it for the world.

Jack looked up at the tall cliffs that looked so dark and threatening, and whistled softly. 'I must go and explore,' he said at last. 'Shelter yourself under the cliff here, Peggy. I won't be long.'

I simply hated waiting with my back to the cliff, and seeing the sea coming up so quickly; but I said, 'All right,' and tried not to look as frightened as I felt.

Jack tried again and again to climb the side of the cliff, but each time he slipped down again. At last he half waded, and half swam, right round the corner of the cliff, into the next cove. Then I heard him calling, 'Come, Peggy, quickly.'

I waded in, and, clinging to the rocks, managed to get round that dreadful corner. The water was nearly

up to my neck, but Jack helped me through the worst bit.

'See, Peggy,' Jack said. 'There is a bit of the cliff I think we can both climb; but we must run for it.'

And we did run. I hadn't a single bit of breath left by the time we reached the place.

'You stay and get your breath,' said Jack, 'while I go and investigate.'

So I stopped below and panted, while he climbed up the cliff. He seemed to be gone quite a long time; but at last he came scrambling down again, looking quite excited. 'Come on, Peggy,' he said. 'Put your feet just where I tell you, and you'll be all right.'

I should never have believed it possible, but I managed somehow to scramble up that horrid cliff. Jack said I was a jolly little brick, and when I got to the bush, there behind it was a hole in the cliff. We went through the hole, and behold we were in the finest cave you can possibly imagine—a regular smuggler one.

(*Concluded on page* 299.)

AN UNEXPECTED SUCCESS.

'A MONTH at Brighton or Eastbourne is what she needs,' we heard the doctor telling Father, as he went out of the door. But we children knew that he was wrong. It was not the air of Brighton nor Eastbourne, but her own native air that Mother needed to make her well—the air of Glenmurdoch which blew straight off the Atlantic or over heather-covered hills.

Mother had lived at Glenmurdoch all her life (first with her father, and after his death with her Uncle James) until the day that she left it to go to school in Paris. Was she not a Macdonald of Glenmurdoch?—an honour which to us children seemed only a degree lower than being a member of the Royal Family itself. Not that any of us three had ever seen Mother's childhood's home; but we knew it well, from her oft-repeated and vivid descriptions of it—the long white house, with its high walled garden, full of the fruit and flowers which grew in such profusion in that part of Scotland. To us, as to her, it was the beautiful home of our dreams.

Mother had never returned to Glenmurdoch since we were born, nor, indeed, after her marriage. She never exactly told us why, but somehow we learnt that it was because her Uncle James did not like his niece marrying an artist, which was what our father was, and in his turn Father resented Uncle James's disapproval of his profession. Thus, after he and mother married, they never went back to Scotland.

How much she longed to see the home of her childhood again only we, her children, realised. There was always a different expression on her face and in her voice when she spoke of Glenmurdoch; therefore, now, when for the first time in our remembrance, she actually allowed to 'not being very well,' we knew what was the medicine that she really required to make her strong and pink-cheeked again.

Molly voiced our thoughts. She is the eldest of us, and is, without doubt, the leader, though Sandy tries sometimes to usurp the privilege.

'Silly old thing; he knows nothing about it! It's Glenmurdoch air Mother needs!'

I nodded, but the expression on my face was without hope. 'Yes, but however is she to get it?' I said.

'That remains for us to arrange.' Molly made her astounding statement without hesitation.

'Rather a tall order, old girl,' Sandy objected. Sandy has been at school a year, and so, as Father says, he uses 'hideous school-boy expressions.' 'The ticket alone costs pounds; and even if we did get her there, who is to say that Uncle James is going to be nice to her?'

'Of course he will,' Molly burst out again. 'Why, he will fall on her neck and kiss her. Look here, let us all try and think of some way by which we can make money to buy Mother's ticket to Glenmurdoch. I'll think of a plan first, because I'm the eldest, and if my plan fails, then Sandy must try, and after him, then you, Joan, must try. I'll think ever so hard all afternoon, and then I will tell you to-night what I have decided to do.'

Six hours later, Molly sat up in bed, her hair in two plaits, on either side of her face. 'I've told Sandy my plan, and now I'll tell you, Joan. I'm going to write a book—indeed I've begun it already. The heroine has eyes like pansies and hair like corn.'

'But how will a book get Mother to Glenmurdoch?' I asked wonderingly.

'Oh, you silly! Why, of course, when I've finished it, I shall sell it, and get lots and lots of money for it.'

'But won't it take a dreadfully long time?' To me, the writing of even one sheet of English prose was a considerable effort.

'Didn't I tell you that I had begun already? I'll work ever so hard to get it done,' Molly affirmed, and she did. For three days, she was never seen without a pencil or exercise-book in her hand. At night, she read me the result of her day's labour, but I was often so sleepy that the heroine's pansy eyes, and the hero's ducal coronet (Molly had borrowed some of the descriptions of her characters from a penny novelette found in the kitchen) got mixed up with my own dreams.

Meanwhile, Sandy was laying plans of how he would make money in the event of Molly's failure to do so.

'I'm going to be a street artist,' he told me. 'There is a fellow in Oxford Street we pass every day going to school, and he must make pounds; I am always seeing people giving him pennies.'

'But will you be able to paint good-enough pictures?' The self-confidence of my elder sister and brother took my breath away.

'Oh, rather! Why, I am first in my class in drawing!'

It was true that Sandy had inherited some of our father's talent for art, though, in my inexperienced opinion, he seemed hardly up to the standard yet of an artist, even a street one. Nevertheless, another difficulty lay in his path to success.

'Where will you get the chalks?' I asked, knowing his own were lost.

Sandy nodded mysteriously. 'Leave that to me; where there is a will, there is a way.'

(*Concluded on page* 310.)

THOSE THAT WATCH OVER US.

X.—A TOPSY-TURVY POLICE.

POSSIBLY the happiest hunting-ground for the criminal is in South and Central America, as, owing to the ill-organized police forces that exist in many of the republics, he has practically a free hand

"Conspicuously doing nothing."

to do as he likes, but with little fear of capture or punishment. Even though he has the bad luck to be caught, should he have money enough to bribe his gaolers, the chief of police, or, if necessary, the magistrate or judge, he is pretty safe to get off scot-free. Truly a nice state of affairs!

"A most important personage."

Though in the largest towns, such as Buenos Aires and Rio Janeiro, we find police forces run on the European system, in many parts of the country things are in a very different state.

That enormous tracts of sparsely inhabited country should be not over-safe for the lonely traveller is hardly to be wondered at, yet it is usually the town or municipal police that are mostly to be found wanting.

The idea of setting a thief to catch a thief may seem rather a good one, but when put into practice does not always work out as well as might be desired. When a man, on being found guilty of robbery, is given the choice of spending several years in prison, or the same period in the police force, it is scarcely to be wondered at if he chooses the latter, the authorities thus making certain of having plenty of volunteers.

So there you have the wolf in sheep's clothing—the thief decked out in a shoddy uniform, usually much too large for him, a sword and revolver, let loose amongst the population. He certainly is not a very heroic figure, lounging about the streets, smoking any cigarette he can get hold of, not disdaining ends picked up in the road, gossiping with his old companions, who, luckier than he, have managed to keep out of prison *and* the police force.

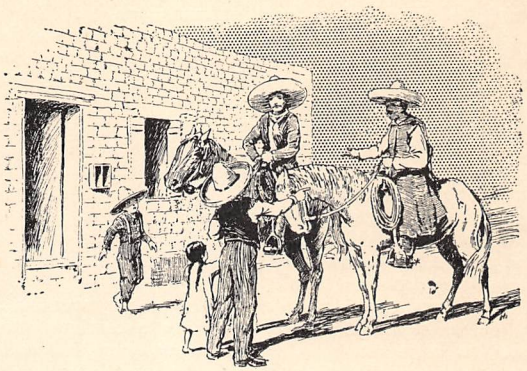
In spite of being well armed with sword and revolver, the constable is not overfond of interfering when trouble is afoot, in fact he far prefers to turn his back and continue his peaceful smoke, conspicuously doing nothing; and, really, he can hardly be blamed, for on the miserable pay he receives (when he *does*

receive it, for it is often weeks overdue), he does not care to risk his life when his hot-tempered countrymen get really excited, which usually means that sharp knives are being recklessly flourished.

The lazy and badly-paid officials far prefer taking bribes to doing any work, and in most places it is advisable to be 'well in with the police' by judicious tipping, which few, from the ordinary constable to the high official, would refuse to accept. This is likely to keep trouble away from the generous donor, trouble such as false accusations, which, though utterly absurd, may be difficult to disprove, particularly in a country where the accused person is immediately considered to be guilty unless he can prove his innocence.

So the police continue to take bribes, smoke innumerable cigarettes, and grow fat on doing nothing.

In Chile the policeman, or 'paco,' is also known as 'the nightingale,' for at certain times the constables on their various beats blow on the big bone whistles that they carry different notes that form a kind of code, so that a conversation of sorts can be carried on by this melodious means between two 'pacos' who are some distance apart.



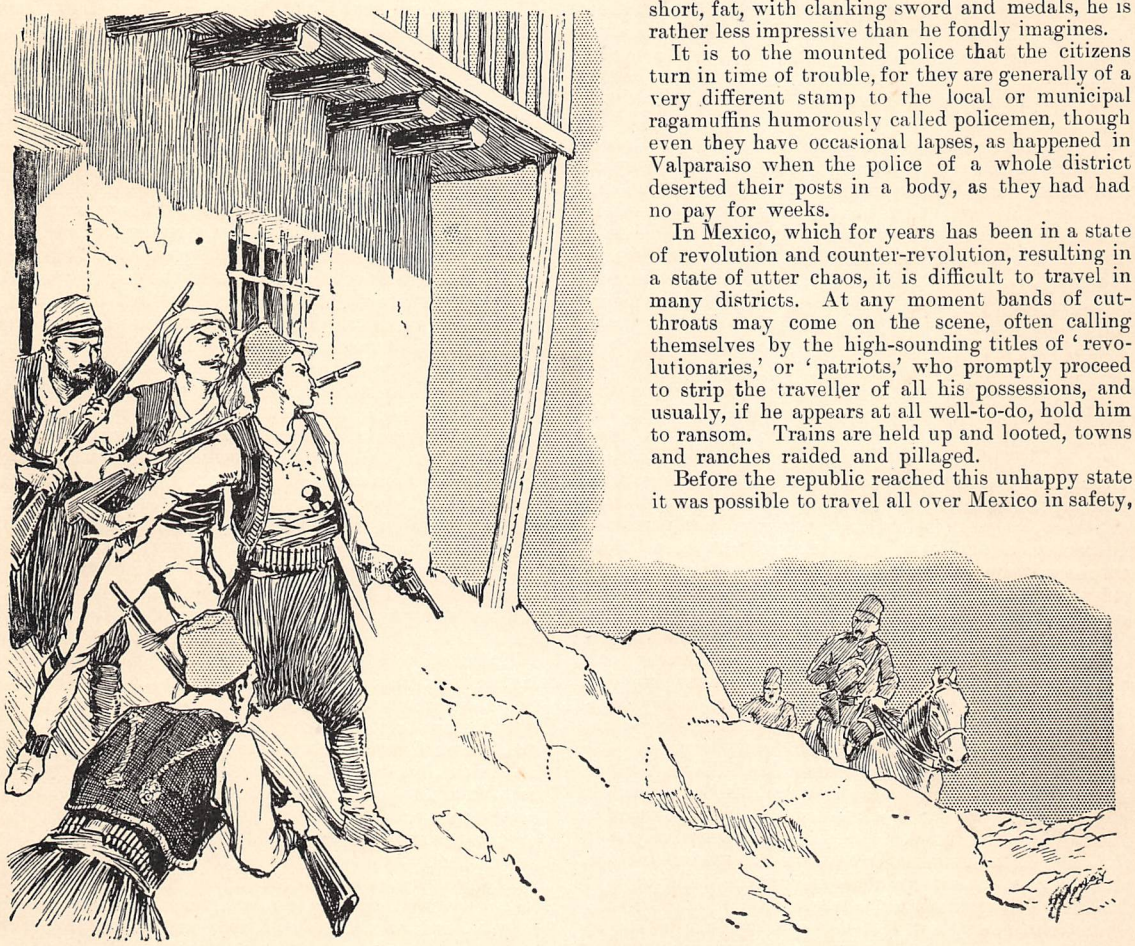
Mexican Rurales.

The officer in charge of the police considers himself an immensely important personage, to be treated with immense respect and many cigars; but as he is usually anything but a heroic figure, short, fat, with clanking sword and medals, he is rather less impressive than he fondly imagines.

It is to the mounted police that the citizens turn in time of trouble, for they are generally of a very different stamp to the local or municipal ragamuffins humorously called policemen, though even they have occasional lapses, as happened in Valparaiso when the police of a whole district deserted their posts in a body, as they had had no pay for weeks.

In Mexico, which for years has been in a state of revolution and counter-revolution, resulting in a state of utter chaos, it is difficult to travel in many districts. At any moment bands of cut-throats may come on the scene, often calling themselves by the high-sounding titles of 'revolutionaries,' or 'patriots,' who promptly proceed to strip the traveller of all his possessions, and usually, if he appears at all well-to-do, hold him to ransom. Trains are held up and looted, towns and ranches raided and pillaged.

Before the republic reached this unhappy state it was possible to travel all over Mexico in safety,



"Difficult work for the Turkish police."

owing to 'Rurales,' or rural mounted police. These fearless horsemen, travelling always in pairs, roamed the country from end to end, keeping order with a firm hand, running down and rounding up law-breakers and extending a helping hand to any traveller in need. Almost as soon as a camp was pitched, two of these mounted police would ride up, and after a few polite courtesies, assure the travellers that should they be in any danger, they, or some of their comrades, were constantly riding within hearing of a rifle-shot, and the knowledge that these guardians of the peace were in the neighbourhood would give every one confidence, and enable them to sleep soundly.

The Rurale was not dressed in any conventional police uniform, but looked more like a cowboy, and, with his huge hat, lasso, and enormous spurs, looked a fine picturesque fellow, and he honestly and fearlessly carried out his duties, whilst in most of the towns the so-called police, in ragged, dirty uniforms, badly drilled, and with no discipline to speak of, were practically useless.

One of the most hated police forces in the world was that of the late Turkish Empire. The mounted police, riding about the country, were wont to take what they pleased, to blackmail, torture, and kill. It is not surprising, therefore, that the brigands who used to swoop down from the mountains hated them with a bitter hatred, and many a policeman has lost his life to their bullets or knives.

Many of these brigands had, in the first instance, been driven from their village home by the brutality of the police, or to escape arrest on a false accu-ation, knowing full well that they could not prove their innocence against the perjured word of the police; possibly they had a father, mother, or brother, done to death by those whose duty it was to protect them, to avenge. Many a time have the police been cut up in an ambush, and many a time have they ridden up to a house, intent an loot, or worse, to find themselves greeted with a shower of bullets.

Some of the brigands controlled such numerous and well-armed bands, and wielded so much power in the district over which they practically reigned, that they were really a beneficent power, for, if they carried off a wealthy man to ransom, or levied contributions from those that could well afford it, on the other hand they did not interfere with the poor and hardworking. Moreover, should another band, less scrupulous, dare to commit any depredations in the country they considered their own, they would swiftly swoop on the offenders and deal out exemplary punishment upon them.

This happened once when a band of Albanians carried off a man, and, though the ransom demanded was paid, murdered him in cold blood. A famous brigand, Tchakidji, hearing of this, was furiously angry, considering this act contrary to all the laws of brigandage. Gathering his men, he set off and surprised the Albanians seated round their camp fire. Having settled with them, he raided their village and killed a number of men who were supposed to have been implicated in the doings of the band. The police knew perfectly well that any brutality on their part would, sooner or later, receive punishment, and in consequence behaved less badly in the brigand's neighbourhood.

Little wonder, then, that the country folk looked up to, and did not fear, such a bandit as this, who actually protected them, on the one hand from lesser outlaws, and on the other from the still more dreaded police; so we have the quaint situation of the people being protected against their legal protectors.

On one occasion a bandit and his men were pardoned and made policemen. Shortly after they met another policeman, also an ex-brigand and a personal enemy, and promptly tried to kill him, with the result that they themselves were all killed. Truly a quaint state of affairs to find the police finishing off a vendetta amongst themselves, and rather typical of this ill-organized and ill-paid force. The only excuse that the Turkish police could possibly advance in excuse of their corruption, thefts, and general bad behaviour was the fact that their pay was usually not weeks, but months overdue, if they even received it at all.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 283.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE others ran off at top speed, and Humphrey stood looking about anxiously for any sign of David's approach.

'Silly juggins, wanting to get his hair cut!' he muttered to himself. 'It wasn't so fearfully long, either. Come to that, we are none of us exactly spick and span, but you can't be when you have been caravaning for a few weeks. Uncle Opportune would not have minded about that.'

It did not do any good, however, to say how silly David had been, and Humphrey, having relieved his feelings with one good grumble, began to think of other things. The first of these dealt with the police-sergeant. 'I wonder where old Sanderson got to, that night in the wood?' he thought. They had heard nothing of the man since the moment when he left them at their camp, after they had heard that shot fired. Some ill must have befallen him, surely, or they would have had another visit from him. 'But of course he may have had to go off somewhere else, after those two men,' thought the boy, and so he got round, in his mind, to the mystery of the package of Treasury notes.

'Bother! I don't believe Janet will remember that we left them in the caravan,' he told himself. 'And we want to show them to Uncle Opportune. He will be able to say if they are faked or whether they have been stolen. 'I think I'll just cut along to the stables, and get that package, and go to the hotel,' the boy told himself, when the clock in the market-place struck two.

Unfortunately he did not remember just where they lay, and, having missed the turning that he should have taken, he wandered about for almost a quarter of an hour before he found the place he wanted. Hurrying into the yard, he saw their caravan standing where they had left it, but beside it there stood a couple of policemen and the ostler to whom they had delivered Slowsure.

'Now, what's wrong?' said Humphrey to himself, as he hastened towards the little group. What could the policemen want? Did it concern him in any way? There was no special reason, so far as the boy could see, why policemen should wish to speak to him, but they looked as if they were waiting for the owners of the caravan, and Humphrey felt his heart sink rather as

they said something to the ostler, who nodded in reply as he drew near.

'This is the young feller,' said the man, jerking his head in Humphrey's direction; 'or, I should say, this is one of 'em. There was a lot when they come a few hours since.'

The policemen turned to the boy, saying gruffly: 'We want you; you will have to come along with us.' 'To the Police Station,' added one of them, in explanation.

Humphrey looked from one to the other in astonishment. 'What's wrong now?' he asked, trying not to appear as alarmed as he felt. It was silly to mind, because, after all, they had none of them done anything wrong.

'What's wrong?' repeated the stouter of the two men. 'What's wrong, indeed? I suppose you don't happen to know that you have got some stolen property in your van here?' He nodded towards the caravan as he spoke.

Humphrey looked him straight in the face, saying: 'Well, we don't know anything about stolen property; but I'll admit that we have got some Treasury notes with us, and we found them.'

'That's all very well for a yarn,' said the slighter of the men, with a withering sort of contempt showing itself in his voice. 'You may say you found them—they all say that—but if you did, what are you carrying them round for?'

'Why, because we did not know what to do with them. We were going to ask a friend to-day, only we forgot to take them with us to the hotel,' said Humphrey.

The men looked at one another in some bewilderment. The ostler stood by, listening with all his ears.

Suddenly Humphrey remembered that they had left the package of notes in the caravan. How, then, had it been discovered? It was clear that the caravan must have been entered during their absence.

He felt rather indignant, and showed this in his next words. 'We did not leave our caravan here to be spied on,' he said hotly, making use of the most unfortunate word he could have hit on.

The policemen took it up at once, one of them saying: 'Spied on! That's just what your sort needs, my fine sir.'

'If you hadn't anything to hide you wouldn't mind,' said the other.

Humphrey saw his mistake, but he still felt very angry. He looked at the ostler this time, saying: 'What made you go poking about inside our caravan?'

The man looked impudent. 'No concern of yours, that ain't,' he retorted. 'But this is a respectable inn, and I'll trouble you to keep your stolen goods somewhere else.'

This was too much. Humphrey felt that the man wanted kicking; but it was silly to lose one's temper, so he strove to be calm, and began to explain to the constables the facts of the matter, telling how they had discovered the package of notes in the wood, and how it had been retaken again by the men dressed as policemen, and how they had found it once more, the day before, in that deserted cottage out on the moor.

The men listened in silence. It was clear, even to them, that the boy was speaking the truth. The ostler had told them a garbled tale, when he had come dashing round to the Police Station an hour or so earlier, about a party of gipsies who had left the caravan in the stable yard, and of course it was well known that the notes had been stolen from one of the Westbourne banks some weeks before. Their numbers were known, so that it was easy to understand why they had not been disposed of up to date. They felt confident, from what the man had said, that they were about to make a rather smart capture of the thief, or thieves, but they were not at all sure now that they had not made a big mistake.

Still, official dignity must be preserved at all costs, so the stouter of the two said severely: 'You may or you may not be telling the truth, young sir, but whatever happens, you'll have to come along with us to the Station, to answer the Inspector's questions. We're bound to take you in custody, you see, seein' as you are found in possession of the stuff.'

'Oh, bother!' said Humphrey, feeling very much annoyed. It was not pleasant to be compelled to walk through the streets of the little town, a constable on either side of you.

He made one last appeal. 'I will come later on, if you'll let me go round to the Eagle Hotel, and tell Mr. Norbury and the others first,' he said.

'Mr. Norbury?' The constables seemed interested.

'Yes; he is a naturalist, and a friend of ours,' exclaimed Humphrey, and was surprised to see the two men wink at one another.

'Tall man, brown, and wears a tweed suit? Rides a motor-bike, too?' asked one of them.

'Yes, do you know him?' asked Humphrey, feeling a little mystified.

The two men broke into amused laughter; then, seeing how astonished the boy looked, the slighter of the two said: 'It's all right, young feller: we knows your Mr. Norbury. If you'd said, at the start, what you've said now, it would have been all right. He's a 'tec, you see. One of the best in the force. He's been down this part for some time now, investigating some mystery or other. Pretends he's a naturalist, out gettin' photographs, I believe.'

Humphrey was feeling that everything was quite topsy-turvy. Mr. Norbury a detective! This was a blow, in a sense—and yet, why not? He was a most helpful sort of person, and always turned up just when he was wanted. Hence his name of Uncle Opportune; it fitted him exactly.

'I'm glad you know him,' said the boy, his mind too full to let him think much of what he was saying. 'Can I go now?' he added.

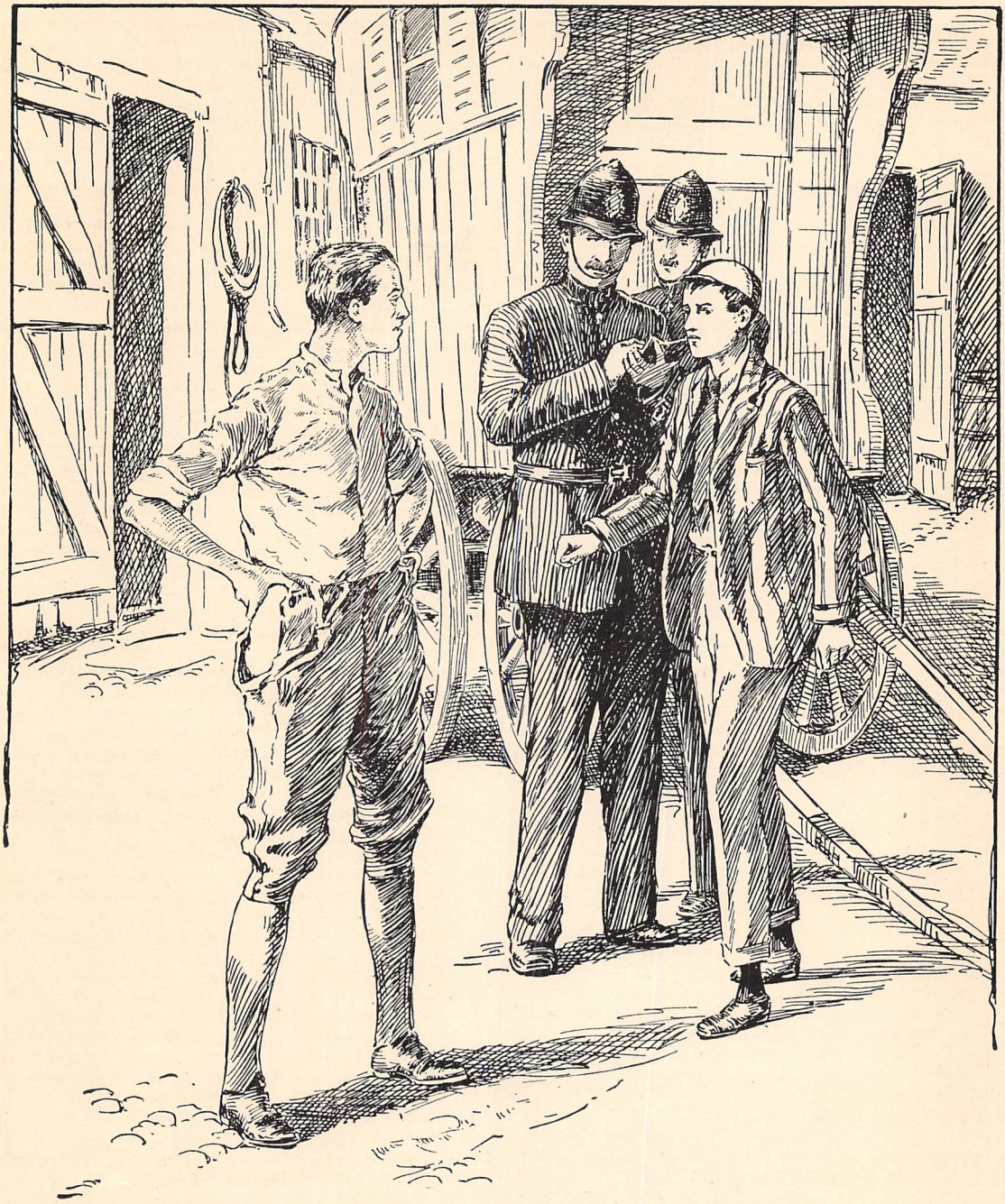
'Well, if you don't mind just stepping round to the Station, you'd better,' said the stouter of the policemen. 'You see, it's like this. The Inspector, he's bound to get the facts from you as to how you found this stuff, and all the rest of it; and we're bound, finding it in your possession, like, to take you up. See?'

The man's tone had changed completely; he seemed now to be asking a favour of Humphrey.

The boy was quick to notice this. 'Where are the notes?' he asked.

'In your caravan at present. But we'll take them with us,' said one of the men. And the other added, turning to the ostler, 'And you'd better get on with your work.'

(*Continued on page* 298.)



"'What made you go poking about inside our caravan?'"

"Going over all their possessions."

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 295.)

THE ostler melted away. He felt, suddenly, not quite sure that he had done wisely in rummaging about in the caravan. He had been so suspicious of the children that as soon as their backs were turned he had had a pleasant little time going over all their possessions, and peeping into the boxes and drawers to see what they carried about with them. A caravan party had never come his way before. Then he had happened to discover the notes, and then of course had felt quite justified in what he had done, hurrying off to the Police Station with his information.

Humphrey turned to walk away with the constables; then he stopped suddenly, remembering Uncle Opportune's lunch again. It was twenty minutes past two; if he did not go straight to the hotel now, he would miss the others.

'I say,' he said, 'I can't come with you to the Police Station, because, if I do, I shall miss the others, and we shall not know where to meet. You will have to come to the hotel with me, first of all.'

'Oh, all right,' said the stouter man. Then, turning to his companion, he said: 'You, Bill, get along to the Station and report, and say I'll be along with the boy in a little while.'

The man named Bill went off, and Humphrey, accompanied by the constable, made his way to the Eagle Hotel.

'It is frightfully late,' said he, as they hurried along. 'I wonder if David got there, after all.'

'David—who's David?' queried his companion.

'A boy who is with us—an American,' said Humphrey briefly. He did not want to go into details then and there. They had just reached the hotel building now, and they entered the vestibule, where Humphrey asked for Mr. Norbury's party.

'Yes, they are still here, sir,' said the man addressed. 'Shall I take you to them?' He glanced doubtfully at the police constable as he asked the question.

The constable winked in reply. 'It's all right,' he said. 'I can wait here, if you'll like it better.'

'Oh, come along. You can explain things, then,' said Humphrey. So the policeman followed him, as the waiter led them along a passage and up a broad flight of stairs. Arrived at the top of these, the man hurried them along another passage and tapped on a door at the end of it. 'What name, sir?' he asked, turning to Humphrey.

'Oh, Warrener, but it doesn't matter about announcing me,' said the boy quickly, and then, as the door flew open, he entered.

There, seated round the luncheon-table, were Uncle Opportune, Janet, Nora, Martin, Tickato, and Billy. There was one other person there—a tall, elderly gentleman, with a rather stern face, and grey hair and moustache; but, as Humphrey saw at a glance, there was no David present.

What could have happened to him?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE party round the table looked in some astonishment at the policeman who had followed Humphrey into the room.

Uncle Opportune was the first to speak. 'Hullo, Humphrey,' he said, 'better late than never, of course; but you are coming in with the dessert.'

'I am most awfully sorry,' was the reply, as the boy advanced towards the table. 'I was waiting about for David, first of all, and then there was the bother about those notes——'

'Bother about the notes?' The children chorused this question.

'Yes—oh, of course you don't know. This constable'—Humphrey paused, and indicated his companion—'wants me to go with him to the Police Station at once, but I said I must come along and explain things a little first, or you would leave the hotel, and I should not know where to look for you.'

Every one began asking questions then, except Uncle Opportune and the tall, elderly gentleman.

At last Mr. Norbury held up his hand for silence. 'I think we will spend a few minutes in sorting things out,' he said, as soon as silence had been restored. 'We are all in rather a muddle, and Mr. Murray is worried about the disappearance of his ward, David. You have not seen anything of him, I gather?'

'Not a sight. I thought he might have got late and so come on here, straight,' responded Humphrey.

'It is a most singular thing,' said the gentleman alluded to as Mr. Murray. 'I feel very much troubled about him, and I think, if you will excuse me, that I will go and put inquiries afoot at once,' he added, addressing Uncle Opportune.

'Well, if you like, of course; but I think we had better wait and hear what Humphrey has to tell, first of all. Constable, sit down, and you, too, Humphrey,' he added. 'You must be hungry. I will have some lunch brought to you at once.'

But Humphrey was too much excited to eat anything, and said: 'I would rather find David, if you don't mind, and of course I shall have to go to the Police Station.'

'Wait a bit, though,' said Uncle Opportune, and then he told how he had had the good fortune to meet Mr. Murray that very morning, and had invited him to lunch, to meet the children. Tickato and Billy were to go straight to Shenstone Hall that afternoon, and David also, if he could be found.

The Warreners felt rather flat when this arrangement was made known to them. 'What a shame! We were going to have one last camp, close to our home,' said Nora in a disappointed tone.

'But I really must have my charges under my wing, young lady,' said Uncle Francis; and then he paused, and looked more closely at Nora, and then at the other Warreners, in turn.

Finally he turned to Uncle Opportune. 'I am sure that you are right,' he said quietly; 'and if you are, I can undo the mistake of many years, and bring happiness not only to others, but to myself also.'

Uncle Opportune nodded. 'I think there is no doubt about it,' he said briskly.

The children looked at one another in some bewilderment. What did it mean?

Tickato, who had been unusually quiet for her, now asked in her clear treble: 'What do you mean, Uncle Francis?'

There was a moment's silence. Somehow this tall elderly man, who was the twins' great-uncle, was a rather forbidding-looking personage, and none of the Warreners felt that they would have dared to ask him

such a question. All held their breath for a second or two, wondering what would happen.

Nothing startling took place, however. Uncle Francis gave the little girl one sharp look out of his dark eyes, that were almost hidden under the bushy eyebrows; then he said, but not angrily: 'That, my dear, is my business, I think.'

Tickato ought to have been silenced, but she was not. 'Oh dear, how tiresome!' she exclaimed. 'It did sound so interesting—the way you said it. I thought you were going to tell us a lovely secret.'

Uncle Opportune looked amused. Even Uncle Francis was a trifle less grim, as he said: 'It may be a lovely secret: I think it is; but you cannot hear it yet. Now, if you are ready ——?' He turned to Uncle Opportune as he put the question.

'Yes, of course, Humphrey, you shall have an extra good tea, to make up for what you have not had now,' he promised, as the boy finished the last mouthful of the bread and cheese with which he had been supplied.

'We will go to that barber's shop first, don't you think so?' asked Martin, as the party got to their feet.

'Yes, but I had better go with Humphrey to the Police Station,' said Uncle Opportune. 'Where shall we meet?' This last question was addressed to Uncle Francis.

'Oh, at the Moorland Garage. My car is there. I think you and the others had better come over to Shenstone Hall with me and have tea—when we have found David,' came the reply, in a most unusually amiable tone.

(*Continued on page* 306.)

THE SECRET PASSAGE.

(*Concluded from page* 291.)

HOW lovely it was to be out of the pelting rain, and know we weren't going to be drowned! Jack had some wax matches in a tin box, and the water hadn't got in, so we made a fire, for there were lots of bits of old wood lying about. And we took most of our wet things off and dried them.

'Well, this is a go,' said Jack, when we were warm and dry again.

'Jack,' I said, 'don't you think that perhaps there may be a way out the other end of the cave? Auntie will be frightfully anxious about us if we have to wait till the tide goes down.'

Jack looked round thoughtfully. 'We are safe here,' he said; 'still, there can be no harm in having a look round.'

So we each took one side of the cave, and looked carefully for the least sign of an opening. I did not find one, but Jack did, and called out to me to come; and I saw there were big pieces of rock, almost like steps, leading to a hole in the side of the cliff.

Jack had already plunged into it, and I followed, all excitement. It was very stuffy, and at first we had to go on our hands and knees. But after a while it grew bigger, and we could walk upright. It wasn't quite dark either. The path seem to wind up and up for ever such a long way, till at last it came to an end. But the roof was far above our heads.

'I am not going back,' said Jack, firmly.

The passage ended in a sort of little cave, with a hole in the roof. Jack lit one of the precious matches and looked round. Then we both saw an old wooden box, and instantly pounced on it. It was pretty heavy, but we managed to drag it to the side of the cave, just under the hole in the roof

Jack got through first; he can climb like a cat. Then he let down his coat to me by the sleeve, and I managed to scramble up too.

We gave great gasps of relief to be out in the air again. 'Where ever are we?' I said.

'Why, don't you see?' Jack replied, 'we are in the old monastery ruins.'

And so we were. The hole we had come out of was hardly bigger than a fox's earth, and was hidden behind a lot of bracken and furze. We were only about half a mile from home; it had left off raining, so we soon reached the castle. It really wasn't very late, and Auntie hadn't begun to worry about us. Uncle's cold was better; there was a fire in the hall.

It did look so warm and cosy. Auntie bundled us off to wash and change before she would hear a word. Then we all sat round the fire, drinking hot tea, and told our adventures.

'And what was in the box?' Uncle asked.

Jack and I looked at each other blankly. We had been so anxious to get out of that horrid secret passage that we actually never thought of the box.

'I expect it was full of pieces of eight,' I said disgustedly. 'Why ever didn't we look?'

Jack's idea was to go back and ascertain. Aunt Mary's idea was that we should have a good night's rest, and see about possible treasure boxes in the morning.

You may be sure we were up very early next morning, but to our astonishment Auntie and Uncle were dressed and waiting for us, and Auntie had cocoa ready.

It was lovely after the rain, all the trees and grass sparkling with dew. We pretended we were conspirators going to rifle the King's treasures.

Uncle had a long rope wound round his waist, Auntie had a lantern, and Jack and I had a ladder that we carried between us. When we got to the ruins we found the place directly, because I remembered there was an elder-tree growing close beside it.

Jack tied the rope round his waist and went down first. Then we lowered the lantern; after that the ladder was soon fixed, and we all climbed down—even Auntie.

After all there was not much to see, only a little cave scooped out of the sand, and the box wasn't an ancient chest, but an old travelling-trunk very like the one we lost coming. I was dreadfully disappointed, but Uncle didn't seem to be.

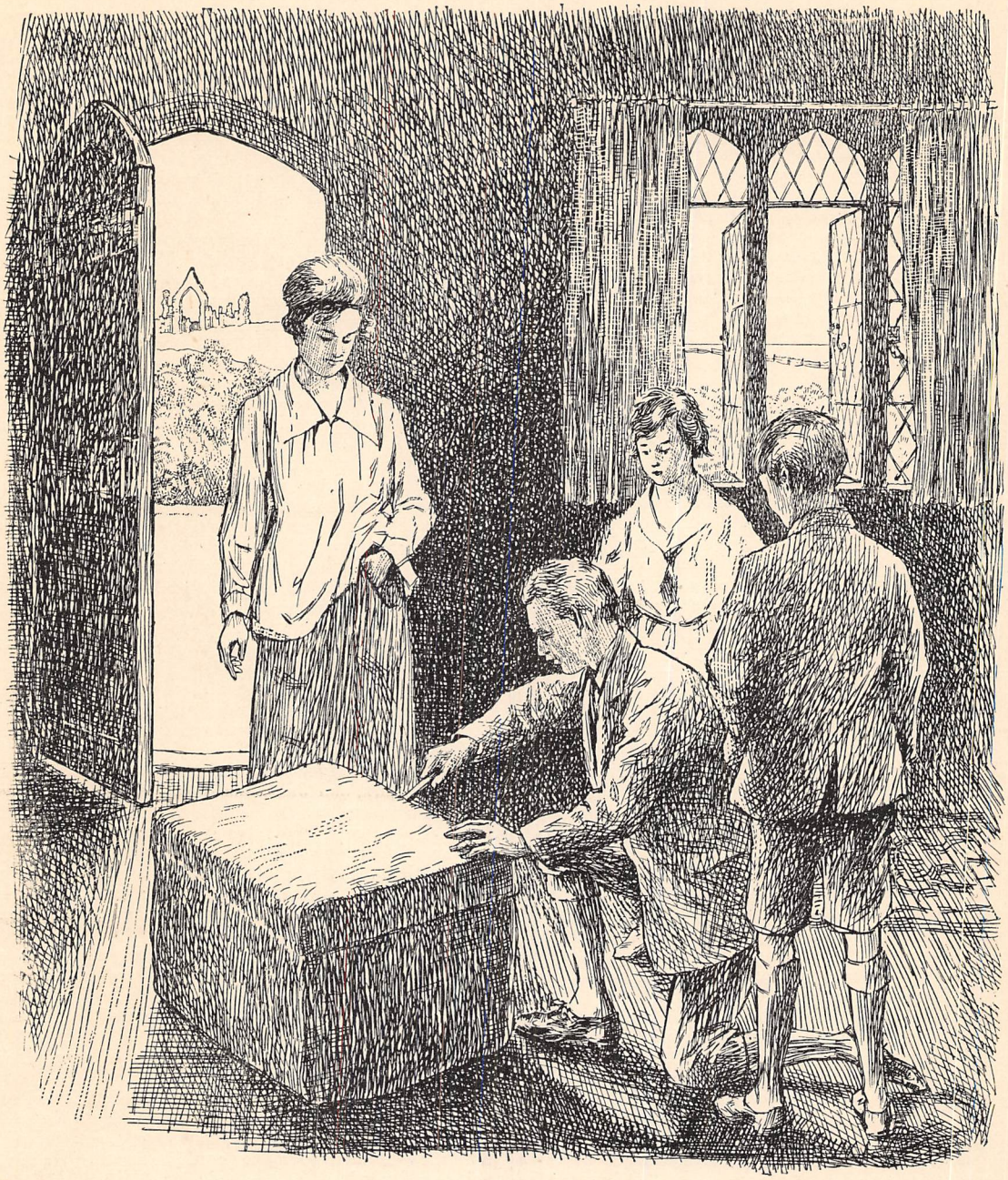
He said to Auntie in a breathless sort of way, 'It *is* the one.'

Then Auntie explained: 'You see Uncle had inherited the Castle from *his* uncle, who was a very queer old gentleman; he was supposed to be very rich indeed, but when he died no money could be found. He died quite suddenly.'

'This is the same old trunk he used to keep his valuables in,' Uncle said. He used to take it about with him everywhere.'

It was locked, so that we could not open it. Jack and I ran back and got the little hand-cart. We tied the rope to the box, and dragged it up. Then we put it in the cart and wheeled it home.

We took it into the hall, and I really felt quite giddy with excitement, when Uncle broke it open, and found



"Uncle broke it open."

the lost money was really and truly there. There were all sorts of business papers, and a whole bag of sovereigns; and there was a letter to say that he had hidden them there in case England was invaded.

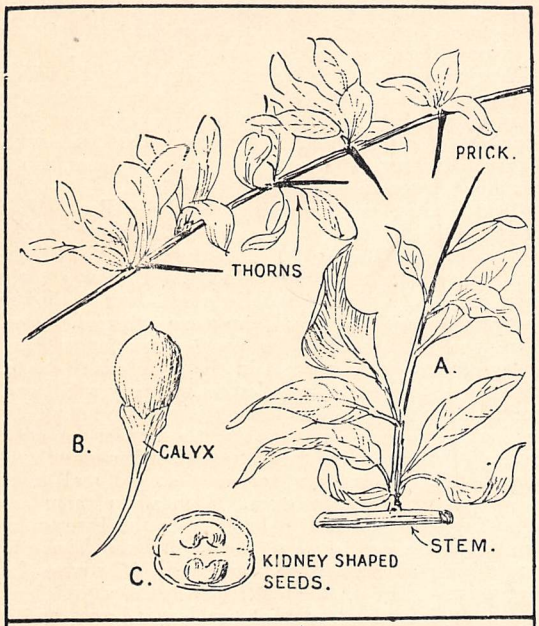
What rejoicings there were. After we had quietened a little, it was decided that Uncle and Auntie should go to the South of France almost directly. Uncle said he should build a house for wounded soldiers, where the monastery used to stand.

And what do you think? Uncle is going to send Jack and me to college when we leave school, a thing we both long for, but Father said he could never afford it. And best of all, we are going to-morrow to buy that motor-car, and are going to drive all the way to London in it.

FLOWERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

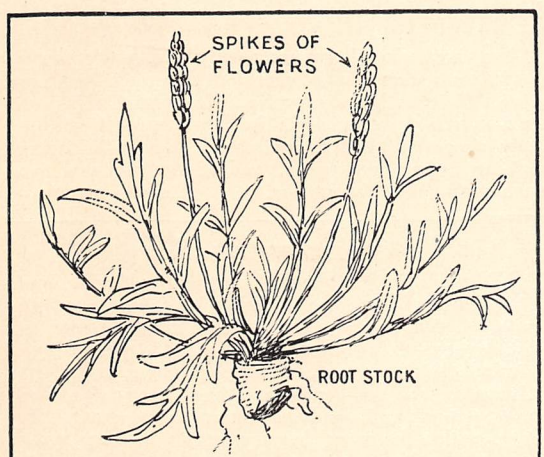
VIII.—THE TEA-TREE, THE BEET, PLANTAIN.

WHEN talking one day about sea-shore flowers to a girl who lives at the sea-side, I was rather astonished when she said, 'Well, of course there is the Duke of Argyll's Tea-tree.' I replied, 'What in the

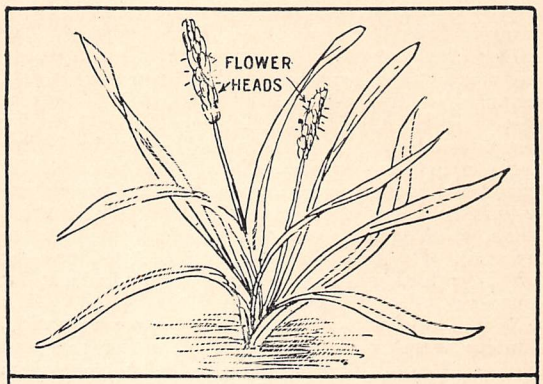


1. DUKE OF ARGYLL'S TEA TREE.

world is that, for I never heard of it?' She was very surprised that I did not know it, and I could not make out what plant she meant by her rough description. She kept saying, 'But you *must* know it—it is so

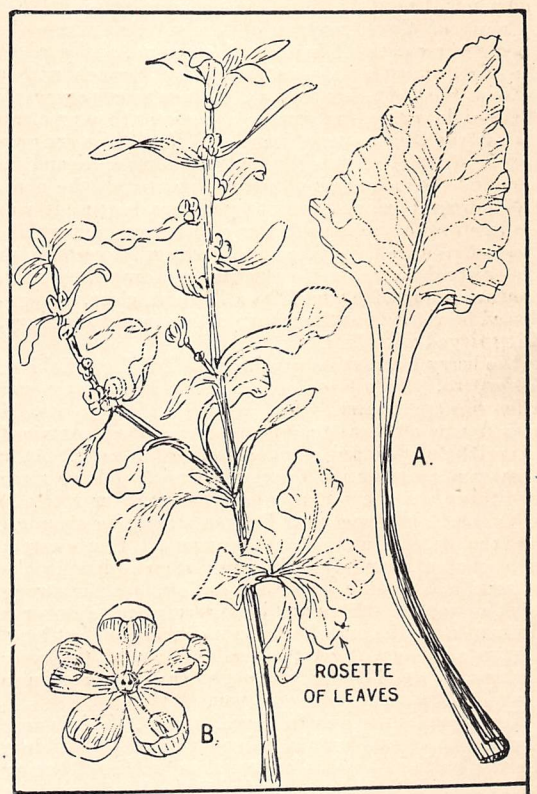


2. PLANT OF BUCK'S HORN PLANTAIN.



3. PLANT OF SEA PLANTAIN.

common!' My interest was roused. My friend soon sent me a piece of the plant. It had no flowers on it, but several berries. In spite of the fact that there were no



4. SPRAY OF BEET IN FLOWER.

flowers, I soon recognised it as a member of the Potato family, but I had never thought of it as a wild plant. Since then I have found that it is now included as a wild plant of the British Isles, so here it is. I had

only know it as 'a Solanium' (that is a member of the Natural Order *Solanaceæ*, the Potato family). My mother says that when she was a girl she remembers this plant was called 'tea plant,' but never knew why, nor had she ever heard it called Duke of Argyll's Tea-tree. The latest editions of *Flowers of the Field*, by Johns, includes it under that name, but so far I have been unable to get at any reason. An old botanist in Sussex told me its proper name is *Lycium Chinense* and he said he believed it was originally brought from China, which would account for the 'chinense' part of the name. I wonder whether a Duke of Argyll brought it? Now here is something for you to find out for yourselves.

Now as to what it is like. Well, it is a very untidy, climbing, straggly sort of a shrub. In Bentham and Hooker's *British Flora* all I can find is the following: 'Tea-plant, straggling or climbing shrub, with small lilac flowers, often to be seen in cottage gardens, and established in hedges in some of the Eastern counties.'

It bears a number of solitary rather dingy pale mauve flowers in the rosettes of leaves, which grow on the upper sides of the spreading, drooping long branches. In fig. 1 I show a portion of one of these branches, and you will note that there are strong prickles included in most of these rosettes of leaves. Sometimes the middle of a rosette of leaves will grow up, and you get the effect shown at A—that is, a short branch with a spike at the end; this proves that these thorns are really changed branches, for you see sometimes they proclaim themselves thus as true branches. The stems are grey and woody. The leaves have entire (uncut) edges and are sometimes rounded and sometimes pointed at the ends. The flowers I cannot show to you here, because it was too late in the season to find any, but they are very like those of Woody Nightshade, that straggly weed which has pretty dark mauve flowers with yellow centres; and they are followed by bunches of bright, clear, red egg-shaped berries. But the mauve of this variety is dingy, being tinged with buff.

The berry I can show you, because I did get hold of one or two. I show you one at B. It is an orange red when ripe and is carried in a cup with three points. I opened one of these fruits and found they contained several kidney-shaped seeds embedded in pulp. At C I show a cross-section through a fruit. I have since seen this plant (I can hardly call it a shrub or a tree!) on the beach at places near Bognor, straggling about all over the place in a most untidy manner. I once saw it in a garden near my home; as it was late in the autumn, it had only a few leaves left, but the strong prickles were still there and it was straggling all over a summer-house, its branches being eight and ten feet long. I have also seen it on the muddy flats of the river Thames. Now I think you ought easily to recognise this plant from all I have told you.

Next there is the Buck's Horn Plantain. This is very like our common plantain, Ribwort, of which children use the heads of flowers (or fruits) as 'soldiers' having combats, each trying to knock off the head from the other's stem. In this case the head of flowers is almost round, but in the Buck's Horn Plantain the flowers are carried on spikes more like those of the Greater Plantain, the spikes of which we give to caged birds. The great peculiarity of the Buck's Horn Plantain is its leaves, which are arranged in a rosette round the flower spikes. These leaves are variously divided into branches like the horns of a stag, or suggestive of the horns; hence the name. They are most irregular, seeming to have no definite plan about them at all. In fig. 2 I give a sketch of a plant, and you will there notice the curious leaves. You will note too that the root stock is thick, and it pushes its way among the shingle, the leaves spreading out almost flat on the ground, and the spikes of flowers standing straight up about three or four inches high. The flowers themselves are a poor sort of thing, but each is complete and is followed by a capsule containing several seeds.

Then there is the Sea Plaintain proper (fig 3), which often grows close to the last variety. It has long slender leaves, somewhat like the Ribwort's, but narrower. Of course the leaves of both these varieties are succulent. I have found both of these at most seaside places, and I am sure you too will find them if you look.

Next I must say something about Sea Beet. This again is the original of our vegetable, the Beet of which we eat the root (Beet-root). It is the last of the Goose-foot family I shall mention. In fig. 4 I show a sprig in flower. At A is a characteristic leaf from the lower part of the plant, and at B I show one enlarged flower. Here you note that the five petals curve inward and enclose the five stamens, and in the middle is the pistil with two stigmas. These flowers are very small and green. The whole plant sprawls about in an untidy fashion. The leaves are variable; those under the small groups of flowers are just strap-shaped, slender and uncut. Those lower are variously shaped and grow in rosettes on the main stem. Then again there are others larger, which spring direct from the base of the plant; the one at B is one of them. All the foliage is very shiny and much tinged with red. Of course the root is the part of the cultivated variety which is eaten, but I understand that the larger leaves boiled are as good as spinach.

Now I must draw this series to a close. There are other sea-shore plants more or less common, but I think I have told of most of those you are likely to find. There is a form of Mallow, the Sea Tree Mallow, which is fairly common. It is very like the Common Purple Mallow, but, as its name indicates, it grows up into quite a tree, forming a handsome plant. I have seen Mallow Trees four or five feet high and growing right in the sand by the sea.

Then there several grasses peculiar to sandy shores; one in particular I must mention because of its great value. This is Marran or Sea Matweed. This grass has a creeping root, wherein lies its value. Planted on sandy shores it binds the sand and prevents it from washing away or slipping, and Hull I believe owes much to the use of this grass. E. M. BARLOW.

FORGIVENESS.

THE great Sir Matthew Hale had so completely gained the control of himself that though naturally of a quick temper, he was never seen in a passion; nor did he ever resent injuries. Of the noble generosity of his mind, the following is a striking instance.

A person who had done him a great injury afterwards came to him for his advice as to the settlement of his estate, which he very frankly gave him, but would accept no fee for it; and when asked how he could use a man so kindly who had wronged him so, his answer was, 'I thank God I have learned to forget injuries.'

THE CLEVEREST NATION.

A WELL-KNOWN figure of the eighteenth century in London, Heidegger, a Swiss by birth, who was director of the opera and several other public amusements, was once at supper in very good company, when the conversation turned upon the merits of the different nations in Europe, and particularly which of them might be said to produce the cleverest men. The opinions of the company were divided between the Italians, French, and English.

Heidegger was asked which country he thought produced most wit. He answered very readily, 'Switzerland.'

This caused loud bursts of laughter; but when the old man was called upon for an explanation, he gave a very good one.

'Gentlemen,' says he, 'I prove my decision thus: I am a native of Switzerland; I came to England with only a shilling in my pocket, and by mere industry I have found means to get five thousand a-year, and, what is more, to spend it all profitably. Now, I defy the most ingenious man alive to go and do the same in Switzerland.'

ANIMALS THAT SAVE HUMAN LIVES.

III.

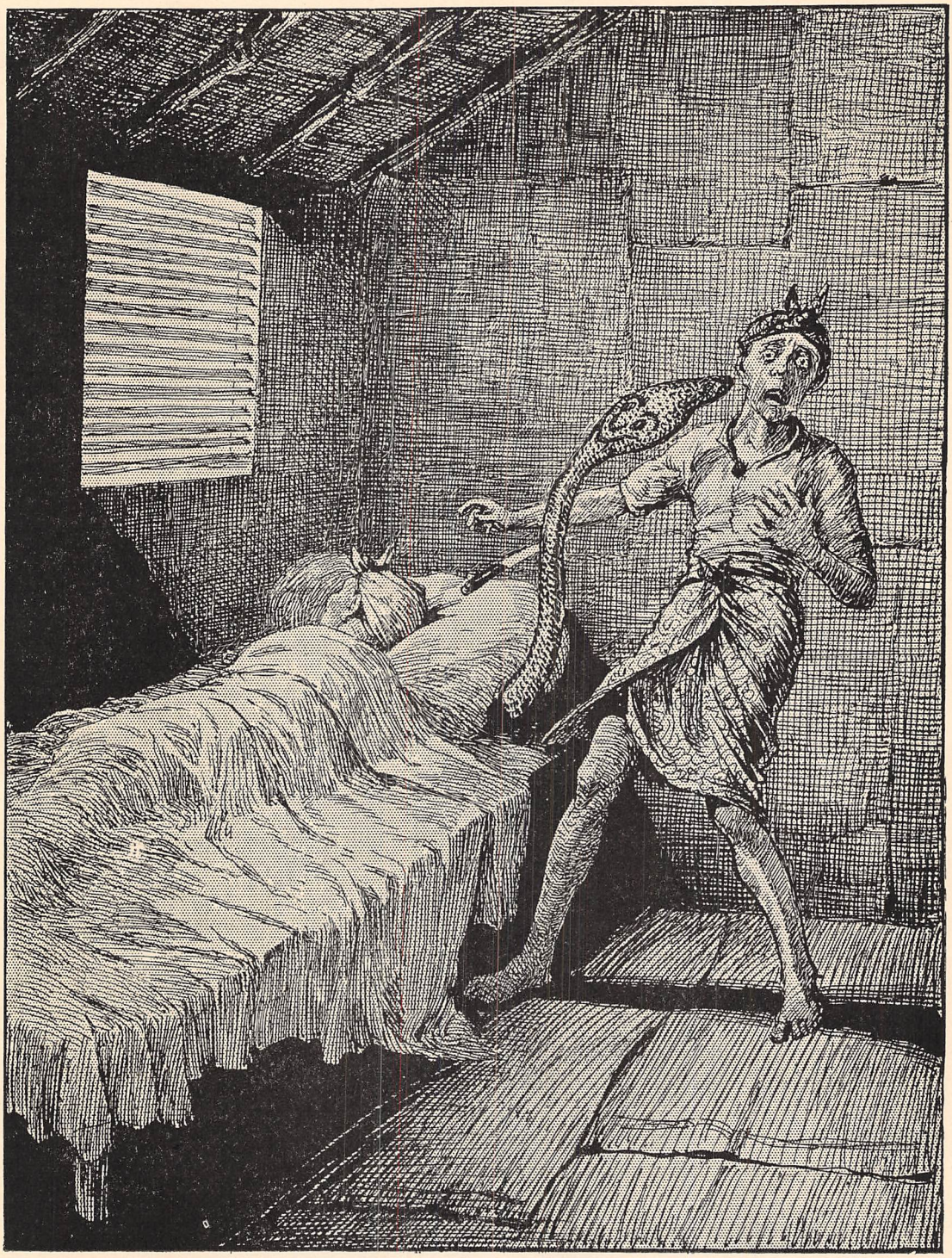
CATS are not often credited with life-saving, but a curious story is told of a Persian cat belonging to a gentleman in India. He says: 'I was lolling on the sofa drowsily perusing the newspaper when Tom came in and began to mew most plaintively. I waved him off, but he came again, varying the mews with signs of an offensive attack, his coat bristling and his tail waving. On looking under the sofa on which I had been lying, I discovered a cobra in the act of springing. My gun being handy I shot the cobra. You should have seen Tom's satisfaction; he ran between my legs, rubbing himself against them as if to say, "Well done, master." The snake measured five feet seven inches in length.'

Perhaps it may not be out of place here to interpose a story in which the enemy of the last becomes the hero. In some parts of Burmah, cobras which have been deprived of their fangs are kept as pets. On one occasion a Dacoit—a Burmese robber—made his way into the dwelling of a man who was supposed to be wealthy. Anticipating a good haul he was ferreting about the mattress on which the man was lying and, believing that the money-bags were hidden under the pillow, and fearing to wake the sleeper, he raised his knife to kill him, when a cobra darted out and struck him in the face. The robber screamed, and the noise awoke the sleeper, who called for his servants and the man was secured. But there was no necessity to bind him, for the Dacoit died within a few minutes. As a matter of fact the poisoned fangs of the snake had been drawn, but the fellow did not know this, and he knew well that the cobra's bite was fatal. He died of imagination.

The elephant has often been classed as the most sagacious of all animals and, although bulk and mind are not by any means always in direct proportion either in man or beast, yet they would seem to be in the case of this unwieldy brute. His life-saving exploits have been the subject of many a story, but in most cases his keeper has had a hand in the matter. In the following instance, however, he acted upon his own initiative. Two children were bathing in the sea at a little watering-place on the coast of France, when they were carried out of their depth. In a few moments their cries, as they struggled in the deep water, attracted attention; but before any one could make an attempt to reach them they were rescued in an altogether unexpected manner. A huge elephant, attached to a travelling circus which was performed in the town, happened to have been led down to the sea that morning to bathe and, as he was enjoying his bath close at hand, he too heard the cries of the children; splashing heavily through the water towards them, he lifted them very gently with his trunk, one at a time, and carried them safely ashore. This elephant, who name was 'Guss,' died a couple of years ago at Hereford. He was a very aged beast, and although no one knew exactly what his years numbered, they were said to count at least up to a hundred and thirty!

About twelve months ago, the papers recorded a very remarkable occurrence on one of the railways in the Western States of America. A number of elephants belonging to a travelling menagerie were being taken by train from one part of the States to another and, in addition to the elephants, there were a number of passengers in the same train. A big smash occurred just as the train was about to cross a river, and as the elephants were in the after part of the train they seemed to have escaped altogether, whereas the front part of the train was completely wrecked and, as so often happens upon American railways, the *débris* burst into flames. As several passengers were imprisoned among the wreckage, this circumstance, of course, added additional horror to a situation already bad enough. The keeper of the animals, however, was equal to the emergency, and he at once organized them into a 'scratch' fire brigade. The account stated that the elephants, under his direction, trotted smartly backwards and forwards between the river and the train, charging their trunks with water and spouting it copiously over the burning wreckage. By these novel means the fire was actually subdued and the imprisoned passengers released.

The story of the horse who picked up his wounded master with his teeth and galloped with him from the battlefield is too well known to bear repetition, but the following is not so well known. A hunter in South America, overcome by fatigue and the heat of the day, was enjoying a siesta, when he was surprised by some Indians and half-castes who robbed him of his belongings and, in an excess of cruelty, buried him alive in a hole dug in the sand, leaving his head only out of the ground. His situation appeared to be desperate, and he was evidently not the only creature in the world who considered that he was as good as dead, for presently both vultures and cowardly coyotes began to gather around him in evident anticipation of the pleasure of picking his bones. After making desperate but vain efforts to release himself from his living grave, he suddenly thought of his horse, which he had left grazing when he went to sleep. He gave the peculiar whistle which his horse knew, and presently he galloped up, startling the coyotes and vultures from their grim vigil. The bridle was dangling from the horse's neck, and his master, after one or two attempts, caught it between his teeth. The horse seemed to grasp the situation, and tugged and tugged till he had pulled his nearly exhausted master out of the sand.



"A cobra darted out and struck him."

"'What has become of the boy who called here?'"

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Continued from page 299.)

THE Warreners looked at one another in some dismay. Janet put the thought of all into words when she said, speaking to Uncle Francis: 'Oh, please, if you don't mind, may we come another day? You see, we have been caravaning for quite a long time, and we were on our way home, and our clothes are not very nice for going out to tea.'

As she spoke, Janet looked down at her serge dress, which was quite tidy, but certainly a little the worse for wear. Nora's dress was like her sister's, but more shabby, for the younger girl had a habit of climbing trees and getting rents in her clothes that taxed Janet's powers as a needlewoman to mend neatly.

Uncle Francis shot a quick look at the two of them. Then he said pleasantly: 'My dears, you are as fresh as daisies to my old eyes. Come as you are, and I shall be proud to entertain you.'

This gallant speech made Janet blush. After all, this elderly great-uncle of the Murray twins was a dear old man. Janet quite wished that she could claim him as a relation, as she thanked him and said they would love to come.

'But what a crowd we shall be!' she murmured.

But Uncle Francis replied with a cheery 'The more the merrier,' and said something about visiting one of the confectioners before they set out for Shenstone Hall.

'But first I must find David,' he said, growing grave once more. Good-bye, Norbury. Be at the garage, will you, and don't worry if we are a little late. It may take longer than I expect.'

The two parties set off then in opposite directions—Uncle Opportune going to the Police Station with Humphrey and the constable, and Uncle Francis taking the twins, Martin, Janet, and Nora, to visit the shop of the barber where David had so mysteriously disappeared.

'Supposing he is not there. What shall we do then, sir?' asked Martin, as they hurried along the narrow street.

'Well, if he is not there, I must follow Mr. Norbury to the Police Station, to report his disappearance,' was the reply.

'Oh, I do hope that he is not lost again, poor boy,' said Janet.

'Yes, so do I. It has been jolly having him with us in the caravan. We said that we could all be cousins, because Uncle Opportune is uncle to all of us,' said Tickato.

'We are caravan cousins—not the real sort,' put in Nora.

'Yes, because that's allit—something or other. I don't quite remember what it is called, but it means that words all begin with the same letter—"Caravan Cousins' Camp," you see,' explained Martin.

Uncle Francis looked amused. 'I expect you mean alliteration,' he said. 'It certainly is that—Caravan Cousins. Supposing that you turned out to be cousins—real cousins, I mean. How would you like that?'

'It would be ripping,' said Billy. 'We are so tired of having only great-aunts. Oh, I beg your pardon, Uncle,' he interrupted himself to say, getting very red. What an awful blunder! Uncle Francis was a great-uncle!

However, the old gentleman did not seem annoyed. 'Of course, of course,' he said. 'Young things need other young things; it is only natural.'

'Is that the great secret?' asked Tickato. But Uncle Francis did not reply to her question, for they had reached the barber's shop.

'This is the place,' said Martin, opening the door and standing back, to allow Uncle Francis to enter first. The others crowded after him; they felt very much excited. David's disappearance was so very mysterious.

The bell rang as the door was opened, and the untidy girl hurried into the shop almost at once, startled, to tell the truth, by seeing so many customers at once.

Uncle Francis spoke to her, looking very stern. 'I have called to know what has become of the boy who called here some few hours ago to have his hair cut,' he said.

The girl looked startled, and grew rather pale. 'If you please, sir, Father's taken him to the Hall,' she said hesitatingly.

'To what Hall?' Uncle Francis fairly rapped out the question.

'The Hall it says on the notice, please, sir,' answered the girl, glancing towards the window where the bill still lay which offered a hundred pounds for David's recovery.

'Oh, now I begin to understand,' said Uncle Francis, relief showing itself very plainly on his face. 'Your father has taken the boy to Shenstone Hall, and I expect he thinks I shall be there to hand him the reward offered?'

'Yes, sir. Please, sir, he went an hour ago, in a taxi,' said the girl, looking much less frightened now.

'Right; then we must follow him,' was the reply. And Uncle Francis strode out of the shop, closely followed by the children.

Outside, on the pavement, he turned and looked at them. 'David is safe,' he said. 'That fact relieves my mind of a great burden. Now we must go to the Police Station, I think, to find Mr. Norbury and Humphrey They will not have left yet.'

Uncle Francis knew the way about Westbourne far better than the children, and he took them by short cuts to the Police Station, where they easily found the other two.

'It is all right; David is safe, but he's been carried off to Shenstone Hall by the barber. There is a reward offered for him. Funny thing that we did not see the bill, isn't it?' asked Martin, speaking to Humphrey.

'Very. But how ripping that he is safe! I was so afraid that he had been spirited off again,' was the reply. 'Oh, I say, Sanderson's here. We saw him a few minutes ago.'

'Oh, is he all right? Was he hurt that night?'

'Where has he been all this time?'

'What about those notes? Were they really stolen ones?'

These and other questions poured forth in a stream.

Humphrey shook his head and then laughed. Uncle Francis and Mr. Norbury were talking to the Inspector in another part of the large room. 'I can't answer all those questions at once,' said he. 'The reason that Sanderson did not come back was that he and his friend—you know he said he had a friend out there—had to go off to Castlebury with some poachers. Sanderson

got a bit knocked about in the scuffle with them. It was they who fired a gun; you remember we heard a shot. Keepers were after them, and one of them—one of the keepers, I mean—was hurt. They had quite an exciting time of it. And after that Sanderson was sent off on some other business, quite a good way off, near to Fordbury; so that is why we haven't seen him again. And about the notes: they were stolen, it seems, but they were fakes, too. That's what Uncle Opportune's been doing down in this part of the world. You see, forged notes have been in circulation for quite a long time, so it was clear enough that somebody had got an engraving-place somewhere and was turning out Treasury notes.

Well, a lot of them were collected — put out of circulation, you know—and kept in one of the banks. But some of the gang got to know where they were and stole them. The idea was to start them off again as soon as the fuss had died down a bit; but, as we know, they didn't succeed in hiding them very well. I don't know if the police have found where they manufacture the things, but that is what they are trying to do.'

The children listened to this story with breathless interest.

'I wish that we had found their headquarters,' said Martin.

'Yes, of course—so do I,' agreed Humphrey.

'Just fancy Uncle Opportune being a detective!" said Nora.

'But he did take photographs of birds and things, and he told us he was writing a book about them,' said Tickato, glancing at Mr. Norbury as she spoke.

'So he is—writing a book, I mean. But he is a detective as well as a naturalist. I think he does it for amusement—being a naturalist, I mean,' explained Humphrey.

'Come along, kiddies; we are off to Shenstone Hall now,' broke in the voice of Uncle Opportune. 'Your caravan will be all right in the stable-yard. I have sent word round that it is to remain there till called for. Mr. Murray wants you all to spend the night at his place, and I think, with him, that it will be a pleasant change for you after camping out. Besides, he has a lot to tell you, and there are things to settle up.'

Uncle Opportune's tone was rather mysterious, but he looked so pleased that Tickato said gleefully: 'Oh, is something nice going to happen?'

'Something nice?—yes, I think so. But come along; we are to go to the garage now, for Mr. Murray is in a hurry to get home and see David in the flesh,' said Uncle Opportune, leading the way out of the Police Station, followed by the children. Uncle Francis was already walking briskly off towards the garage, where his car was awaiting him.

(*Concluded on page* 314.)

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

WHEN Voltaire resided at the Court of Frederic the Great, an English gentleman arrived at Berlin who had so extraordinary a memory that he could repeat a long composition, once recited to him, without missing a word. The King had the curiosity to try him; and the gentleman exceeded all that fame had said of his powers.

At this time Voltaire informed his Majesty that he had just finished a poem, which, with his permission, he would read to him. The King gave his consent, and immediately formed the resolution of amusing himself at the expense of the poet. He therefore caused the Englishman to be placed behind a screen, and ordered him to pay particular attention to what Voltaire read.

The author came, and read his poem with great skill and clearness, in hopes of obtaining the King's praise. But, to his great astonishment, the King seemed perfectly indifferent all the time he was reading.

When the poem was finished, Voltaire asked his Majesty's opinion of it, and received for answer, 'That of late the King observed M. Voltaire borrowed the works of others and gave them out as his own. That this was the case in the present instance, and therefore the King could not but feel greatly displeased at the deception put upon him.'

The Frenchman was astonished; he complained how grievously he was slandered, and that he was incapable of such baseness.

'Well, then,' said the King, 'we will put the matter to the proof.'

On this he called the gentleman forward, and desired him to repeat the verses of which M. Voltaire pretended to be the author. The Englishman, after a little pause, with great composure, went through the whole poem without missing a single word.

'Now,' said the King, 'are you not obliged to confess that my accusation is true?'

'Heavens!' cried the poet. 'What have I done to deserve this wrong? Here must be sorcery employed, to rob me of my reputation, and to drive me to despair.'

The King laughed heartily on seeing the poet in such a rage; and, having amused himself sufficiently with his passion, he told Voltaire of the trick which had been played.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

MANY an insect with colour gay
Greets our eyes on this sunny day;
Moths and butterflies, wasps and bees—
Lovely colours on all of these.

Yet of all that go skimming by,
Gayest, surely, is Dragon-fly.

Gauzy wings that shimmer and shine,
Radiant body so straight and fine.

Up and down o'er the stream he darts,
Settles a moment, then off he starts.

See, he hovers like hawk in air;
Some poor insect he's watching there.

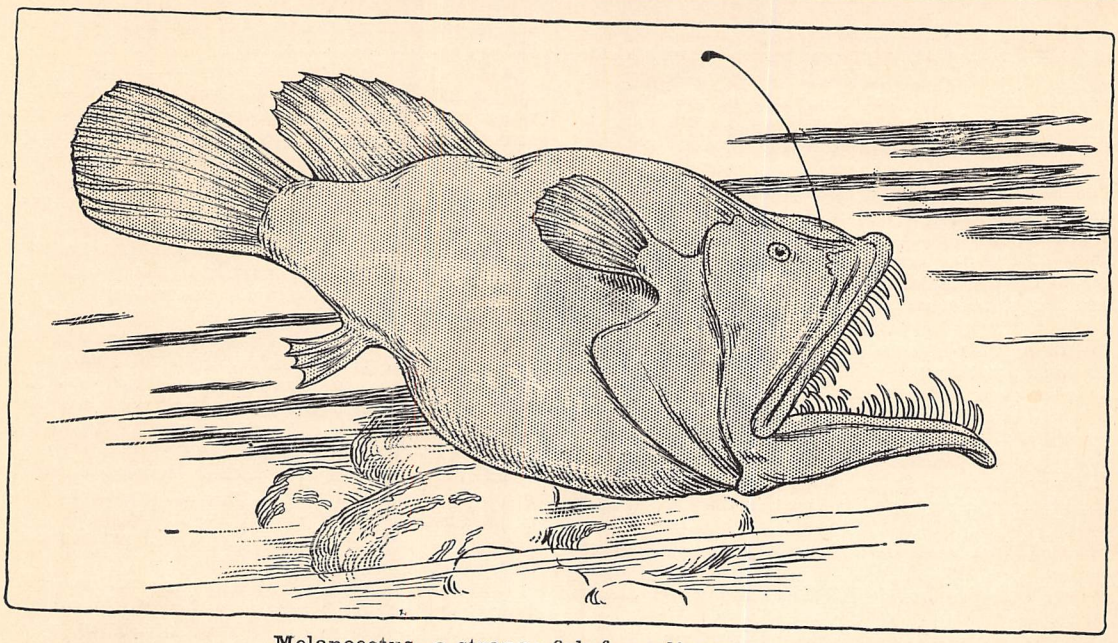
Now, with a rush as quick as thought,
Poor wee insect is safely caught.

Creature of sunshine, he only flies
In golden weather, 'neath sunny skies.

Where does he hide when it pours with rain?
Look as we may, we shall look in vain.

Clouds must scatter, and skies must clear—
Then, like a flash, once more he's here!

E. M. HAINES.



Melanocetus—a strange fish from distant waters.

TRAVEL'ERS' TALES.

VII.—ROUND THE WORLD.

ROUND the World! There is mystery and adventure, and a spice of danger too, in those three words, although the wonder of them is a little dimmed nowadays, for so many people make the journey that it has become almost a commonplace thing to do, and the great steamships, running across the Atlantic and the Pacific, keep to their time-tables almost as correctly as do the trains from London to Brighton, or the omnibuses from Charing Cross to the Bank.

In old days, however, four hundred years ago and more, things were very different. People were only just beginning to realise that there was a round world to sail round, and a traveller who embarked upon such a foolhardy enterprise as an ocean voyage, knew that he might have years of adventure before him—if, indeed, he was so fortunate as ever to come home at all.

It is strange to find, in looking back through the centuries, that the Ancient Greeks and Romans knew, or at least suspected, that the earth was a globe; but during mediæval times this truth was forgotten completely, and it was believed that the world was flat, that it was a huge continent surrounded by limitless seas, and even that it was supported upon the back of a great dragon-like monster.

Well, time went on, and with the passing of the centuries, new discoveries were made and old truths were revived.

Men realised once again that the World was round, and then, without delay, they set themselves to the task of circumnavigating it, in order that short cuts might be found to the Indies and the Moluccas, treasure lands full of gold and precious stones, and where spices and valuable woods grew in abundance.

Nowadays, the canals which pierce the isthmuses of Suez and Panama have shortened the world circular tour, and the voyage can be made for the most part in smooth, summer seas; but in Tudor times, conditions were very different indeed. Ships were small and slow, their maps were incorrect, oceans were uncharted, and there were the two dangerous headlands, Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, to be passed on the journey.

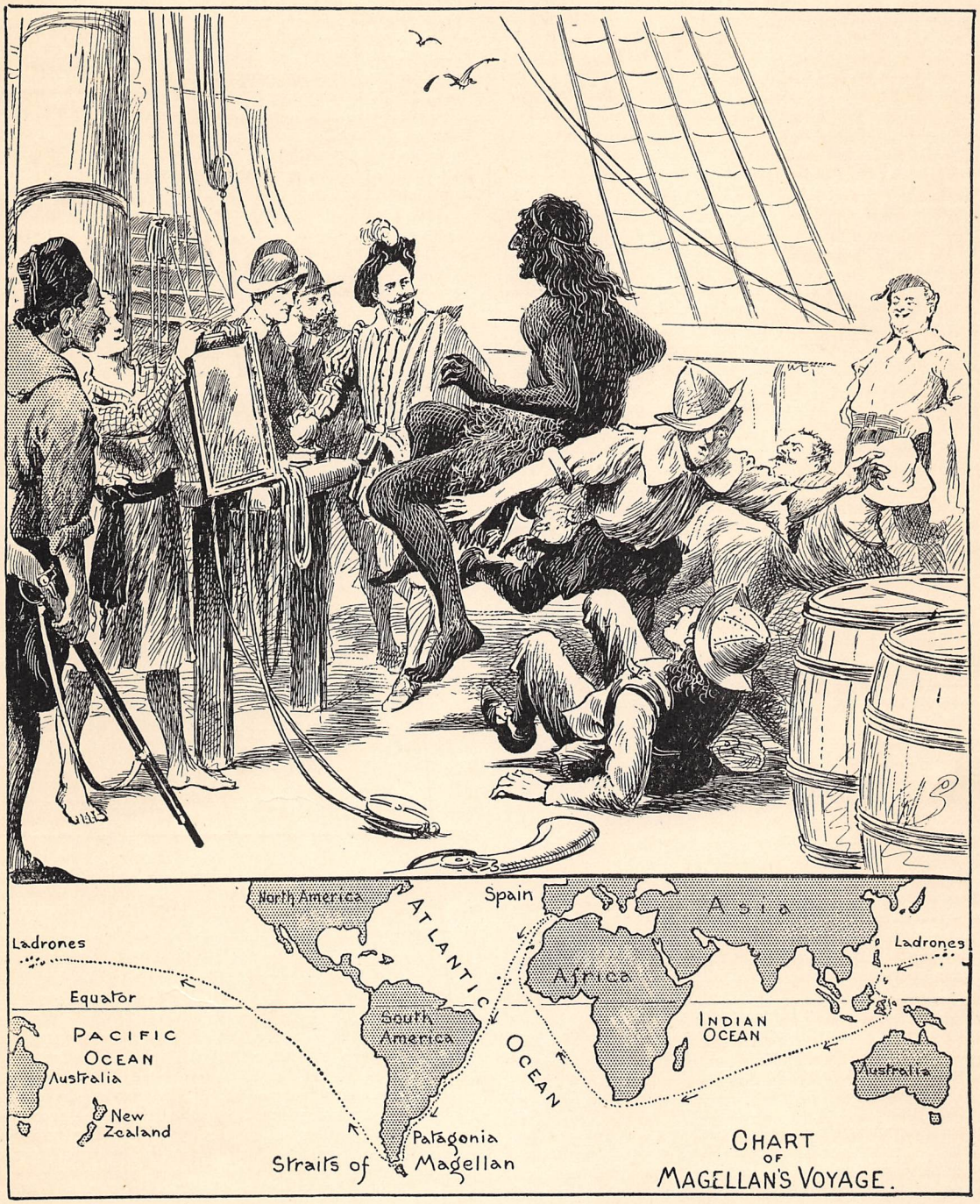
Cape Horn has always had a bad reputation among seamen, and many are the tales of terrific gales, of mountainous waves, and of icebergs drifting northward from the Antarctic regions; but in old days the passage of the Cape of Good Hope was considered well nigh as perilous, and the name first given to it was, The Cape of Storms.

Sir Francis Drake was the first Englishman to sail round the World—every one knows that—but we must not forget, while admiring our own brave countryman, that the great voyage had been made more than half a century earlier by sailors of other countries.

Spain and Portugal were the two nations who ruled the seas in the early sixteenth century, and it was a Portuguese sailor in the service of the King of Spain who first set out to circumnavigate the World, and who really succeeded in his enterprise, although unfortunately he did not live to return to his native land.

On a fine day in April, in the year 1520—four hundred years ago—a little fleet of ships sailed from Seville down the river to the port of San Lucar.

There were five ships in all, the three largest being the *Trinidad*, the *Victoria*, and the *Sant' Antonio*, and although small according to our modern ideas—for the largest was only a vessel of one hundred and twenty tons—the people of Seville who thronged the quays thought them very grand, with their decks and their flags and the high fortified castles at stem and stern.



"He jumped back and sent some of the crew sprawling."

These ships were bound for the New World of America which had only lately been discovered by Christopher Columbus, and they were commanded by Fernao Magalhaes, or—to give him the more easily pronounced and more easily spelt form of his name—Ferdinand Magellan, a brave seamen, who, believing there was a south-west passage to the East Indies, was about to set out on a long and difficult voyage of discovery.

There had been some difficulty in getting crews for the five vessels, for the pay offered was considered too small, and sailors knew that there must needs be many dangers and hardships. It is said that town-criers were sent through Seville and the other cities of Spain asking for volunteers ; and, at last, a mixed company, consisting of seamen from almost every European country, and including one Englishman, was assembled. Then the fleet sailed down the Guadalquivir and, after some delay at San Lucar, set out on the long westward journey.

At first the voyage was fairly prosperous, although stormy weather was encountered on the two-months' passage across the Atlantic. Pigafetta, an Italian, who was on board the *Trinidad* with Magellan, kept a diary, and he has many tales to relate—true 'Travellers' Tales,' some of them—of the wonders and novelties that were observed. Once, for instance, during a tropical gale, the strange lights that sailors call 'St. Elmo's Fires' appeared, and the sixteenth-century journalist declares that he and his companions were nearly blinded by the resplendent flame, while on another occasion he describes the hitherto unknown sea-birds of the Southern Ocean.

'We saw birds of many kinds,' he writes ; 'and some have no feet, and cannot build nests, but the female lays her eggs on the back of the male bird, and there hatches them out.'

At last the five ships reached Brazil, and, having taken on board supplies of fresh meat and vegetables, including the newly discovered potatoes, sailed southward until a harbour, which they named San Julian, was reached, and here Magellan decided to pass the winter months. During their stay in this place savages were seen, wearing skin clothes and skin boots, which made their feet look so large that the Spaniards named them Patagonians, from a word in their own language which means large, clumsy feet.

Pigafetta says that these primitive natives marvelled to see such large ships and such small men, and, going on to describe one of the savages, he writes: 'So tall was this man that we only came up to the level of his waist-belt. He had a broad face painted red, yellow circles round his eyes, and was dressed in skins with skin boots.'

Magellan showed a mirror to another native, and he was so startled by his own reflection that he jumped back and sent some of the crew sprawling

At first the Patagonians were friendly to the newcomers, but unfortunately Magellan determined to capture some of them, and, as they were unwilling to leave their native land, he carried out his purpose by offering presents to the giants, and, when their hands were filled with the gifts, seizing them, binding them securely, and carrying them away to a boat. Two of the natives were taken in this way, but the others, terrified and enraged when they saw what had happened, attacked the Spaniards, killed one with a poisoned arrow, and then fled from the coast, running away, as Pigafetta tells us, 'as swiftly as horses at full gallop.'

After this time a series of disasters and misfortunes befell the expedition, and we hear of treachery and mutiny, desertion and shipwreck.

Magellan would not be daunted, however, although everything seemed to be against him, and in October, 1520, he discovered the straits which now bear his name.

It was a splendid, calm, summer day when the first passage of the Straits of Magellan was completed by the three remaining vessels of the fleet, and the great ocean into which they sailed was therefore called the Pacific, a name which certainly it does not always deserve.

And then the long voyage northward to the Spice Islands began, and a weary, terrible voyage it proved to be ; for the fresh water and the provisions ran short, and many of the sailors died, the others being forced to eat such things as sawdust, mice, and scraps of leather, which they softened by soaking it in salt water.

The famished explorers were beginning to think that they would never see land again, when the Ladrone Islands were reached, and later came another archipelago, which was named after Prince Philip, the son of King Charles V. of Spain.

In these Philippine Islands, of which Magellan took possession in the name of the Spanish sovereign, the explorer stayed for some weeks, and here he unfortunately met with his death ; for, although the natives were friendly for the most part, one of their chiefs refused to acknowledge the new authority, and a battle took place on April 27th, 1521, in which Magellan himself and eight of his followers were killed.

After the death of the commander the Spanish ships set sail again, but only one, the *Victoria*, returned to Spain, having sailed by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and thus made the first voyage round the world. Pigafetta, the Italian, was one of those who returned home safely, and he describes, in his journal, the return of the *Victoria* to Seville, after a voyage which had taken two years and eleven months to complete.

'From our departure,' he writes, 'to the day of our return we reckoned to have sailed upwards of fourteen thousand six hundred leagues, having circumnavigated the globe from east to west.' A. A. METHLEY.

AN UNEXPECTED SUCCESS.

(*Concluded from page* 291.)

MOLLY never for a moment doubted the success of her venture—therefore the blow when it fell, as it did, was all the more cruel. Her hero and heroine had reached the exciting stage of eloping in a chaise drawn by eight horses, and eight post-boys (even I had no longer any desire for sleep, when at bed-time the adventures of their flight were recounted to me) when Father found her much-corrected and none-too-clean manuscript. She had guarded it very carefully, but just as she was in the middle of writing out the description of the heroine's bridal gown, Mother called her. She left her precious exercise-book unguarded, and when she returned to the nursery, it was gone. She did not suspect who had taken it, until later in the day we heard Father reading aloud to Mother. Involuntarily, we paused outside the drawing-room door. 'Her eyes were like pansies in full bloom, and her cheeks were the colour of pink roses, while her hair—goodness me, another botanical simile. Ha, ha, ha!'

I dared not look at Molly. I slipped one of my hands into hers which were very cold—yes, and trembling. Molly, like most little people, hated to be laughed at, and ridicule over something as sacred as her much-loved story was well-nigh unbearable.

Later in the day, I told Sandy about the unfortunate occurrence. 'You can go on with your plan, if you like, now. I know from her face, that she'll never write another word.'

Sandy nodded. 'I'll start off to-morrow. I'll leave home just as if I was going to school, but I'll not go, and in the evening, even if Father is angry at first when he finds out, he'll forgive me when he sees all the money I'm sure to make.'

'But the chalks?' I asked.

'I'll borrow some of Father's just for the day.'

I gasped, for everything belonging to our Father, especially to his work, was held sacred in the household. Sandy, however, never lacked courage.

The next morning he left home as usual, but he winked at me, as he shut the dining-room door. I tried to smile in answer, but my heart was heavy. I felt the quest, on which he was setting out, was full of danger—not only was he about to incur our father's and his schoolmaster's anger, but he was to spend long hours all alone in the public streets, which to my timorous heart seemed very terrible.

And my forebodings were not without justification! By mid-day Father had found that some of his best pastels were missing, and a search throughout the whole house, by the entire household, ensued.

An hour later, one of Sandy's schoolfellows, passing our house on his own way home, left word that Sandy had failed to appear at school. For the moment even Father's loss was forgotten. Elizabeth—the maid-of-all-work who had been with us all our lives—wept, Mother's face went a shade paler even than usual, and Father started out of the house to look for Sandy without even waiting to put on a hat. For three hours the household remained in a distraught condition, and then Sandy returned—but not alone, for by his side walked a policeman.

I saw them from the nursery window, and my heart stood still. What misdeed could Sandy have done to merit such an escort? Like all children, I had a terrible dread of the police force. It was a relief to hear the cheeriness of the voice which explained to Elizabeth.

'This little gentleman has been setting himself to stop the traffic on the pavements, so I brought him home. He says he was a-wanting to paint pictures to make money.'

'But I can't understand why you wanted to make money; surely you have everything you want at home,' Father repeated several times, as Sandy, white-faced and subdued, stood in front of him—but, like Molly, he did not reveal our secret—he preferred to suffer a caning! Children, after all, are secretive beings.

'Molly and Sandy had failed—it was now my turn to try.' That was what I kept repeating to myself. Yet how could I hope to succeed—I who was always looked upon as the duffer of the family? 'If there is a wrong way of doing anything, Joan will do it,' Father says, and though Mother protests, I believe even she knows that he is right. A proof of my stupidity was apparent the very day after Sandy's failure!

I was being taken a walk by Elizabeth—our aforementioned maid—in the park, when I lost her; how, I cannot say. I wandered about till I was tired, then I sat down; and, because I was frightened and also depressed about the many depressing things that had happened in our home lately, I began to weep, quite little tears it is true, but big enough for a passer-by to notice.

Suddenly I felt a touch on my arm, and I looked round to see an old gentleman standing over me. 'What is the matter, little girl?' he said.

Mother is very strict about us not speaking to strangers, and as a rule I am a fairly obedient child; but there was something so kind and at the same time so oddly familiar about the old gentleman's face, that before I almost realised that I was doing so, I was telling him my trouble, not only about losing Elizabeth but about everything, Mother's illness and Molly's idea of making money to send her to Glenmurdoch, and how she and Sandy had failed to do so.

'And I shall never succeed if they failed,' I finished up by saying. 'Why, I can't even *think* of anything to do.'

At that moment Elizabeth appeared. 'Oh, you naughty girl, where have you been?' she began before she had got up to me. 'Come home at once.'

'Where is your home?' the stranger asked, before I could answer Elizabeth; and I told him, as I had told him everything else, why I cannot exactly explain!

Elizabeth scolded me all the way home, and Molly was angrier still when she learnt about my disclosures to a perfect stranger.

'You told him even about Father laughing at my story,' she almost sobbed with rage. 'I'll tell Mother you're not fit to be allowed out.'

But she never did, for the most wonderful consequences followed on my chance meeting with and confidences to the stranger.

When we were at tea that afternoon the door-bell rang. 'Whoever can it be?' Sandy exclaimed, and he jumped up.

Before Mother could remonstrate I had joined him at the window. 'Why,' I cried, 'it's my old gentleman—the one I met in the park.'

I turned round to explain, but Mother was gone. She had run out into the road without a hat and was kissing the strange old gentleman, before he had time even to pay his cabman.

I believe you will have guessed who the stranger was! It was our Great-uncle James, who after twelve years found he could do without his niece no longer, so had come all the way to London to look for her.

Yet who can tell when he would have found her, had it not been for his and my meeting in the park? Even the most ignorant amongst us know that London is a very big place in which to search for any one.

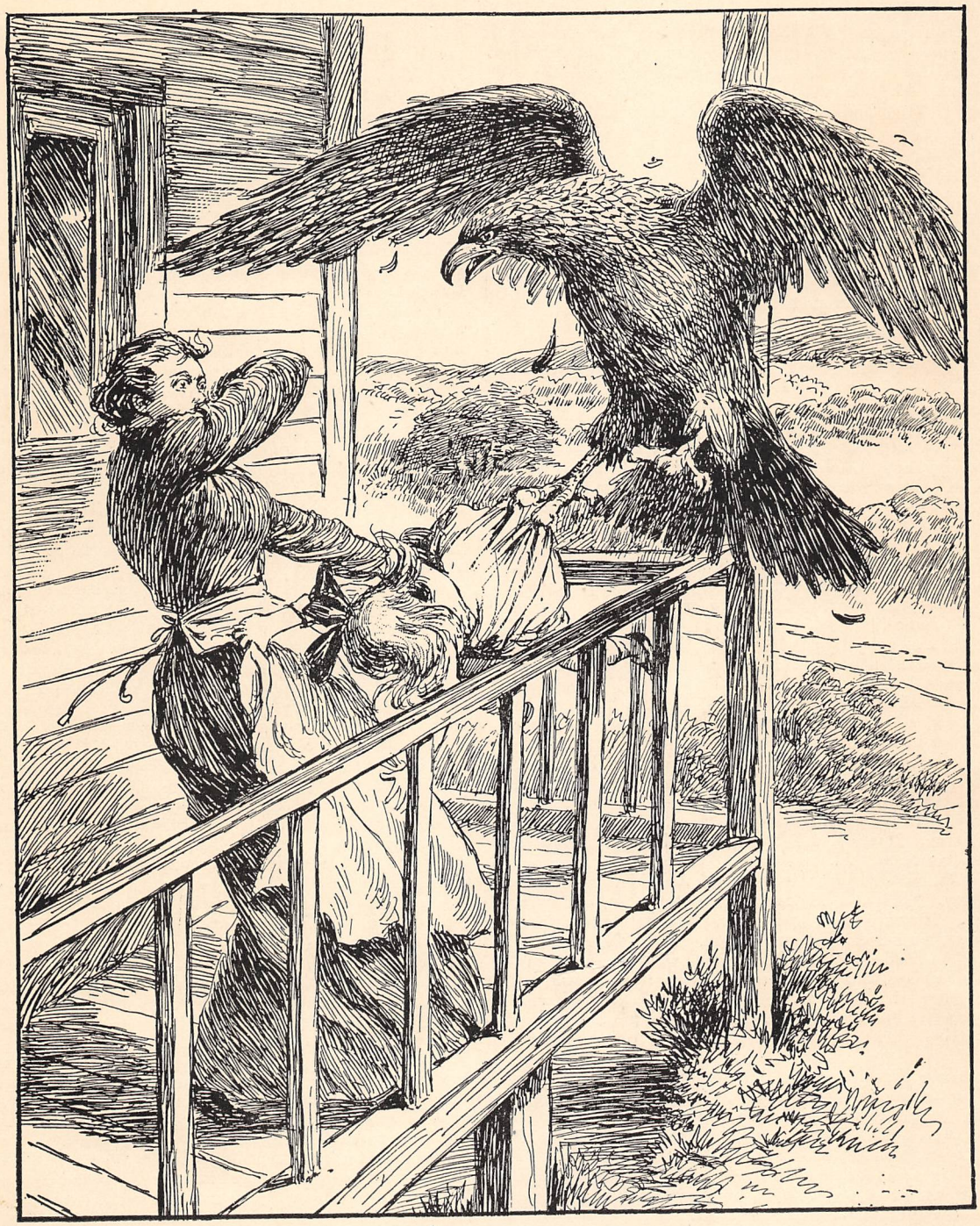
'So you succeeded when Sandy and I failed,' Molly said to me. 'I'll never call you silly again.'

But I had also something to tell her. 'Mother keeps that story of yours locked away with all her most precious things, for Uncle James told her why you wrote it, and also why Sandy was lost that day before I met him. I heard him saying to her, "These children of yours are bits of all right, and once the air of Glenmurdoch has put some roses into their cheeks they'll be real Macdonalds through and through."'

And in Uncle James's opinion, as in our own, that was as high praise as we could ever receive.

HELEN M. TURNER.

"'What is the matter, little girl?' he said."



"The mother succeeded in beating the eagle off."

A FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

IT was reported not long ago that an eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip of its wings attacked a four-year-old girl from the verandah of her home in British Columbia. Happily, the mother heard her child's cries and rushed to her aid, and succeeded in beating the eagle off. Help came immediately, and the bird was killed. The girl was severely scratched, but otherwise unhurt.

THE CARAVAN COUSINS.

By Edna Lake.

(Concluded from page 307.)

CHAPTER XX.

THE car which was waiting at the garage for Uncle Francis was a large one; but, even so, it was taxed to the limit to accommodate the entire party.

'Won't you come with us? You have done so much to help me that I should like to give you a little holiday,' said Uncle Francis, speaking to Uncle Opportune, who was saying good-bye to the children.

'Thank you very much; I should like to come, but it can't be managed just now. I think in a few days I shall be more free, and then I will look you up,' was the reply; and then the engines of the car were started, and it moved slowly off, the children shouting good-byes till the figure of Uncle Opportune was a speck in the distance.

'Things are jolly; but I should like to go back to the caravan again soon,' said Tickato, looking up at Uncle Francis, beside whom she was sitting. She was so tiny that it had been possible to squeeze her in between the chauffeur and her uncle. Mascot had a place on her lap, for he could not be left behind.

'Well, we shall see about that, but I rather think caravaning is over for this year, at least. How did you get hold of it, in the first place?' The question was addressed to Humphrey, who sat behind, with the girls and Martin and Billy, 'packed like sardines in a tin,' as Nora said.

'Oh, Father knew the man who owned it,' said Humphrey. 'He and Mother have been in Ireland, you see. They are back again now. We got letters from them just before we left Cowley. They were sent to the Post Office there. Father once went caravaning in the holidays, and he said we could go if we could get the hire of a caravan. As it happened, the man who owns the one we had asked him if he knew any one wanting one. It was a good thing for us, wasn't it?'

Uncle Francis agreed. 'It was a good thing for my niece and nephew, too,' he said. 'I wonder what would have happened to them if they had not found you?'

'We should have been real "Babes in the Wood," I expect,' said Tickato calmly.

'We should have got out of the wood in the morning,' said Billy. 'But of course we were no end glad to find the caravan,' he added.

'We were going home to stay with them—only, now we have found you, we can't,' went on Tickato, nodding her head in the direction of the Warreners.

Her uncle laughed. 'Not a very complimentary way of putting it,' he said. 'I suppose you'd really prefer not to have found me just yet, eh?'

This was only too true, but it sounded perfectly awful, Tickato thought. She grew quite red as she said hastily: 'Oh, I didn't mean that, quite, but it would have been lovely to have gone to stay at Granton Manor, and Mrs. Warrener sent me such a nice letter. You see, Janet wrote to her about us, almost as soon as we found the caravan.'

Uncle Francis nodded. He really seemed very nice, Tickato thought. 'We must see what can be done about that invitation later on,' he said. 'But I want you all for a few days. I have sent word to Mr. and Mrs. Warrener, and I think it is quite possible that they will come over to my place to-morrow. Then things can be fixed up for the future.'

Tickato chatted away quite gaily to Uncle Francis after this. She was not the least little bit shy, and now that she was with him she no longer thought that the old gentleman was grumpy and horrid. 'He is not at all like a great-uncle,' she told herself, as she went on answering his questions about her father and mother, and their life in India.

It was a good distance to Shenstone Hall, but the motor ate up the miles in a very greedy manner, and all the party, with the exception perhaps of Uncle Francis and the chauffeur, felt some amount of surprise when the car turned into the gates of a long avenue that led through a tree-covered park to a large white house.

'Here we are,' said Uncle Francis, as the car came to a standstill before the wide front door. 'Now, I wonder ——'

The children knew that Uncle Francis was wondering if David, with his keeper (the barber), was there, too. Suddenly Martin's quick eyes caught sight of a dilapidated-looking taxi standing a good way off on the drive, almost hidden by a wing of the house.

'See, there is a car waiting! It looks as if they are still here!' he cried. But Uncle Francis was already in the hall, asking the servant who admitted them if Master David had arrived.

'Yes, sir; they are in the library,' said the man. And off dashed Uncle Francis, too much excited to remember his guests, who were left standing, huddled together, in the hall.

'Never mind; he'll come back again in a little while. Isn't this a jolly house?' said Martin, looking with admiration at the oak-panelled walls and the wide staircase.

'Ripping! Oh, here he comes,' said Humphrey, as a door opened, almost close to them, and Uncle Francis emerged, in company with David and the little barber, who was holding something in his hand.

'Now, what about tea?' asked their host, as the barber melted away and the front door closed on him. 'Every one is hungry, I am sure, and a square meal is what is wanted. I expect it is all ready for you in the breakfast-room. I will join you later. There are a few matters needing my attention at present.'

The children were taken in charge by the housekeeper, who conducted them to bedrooms, all very near together. The girls shared one between them, and while they were washing hands and brushing hair they talked unceasingly of the happenings of that day.

'This morning we were in the caravan. Now it does not seem as if we ever camped out and had to cook our

food over the camp fire, and wash up, and do all that sort of thing,' said Nora, as they went downstairs in a body to the bright little breakfast-room, with its pretty French windows opening on to a well-kept lawn.

'I loved the caravan, and I wish we were in it now. But you will all go back to it to-morrow, won't you?' asked Tickato, as they sat down, and Janet began to pour out the tea.

'I don't know. Things seem so topsy-turvy,' said Janet, handing tea to all the party. 'Mr. Murray is going to tell us something, though, and then we shall know more about what we are going to do. I do hope that you two will be able to come home with us.'

The twins hoped this too, and made haste to say so.

Every one was hungry, and all enjoyed the substantial tea that had been provided for them. As they ate, they discussed the adventures of the last ten days or so.

'And we had not had any adventures to speak of when you two came,' said Janet.

'Not real adventures—only little accidents, and things like that,' put in Nora.

'Well you had enough after we arrived,' laughed Billy. 'Rather too many, I think.'

But to this the Warreners would not agree.

They were busily engaged in discussing the affair of the faked Treasury notes, when the door opened to admit Uncle Francis.

'Come and have some tea, Uncle,' invited Tickato.

The invitation, however, was not accepted. Uncle Francis sat down in the easy chair that Billy pulled up to the table for him, and clearing his throat said, 'I have come to have a little chat with you. I promised that I would tell you something, and I must keep that promise. You two'—he looked at the twins as he spoke—'would like to have some cousins, I understand?'

'Rather!' said Billy with emphasis.

'Of course we should,' agreed Tickato, 'though we have some now, really,' she added, looking at Janet as she spoke.

'The Warreners are our cousins, aren't they, Uncle?' asked Billy with startling directness.

Uncle Francis looked a little taken aback. He said at once, however, 'Quite right, Billy, they are. Mr. Warrener and your mother are brother and sister!'

There was a chorus of delighted exclamations at this announcement, though not one of the party was really very much surprised. Somehow they had 'felt related,' as Tickato put it, for some time now.

'Do tell us all about it, Uncle! It is ever so jolly, but we want to know more,' said she pleadingly.

'It is not a long story, and in any case, I cannot tell you all of it,' was the reply. 'It was my fault though, and I will make that clear at once. Your father was brought up by me, as my own son,' he went on turning to the twins. 'Then he wished to marry Miss Diana Warrener, and I withheld my consent for some time. But the brother, Humphrey—that was your father,' he went on turning to Humphrey, 'managed to plan the marriage, and it took place. I forgave my nephew, and agreed to correspond with him and his wife on condition that she gave up all intercourse with her brother. That is all I can tell you. There is more, but it is not a story which would interest you, or benefit you to hear. When you grow older you will understand it better. We were all more or less misinformed about one another and we all made mistakes. But I made the most grievous mistake of all, and I am only too thankful that it can be remedied now. By a happy chance—but really we must call it Providence—you have been brought together and I think that the breach of all these years can be repaired. I have cabled to your parents,' he went on, turning to the twins. 'I am sure they will be only too pleased for you and your cousins to be together. And I have also sent word to your parents,' he added turning to the Warreners. 'I had lost sight of them for many years. You have only lately come into this part of the country, I believe?'

'Only six months ago. We had been living in the south-west—in Devon,' said Humphrey.

'Ah! I thought so! I have been out of the country a great deal, too, and I had no idea where your father was, nor indeed that he had any family. And now, I think, you have heard all I can tell you. The Caravan Cousins are real cousins, you see!'

'It's ripping,' said Humphrey, and Janet added, 'How glad Father will be!'

'Every one will be glad. I know Mother will,' said Tickato. 'And, Uncle, do you know if they are coming home for Christmas? We haven't had any letters, you see.'

'Yes, I think they will be home by the end of November,' said Uncle Francis. 'And Aunt Agnes has written, too. She is coming here next month. She thinks, of course, that you have been here all the time.'

'I'm glad we haven't, though,' said Tickato, frankly. 'If we had, we should not have found our cousins, or David, or Uncle Opportune.'

'Sorry I can't turn into a real cousin, too,' put in David, who had been listening to the conversation with great interest. 'But I'm going to stay here for a bit. Uncle doesn't fancy my being kidnapped again just yet, so he says he'll keep me under his eye. But when term starts, I am going to the Grammar School at Westbourne with Humphrey and Martin.'

'And me,' put in Billy. 'I can go there too, can't I, Uncle?'

'I wonder what would have happened if we hadn't discovered you that day in the shed?' said Humphrey, breaking in upon Billy's remark, and addressing David.

'I don't know. I might have stayed there, I suppose,' was the reply. 'Did Mr. Norbury discover anything of the men, Uncle?' he went on, turning to Mr. Murray.

'No. At present he is quite in the dark about them. But we may hear later that they have been arrested. In any case you will be safe now,' said Uncle Francis, and then he suggested that they should all come and look at his collection of birds' eggs.

'One of the finest to be found anywhere, I believe,' he said. 'It has taken me the best part of a lifetime to make the collection. Your Uncle Opportune is greatly interested in it, and has helped me in getting specimens ever so many times.'

'It would be nice if he should turn out to be a real uncle,' said Tickato, as they went off to see the eggs, but Uncle Francis said that there was no likelihood of that happening.

EDNA LAKE.

THE END.

"'Here he comes!'"